

*Steele.*

THE  
1486 pp 7  
LUCUBRATIONS

OF

*Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;*

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*By W. H——n Esq; Dr. S——t,  
A. H——y Esq; deceased; and  
several other Hands.*

---

V O L . V .

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L O N D O N ,

Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers-  
Hall. MDCCXII.





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T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

**T**H E following Papers  
were publish'd, and fe-  
veral of 'em written,  
by a Gentleman now Abroad.  
Many of 'em came from the same  
Hands which contributed to the  
other Volumes, several of which  
(I fancy) will easily distinguish  
themselves to have been the Pro-  
ductions of a Gentleman lately  
dead; one who, to the Advan-  
tages of a large Estate and good  
Education, had acquir'd Learn-  
ing and an exact Knowledge of  
the best Sort of Men both at  
Home.

## *To the Reader.*

Home and Abroad ; and withal, was Master of so much Wit and Humour, that there are few People whose Conversations could be more desirable. His Friends and the Publick equally regret his Loss, since he was serviceable and agreeable to 'em both in a very eminent Degree. The rest of these Papers are to live upon what Commendations they can give themselves, and perhaps may be thought not altogether unworthy of the Honour of serving as a Supplement to the former Volumes.

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THE [N<sup>o</sup> I.  
TATLER:

BY

*Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;*

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VOL. V.

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*Quis ergo sum Saltem, si non sum Sospia? Te interrogo.*  
Plaut. Amphitruo.

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*Saturday, January 13. 1710.*

‘**T** I S impossible perhaps for the best and  
 ‘ wisest amongst us, to keep so constant a  
 ‘ Guard upon our Temper, but that we  
 ‘ may at one Time or other lie open to the  
 ‘ Strokes of Fortune, and such Incidents as we  
 ‘ cannot foresee. With Sentiments of this Kind  
 ‘ I came Home to my Lodgings last Night, much  
 ‘ fatigued with a long and sudden Journey from  
 ‘ the Country, and full of the ungrateful Occa-  
 ‘ sion of it. ’Twas natural for me to have im-  
 ‘ mediate Recourse to my Pen and Ink; but be-  
 ‘ fore I would offer to make Use of them, I re-  
 ‘ solv’d deliberately to tell over a Hundred, and  
 ‘ when I came to the End of that Sum, I found  
 ‘ it more advisable to defer drawing up my in-  
 ‘ tended Remonstrance, till I had slept soundly  
 ‘ on my Resentments. Without any other Pre-  
 [Vol. 5.] B face

“ face than this, I shall give the World a fair  
“ Account of the Treatment I have lately met  
“ with, and leave them to judge, whether the  
“ Uneasiness I have suffer’d be inconsistent with  
“ the Character I have generally pretended to.  
“ About Three Weeks since, I receiv’d an Invitation from a Kinsman in *Staffordshire*, to spend my *Christmas* in those Parts. Upon taking Leave of Mr. *Morphew*, I put as many Papers into his Hands as would serve till my Return, and charg’d him at parting, to be very punctual with the Town. In what Manner he and Mr. *Lillie* have been tamper’d with since, I cannot say, they have given me my Revenge, if I desired any, by allowing their Names to an idle Paper, that in all humane Probability, cannot live a Fortnight to an End. My self, and the Family I was with, were in the Midst of Gaity, and a plentiful Entertainment, when I receiv’d a Letter from my Sister *Jenny*, who, after mentioning some little Affairs I had intrusted to her, goes on thus: “ The inclos’d, I believe, will give you some Surprize, as it has already astonish’d every Body here: Who Mr. *Steele* is, that subscribes it, I don’t know, any more than I can comprehend what could induce him to it. *Morphew* and *Lillie*, I am told, are both in the Secrer. I shall not presume to instruct you, but hope you will use some Means to disappoint the ill Nature of those who are taking Pains to deprive the World of one of its most reasonable Entertainments. I am, &c.

“ I am to thank my Sister for her Compliment; but be that as it will, I shall not easily be discourag’d from my former Undertaking. In Pursuance of it, I was obliged upon this Notice to take Places in the Coach for my self and my Maid with the utmost Expedition, lest I should, in a short Time, be rallied out of my Existence, as some People will needs fancy

“ Mr. Par-

Mr. Partridge has been, and the real *Isaac Bickerstaff* have passed for a Creature of Mr. Steele's Imagination. This Illusion might have hoped for some tolerable Success, if I had not more than once produced my Person in a crowded Theatre; and such a Person as Mr. Steele, if I am not misinformed in the Gentleman, would hardly think it an Advantage to own, though I should throw him in all the little Honour I have gained by my *Lucubrations*. I may be allowed, perhaps, to understand Pleasantry as well as other Men, and can (in the usual Phrase) take a Jest without being angry; but I appeal to the World, whether the Gentleman has not carried it too far, and whether he ought not to make a publick Recantation, if the Credulity of some unthinking People should force me to insist upon it. The following Letter is just come to Hand, and I think it not improper to be inserted in this Paper.

To *Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;*

S I R,

I Am extremely glad to hear you are come to Town, for in your Absence we were all mightily surprized with an unaccountable Paper, Sign'd, *Richard Steele*, who is esteem'd by those that know him, to be a Man of Wit and Honour; and therefore we took it either to be a Counterfeit, or a perfect *Christmas Frolick* of that ingenious Gentleman. But then, your Paper ceasing immediately after, we were at a Loss what to think: If you were weary of the Work you had so long carried on, and had given this Mr. *Steele* Orders to signify so to the Publick, he should have said it in plain Terms; but as that Paper is worded, one would be apt to judge, that he had a Mind to perswade the Town that there was some Analogy between *Isaac Bickerstaff* and him.

" Possibly there may be a Secret in this which I  
 " cannot enter into; but I flatter my self that  
 " you never had any Thoughts of giving over  
 " your Labours for the Benefit of Mankind,  
 " when you cannot but know how many Subjects  
 " are yet unexhausted, and how many others, as  
 " being less obvious, are wholly untouch'd. I  
 " dare promise, not only for my self, but many  
 " other abler Friends, that we shall still continue  
 " to furnish you with Hints on all proper Occa-  
 " sions, which is all your Genius requires. I  
 " think, by the Way, you cannot in Honour have  
 " any more to do with *Morphew* and *Lillie*, who  
 " have gone beyond the ordinary Pitch of Assur-  
 " ance, and transgress'd the very Letter of the  
 " Proverb, by endeavouring to cheat you of your  
 " Christian and Sirname too. Wishing you, Sir,  
 " long to live for our Instruction and Diversion,  
 " and to the defeating of all Impostors, I re-  
 " main,

*Your most obedient humble Servant,*

*and affectionate Kinsman,*

*Humphry Wagstaff.*

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

*Whereas the TATLER hath been omitted for  
 some Time, by the Neglect of those who had the  
 Care of it in the Absence of Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;  
 And whereas a Gentleman was pleased to publish a  
 Paper, insinuating himself to have been Author of  
 the TATLER, and to have now laid it down;  
 And lastly, Whereas several spurious Papers have  
 since come out under the said Title: The said Isaac  
 Bickerstaff declares, he is a perfect Stranger to the  
 said Gentleman, and does hereby give Notice, That  
 he had no Intention to discontinue the said Paper;  
 which shall be publish'd every Tuesday and Satur-  
 day: Only as a Mark of his Displeasure, he has  
 thought fit to change his Printer and Publisher. It*

*is*

is therefore desired, that all Letters be from hence-  
forward directed to Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; at  
Mrs. Baldwin's, at the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-  
Lane.

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 2.]

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*Alios Viri Reverentia, vultusque ad continendum  
populum mire formatus: Alios etiam, quibus ipse  
interesse non potuit, Vis scribendi tamen, & Magni  
Nominis autoritas pervicere.* Tull. Epist.

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From Saturd. Jan. 13. to Tuesd. Jan. 16. 1710.

I Remember *Menage* tells a Story of *Montieur Racan*, who had appointed a Day and Hour to meet a certain Lady of great Wit whom he had never seen, in order to make an Acquaintance between them. Two of *Racan's* Friends, who had heard of the Appointment, resolved to play him a Trick. The first went to the Lady two Hours before the Time, said his Name was *Racan*, and talk'd with her an Hour; they were both mightily pleas'd, began a great Friendship, and parted with much Satisfaction. A few Minutes after comes the Second, and sends up the same Name; the Lady wonders at the Meaning, and tells him, Mr. *Racan* had just left her. The Gentleman says it was some rascally Impostor, and that he had been frequently us'd in that Manner. The Lady is convinc'd, and they laugh at the Oddness of the Adventures. She now calls to Mind several Passages which confirms her that the former was a Cheat. He appoints a Second Meeting, and takes his Leave. He was no sooner gone, but the true *Racan* comes to the Door, and desires, under that Name, to see the Lady. She was



out of all Patience, sends for him up, rates him for an Impostor, and, after a Thousand Injuries, flings a Slipper at his Head. It was impossible to pacify or disabuse her; he was forced to retire, and it was not without some Time, and the Intervention of Friends, that they could come to an *Eclaircissement*." This, as I take it, is exactly the Case with Mr. S — le, the pretended TATLER from *Morphew*, and myself, only (I presume) the World will be sooner undeceiv'd than the Lady in *Menage*. The very Day my last Paper came out, my Printer brought me another of the same Date, call'd the TATLER, by *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq; and, which was still more pleasant, with an Advertisement at the End, calling me the *Female TATLER*: It is not enough to rob me of my Name, but now they must impose a Sex on me, when my Years have long since determin'd me to be of none at all. There is only one Thing wanting in the Operation, that they would renew my Age, and then I will heartily forgive them all the rest. In the mean Time, whatever Uneasiness I have suffer'd from the little Malice of these Men, and my Retirement in the Country, the Pleasures I have receiv'd from the same Occasion, will fairly balance the Account. On the one Hand I have been highly delighted to see my Name and Character assumed by the Scribblers of the Age, in order to recommend themselves to it; and on the other, to observe the good Taste of the Town, in distinguishing and exploding them through every Disguise, and sacrificing their Trifles to the supposed *Manes* of *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esquire. But the greatest Merit of my Journey into *Staffordshire*, is, that it has open'd to me a new Fund of unprov'd Follies and Errors that have hitherto lain out of my View, and, by their Situation, escap'd my Censure. For, as I have liv'd generally in Town, the Images I had of the Country were such



such only as my Senses receiv'd very early, and my Memory has since preserv'd with all the Advantages they first appear'd in.

Hence it was that I thought our Parish-Church the noblest Structure in *England*, and the 'Squire's Place-House, as we call'd it, a most magnificent Palace. I had the same Opinion of the Alms-House in the Church-yard, and of a Bridge over the Brook that parts our Parish from the next. 'Twas the common Vogue of our School, That the Master was the best Scholar in *Europe*, and the Usher the Second. Not happening to correct these Notions by comparing them with what I saw when I came into the World, upon returning back, I began to resume my former Imaginations, and expected all Things should appear in the same View as I left them when I was a Boy: But to my utter Disappointment I found them wonderfully shrunk, and lessen'd almost out of my Knowledge. I look'd with Contempt on the Tribes painted on the Church Walls, which I once so much admired, and on the carv'd Chimney-Piece in the 'Squire's Hall. I found my old Master to be a poor ignorant Pedant; and, in short, the whole Scene to be extreamly chang'd for the worse. This I could not help mentioning, because though it be of no Consequence in it self, yet 'tis certain, that most Prejudices are contracted and retained by this narrow Way of Thinking, which in Matters of the greatest Moment are hardly shook off; and which we only think true, because we were made to believe so, before we were capable to distinguish between Truth and Falshood. But there was one Prepossession which I confess to have parted with, much to my Regret: I mean the Opinion of that native Honesty and Simplicity of Manners which I had always imagin'd to be inherent in Country People. I soon observ'd it was with them and us, as they say of Animals; That every Species

at Land, has one to resemble it at Sea ; for 'twas easy to discover the Seeds and Principles of every Vice and Folly that one meets with in the more known World, though shooting up in different Forms. I took a Fancy out of the several Inhabitants round, to furnish the Camp; the Bar, and the Exchange, and some certain Chocolate and Coffee-houses, with exact Parallels to what, in many Instances, they already produce. There was a drunken quarrelsome *Smith*, whom I have a hundred Times fancied at the Head of a Troop of Dragoons. A Weaver, within two Doors of my Kinsman, was perpetually setting Neighbours together by the Ears. I lamented to see how his Talents were misplac'd, and imagin'd what a Figure he might make in *Westminster-hall*. Goodman *Crop* of *Compton-Farm*, wants nothing but a Plumb and a Gold-Chain to qualify him for the Government of the City. My Kinsman's Stable-Boy was a gibbing Companion that would always have his Jest. He would often put Cow-itch in the Maids Bed, pull Stools from under Folks, and lay a Coal upon their Shoes when they were asleep. He was at last turn'd off for some notable Piece of Roguery, and when I came away, was loitering among the Ale-houses. Bless me, thought I, what a prodigious Wit would this have been with us ! I could have match'd all the Sharpers between *St. James's* and *Covent-Garden*, with a notable Fellow in the same Neighbourhood, (since hang'd for picking Pockets at Fairs) could he have had the Advantages of their Education. So nearly are the Corruptions of the Country ally'd to those of the Town, with no further Difference than what is made by another Turn of Thought and Method of Living.

Many more Grievances, though not of equal Importance, have been laid before me from several Parts of this Kingdom, which, as they fall not under any ones Cognizance so properly as my

my own, oblige me to a speedy and effectual Regulation of them. When I was prevail'd upon to act as Censor of *Great Britain*, I did not enough consider the Extent of that Province, nor how difficult it would be to make my Authority understood in the remoter Parts of this Island; for most of the Natives being Strangers to Literature, I cannot hope my Lucubrations should meet with a general Reception amongst them; and therefore I have now resolv'd on an Expedient, which I shall explain by the following Order.

Saturday, January 13. 1710.

To all and every one of the Church-wardens and Sidesmen, in their respective Parishes, throughout the Kingdom of Great Britain, Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; Censor of the said Kingdom, wishes Health, and many happy New Years.

Gentlemen,

Whereas I have from many Parts of the Kingdom, as well Villages as Country Towns, receiv'd credible Information of several Innovations, Abuses, and Offences, lately crept into them, much derogating from their Honour, nor less pernicious to the Quiet of Society, and at the same Time not punishable by any Law, Common or Municipal, as yet in Force; and whereas my Age, growing Infirmities, and necessary Residence in this Place, will not give me Leave to come in Person, and put a Stop to these Evils: I do hereby charge and require you, and every one of you, within Five Days after Receipt of this, to repair forthwith to the Vestry, or what other Place shall to your Wisdom seem most proper; there to chuse, elect, and nominate, some candid, sober, and understanding Person, being not above the Dignity of a Squire, nor under that of Clerk of the Parish, aged Fifty Years at least;

least; whom so chosen, elected, and nominated, I do hereby authorize and depute, under the Title of a Rural Censor, to remark, examine, and take Cognizance of all such Offences; provided always that he does not presume to pronounce Sentence, or make any final Determination, not having first communicated to me, by Letter, the Persons, Quality, Circumstances, &c. or not having receiv'd my Instructions therein.

*In Witness whereof, I have set my Hand  
the Day and Date above:*

Isaac Bickerstaff.

Sign'd **KIDNEY**, Clerk of the Court, during the Incapacity of *Charles Lillie*, whose Petition relating to his Suspension, is reterr'd to the next Court-day. In the mean Time, all Letters and Advices are to be directed to Mrs. *Baldwins*.

This Day the Case of *John Morphew* came on: He was indicted for having made many scandalous Reflections on the Censor, as likewise for Breach of Trust; and being found guilty of the same, was sentenc'd to continue printing Sham-Tatlers, and one or two more such Papers. Six other Causes were heard afterwards, which 'tis not thought proper to make publick, many noble Persons, yet alive, being concern'd therein.

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The T A T L E R. [N<sup>o</sup> 3.]

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*Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria saepe Absterrent  
vitris. Hor.*

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From *Tuesd. Jan. 16. to Saturday Jan. 20. 1710.*

W HEN I left the Town, as I said before, I did not only make a sufficient Provision for the Continuance of my Lucubrations, till the Time I had fix'd for my Return, but took Care to substitute one, who in case my Stay should happen to be longer than I design'd, would much better have furnished out the usual Entertainment the Publick expected from me. *Sam Trusty*, of whom I made Mention in a former Paper, was the Person I pitched upon to execute that Office. Fifty Years and upwards we have liv'd in so strict an Intimacy, in so perfect an Union, that neither Times, Interest, Passions nor Opinions, have ever been able to make the least Flaw in our Friendship. I am not ashamed to own I have received more Advantage from his Conversation, than from all the Academick Exercises; 'tis to his Instructions I owe the Improvement of my Understanding, to his Precepts and Example the forming of my Manners; and to his Observations, the principal Remarks I have made upon the several States and Conditions of Mankind. As his Genius at our first setting out in the World, was much above mine, so he has ever since maintained the same Superiority. His Words were always few, his Arguments weighty, his Reflections just, his Intentions sincere, and his Connexions were mix'd with such an agreeable Mirth, that I have often taken Pleasure in putting my self in the Wrong, on purpose to excite him to so delightful a Reproof. A sudden Indis-

position

position defeated me of his Assistance, and has exposed me to the Difficulties I have been under in reinstating my self in my former Authority. However, that he designed to serve me effectually, will appear by the ensuing Discourse, which he intended to publish the Day after my Departure; where in his ludicrous Way he has pursued the Directions I left him, as he takes Notice himself in his Introduction. I was unwilling the World should be deprived of one Line of his Writing, and consequently could not well omit what the Excess of his Affection prompted him to say in my Favour, and which is perhaps the only Instance that can be given of his Partiality.

My very good Friend *Isaac Bickerstaff*, being indispensably obliged to visit some Relations in the Country these Holy-Days: That there may be no Interruption of Justice in his Absence, has deputed me to officiate for him till his Return; and his last Instructions were, to have a particular Regard to the Interest of the Fair Sex, of which he has all along shewn himself a profess'd and constant Admirer. I am sensible how unequal my Talents are for so important a Task, nor are our different Sentiments upon that Subject a less Obstruction to the Performance of what he has enjoin'd me, than my Want of Abilities to fill the Place of so worthy and great a Person. But to proceed to the Business in Hand.

' If we were to take Mankind's Character  
' from one another, there never could have been  
' so seasonable a Time to exercise the Office of  
' Censor with the utmost Severity; because there  
' never was a Time, by universal Consent, when  
' the Iniquities of the Age were so full blown,  
' and consequently the World stood so much in  
' Need of Correction. It has ever been thought  
' natural to People advanced in Years, as I am,



to declaim upon the Vices of the Age they live in; but I am far from believing we are half so wicked as we say we are; and being a pretty strict Enquirer into Humane Nature, and endeavouring to trace all Things up to their original Causes, I am fully perswaded, that a malignant Love of Detraction is the reigning Vice of our Times; and could we but eradicate the pernicious Practice of Railing and Defamation, we should appear to be much upon the Level with our Predecessors, and not worse than the Nations round about us. *Zeno*, the Founder of the Stoick Philosophy, had so little Indulgence for the Frailties and Infirmities of Mankind, that he esteemed the minutest Deviation from the Rules of Reason and Justice, to be of equal Weight with the most horrid Crimes, and grossest Impieties; so stealing an Apple, by his Account, was as great a Sin as committing Sacrilege; and the throwing at Cocks on *Shrove-Tuesday* would have been reckoned as heinous an Offence, as murdering ones Father in cold Blood. We seem to pursue his Principles in the Judgments we make of other Peoples Actions. Every little Error, the most harmless Irregularities, are subject to have Names of Infamy affixed to them, and ranked among Deeds of the blackest Complexion.

*Jenny Filch* is a lamentable Instance of this barbarous Custom. They have lately set upon her Reputation at my Lady *Swaddles*, the general Rendezvous of reverend Female Elders, consisting of Antiquated Prudes, Superannuated Belles, and Coquets of Fifty Five. Her Ladyship stroaking the downy Honours of her Chin, with a hoarse masculine Voice, pronounced her guilty of Incontinency, cheating at Play, Theft, and drinking to Excess: What an Accumulation of Enormities! How severe are these Reflections upon the Reputation of a young Lady?

And

And had she not a Greatness of Mind superior to their Malice, which some no doubt will ascribe to Impudence, I cannot see how she could dare shew her Face. But I who have known her from her Infancy, think it incumbent on me to vindicate her Character, and make no Question, in very few Words, of convincing all impartial Judges, how innocent she is of what they lay to her Charge. *Jenny Filch* was brought up at a Boarding-School, where Children of both Sexes were promiscuously receiv'd. From a Girl she hated a Sedentary Life; so little Progress was made in the Sampler. Her Humour was brisk and jovial, her Constitution sanguine and vigorous, which led her to delight in robust Diversions; such as Trap-ball, Juggle-car, British-hoppers, Nine-pins, and Whipping Tops. To share in their Sports, she was fain to be much among the Boys; she grew from thence to love their Company extreamly, and has gradually continued the Affection ever since. I am forced to explain this Matter very particularly, because she has been often twitted by the Ladies for liking to be with the Fellows rather than with them. As she is a very little Observer of Forms, she seldom could endure to be under the Restraint of a set Dress, but rather chuse, with some one Friend, to go in a Mob, and a Mask, into the Pit at a Play, than to sit in a Box. The Vivacity of her Wit, and the Smartness of her Repartees, drew constantly all the young Beaux about her. This Humour of hers it seems took mightily; and she would often prevail upon those Ladies of her Acquaintance, whose Husbands were beyond Sea, purely out of Compassion, rather than to sit moping and melancholy at Home, to go along with her; and in short, did all she could to procure them such Diversions, as might make them less sensible of their 'Spouse's Absence. When the Play  
was



‘ was near done, no Body was more nice in chusing some of the most civil and harmless Men to lead them to a Coach ; and because Hackney-Coachmen are often very rude and imposing, they would now and then for Protection permit them to step in, and perhaps drive to *Phillips’s*, just to refresh their Spirits. Sometimes, if they were very well assured of the Gentlemen’s Behaviour, they would in a Frolick venture to eat a Frigasee at *Pontacks*, but never failed to be back by Twelve. I remember there was a great Pother about Two or Three of her Companions, who at their Husband’s Return, were very near encreasing their Family. But how she is to blame all this while, no Body can say ’twas her doing ; let every one answer for their own Follies : And this is all I ever heard alledged against her upon the first Article.

‘ Now, as to cheating at Play, I suppose, what mislead them into that Opinion, was her great Skill and Dexterity in all Tricks at Cards : For having very fine Fingers, she took a great deal of Pleasure in learning whatever the famous *High German* could teach her in that Art, wherein she grew so great a Proficient, that in a short Time she out-did her Master. Twice or Thrice a Week (meerly for Amusement) she would pass the Evening at *Langteraloo* ; and truly ’twas very entertaining for any Standers-by to observe what a superior Genius she had in handling the Cards above the People she play’d with. She would make nothing of shewing Three Loo’s in Five Deals, to the great Wonder and Surprize of all the Company. But as this was only done for Diversion, she chose to play so low, that she seldom carried off above Four or Five Pounds, just to pay her Chair, and buy clean Gloves ; what they mean by Theft, I can’t imagine, unless ’twas slipping now and then a  
‘ China

China Cup into her Pocket at an *Indian House*, to adorn her Cabinet. This, it seems, is a hereditary Piece of Furniture she is very fond of; it came from *Italy* long ago, the Inside is curiously painted, wherein are represented the Loves of *Endymion* and the *Moon*, *Cupid* and *Psyche*, *Venus* and *Adonis*, with several other fabulous Stories. She ever loved to have Things near about her, and only wanted some few Pieces of China to place upon the Top of this Cabinet, but being a notable Housewife, she could not endure to squander away her Money upon such Baubles; so when she went with any of her Acquaintance to Shops that deal in these Things, she would pick up in one Place a Cup, in the next a Saucer, in a Third something of another Sort, either China or Japan, just as it came to Hand, and by Degrees got as compleat a Collection together as any Body: In short, there never was a more agreeable Variety, for no Two Pieces were alike in the whole Parcel. 'Tis ten to one some scrupulous People will be apt to call this Pilfering; but let them consider, no Body ever more exactly observed the Rules of Justice, in all the Measures she took, to supply her self with those Conveniencies. Every Shop contributed but barely its Share, and the Burthen being equally laid, (so far from giving Occasion of Complaint) the Loss was scarce felt by any Body; besides, she made them ample Amends by commending their Goods, and bringing them Custom. I may add in her Behalf, that what she did was meerly in Conformity of the Fashion: Every Lady's Cabinet was cover'd with China; she could not well afford to buy it, What should she do? It has been a receiv'd Saying, *One had as good be out of the World, as out of the Fashion*; from whence we may conclude, those Things are as necessary as Meat and Drink; and no Body was ever accounted a Criminal

‘minal for taking as much as would suffice Nature, let it be at whose Expence it would. Indeed, had this been done in any base View, for filthy Lucre, and to sell again, I readily grant she were to blame; but in her Case ’tis no more than stealing the Custom of Wine for ones own Table, and we all know how commonly that’s practised by People of very tender Consciences.

What remains to be spoken of, is, *Her immoderate Love of Wine*; nor will she be less clear in this, than in all the rest. ‘*Jenny* has a voluble Tongue, and loves to exercise it, that I cannot but own she often talks her self into a Heat, and that causes Thirst; sometimes by an Absence of Mind, pretty incident to her, she will call for Glass after Glass, without remembring she drank but the Minute before. Now, this may prove she has a short Memory indeed; but how to infer the *Love of Wine* from hence, I cannot see. The Mistake however is easy to be accounted for. The Negligence of her Dress, her fluster’d Complexion, her great Loquacity sometimes, and her incoherent Answers to others, when her Thoughts are wandering, often concur to make her look as if she were actually in Drink: But is this an equitable Way of Judging? If once we suffer our selves to be imposed on by Appearances, farewell all Hopes of having Truth established among us in our Generation.

Before I dismiss this Subject, I cannot but express a sincere Concern for a Multitude of injur’d Women who have suffered in their Characters, for want of a Champion to defend their Cause; and I will take upon me to affirm, as much might have been said for a Hundred about this Town who have been basely abused, as I have done for *Jenny Filch*. But I refer their Justification to my Friend *Isaac*, to whom that Province does most properly belong.

The

## The TATLER.

[N<sup>o</sup> 4.]

— *Tibi luditur: effluis amens*  
*Contemnere.* — Per.

From *Saturday Jan. 20.* to *Tuesday Jan. 23.* 1710.

*Channel-Row, January 20.*

**L**eaning out of my Window this Morning, I observ'd a Young Gentleman pass under it, whose Face I was sure to have seen, but could not presently recollect his Name. The Oddness of his Figure help'd to disguise him; for, though otherwise decent enough, he had a Napkin-Cap on his Head; and at the same Time, by the Negligence of his Air, gave one to understand, that he thought himself dress'd for the whole Day. In this Manner he walk'd on to the End of our Lane, then turn'd short upon his Heel, and hurry'd back again with the utmost Precipitation. By this Time I had made a shift to remember, that this was the same Young Gentleman whom I formerly made Mention of, in order to recommend a Play of his to the World. There was Merit enough in that Performance to make me a Well-wisher to the Author, and as much Wit as might make him capable of an odd Turn in his Understanding.

I was sorry to see him thus expos'd, and beckon'd him up to me; he came in great Confusion, and without giving me Time to ask any Questions, told me, *he was particularly ashamed to be seen by a Man of my Character, in so heedless a Way, that indeed he had come out in some haste, and forgot his Hat and Perriwig.* By his awkward Manner of excusing himself, I soon found the Cause of his Disorder; that it was purely Artificial, and lay

lay rather in his Heart than his Head. 'Twas with great Indignation I heard his Apology, and had not I been strongly prejudic'd in the young Man's behalf, I should hardly have afforded him the Favour of a Rebuke. After some Enquiry, I found by him, that this Inadvertency had cost him much Pains and Industry to acquire, and that by long Use, it was now improv'd into a Habit.

He freely own'd, that this was a Method he had often took to distinguish and recommend himself as a Wit, and that he had hitherto met with good Success. I was a little pacify'd with the Frankness of this Confession, and encourag'd him to proceed in it. — To tell you the Truth, Sir, *says he*, I was led into this Error very young, and the Occasion of it perhaps may give you Diversion. 'Twas a Custom at the Great School where I was bred, frequently to call over the Names of the Boys, in the Presence of the Master. This happen'd one Day, just after the Publick Prayers were over, and when it came to my Turn to say *Adsum*, through Mistake I answer'd, *Amen*. Would you believe, Sir, that from this very Moment I came immediately into Vogue? I was cry'd up for a Boy of great Parts, and of a wild, but extraordinary Genius. As I grew more careless, I was still more admir'd, and by a Thousand little premeditated Blunders, I at last establish'd a Reputation. When I came to the University, I expected to be laugh'd out of my Fooleries; but instead of that, I was every Day more confirm'd in them. There was hardly a Man of Distinction, but was, as they call it in the University Cant, a *Shat* and a *Rattle*. To be a very great Sloven in Dress, was some Degree of Merit, and I particularly remember one of the *Beaux Esprits*, that valued himself upon being the dirtiest Fellow that ever writ a good Line. 'Twas a Matter of Emulation amongst us, whose Rooms

should

‘ should be worst furnish’d, and lie in the greatest  
 ‘ Disorder, so that with a little wresting of the  
 ‘ Sense, we might have writ over our Doors,

— *Hic vivimus ambitiosa*  
*Paupertate.* —

‘ *Harry Heedless*, whose Works you may have  
 ‘ heard of, has lately taken an Allegorical Inven-  
 ‘ tory of his Goods, in Heroic Verse; suffer  
 ‘ me, Sir, to put it into your Hands, and to beg  
 ‘ a Place for it in your next *Lucubrations*.” Here  
 the young Gentleman took his Leave, and thank’d  
 me for my Friendship, with an Air of Sincerity  
 that could not be dissembled. His Readiness to  
 understand his Error, and his Resolution to re-  
 form it, have indeed convinc’d me, that in Mat-  
 ters of this Kind, a Man of great Parts may re-  
 pent more in half an Hour, than one of ordinary  
 Capacity can in many Years. But I must not  
 omit the Verses.

*Where C— C— Towers in pompous Pride are*  
*Sublime and far Superior to the rest, (drest;*  
*O’er distant Piles, presides a Garret high,*  
*That braves the Gods, and borders on the Sky :*  
*Within whose jutting Walls and vaulted Roof,*  
*DISORDER, Frantick Goddess, dwells aloof ;*  
*Banish’d the Court, despairing to be Great,*  
*The wretched Exile flies to this Retreat.*  
*Pensive and sad she sits, with ragged Grace,*  
*On tottering Chair, the Tripod of the Place ;*  
*In muddy Ale, there wasts the lingring Day,*  
*Or in Mundungus Clouds, whiffs Care away.*  
*At Night’s Approach, on Bed unmade she lies,*  
*Whose Softness with the polish’d Marble vies :*  
*Not stuff’d from Fowls at Lordly Banquets drest,*  
*(They made for Luxury, their Plumes for Rest.)*  
*But from those Flocks that feed by harmless Swains,*  
*On Hampshire Downs, or Wiltshire’s spreading Plains.*  
*Mean while the Winds a dreadful Consort keep,*  
*And with hoarse Musick lull her fast asleep.*

I can-



I cannot help adding a Word or Two upon this Humour of setting up for a Wit, by personating a different Conduct from others, in the Common Actions of Life. The rather, because within the Compass of my own Observation, it has depriv'd the World of many useful Persons, and eclips'd many valuable Qualifications. It has certainly been the Misfortune of several Great Men, to have had something singular in their Gate, their Diet, and even in their Conversation it self. They who have follow'd the profounder Studies, appear often to have their Thoughts distracted, as 'tis particularly observ'd of Mathematicians, their Minds being so steddily fix'd, that they cannot easily unbend them.

Hence it is that others, imagining the Merit lies in the Singularity, are glad to find it so easie a Matter to distinguish themselves; the Desire of doing which I take to be the Root of all Affectation. To say Truth, the Men of Wit have, naturally, their Share in these Imperfections. For as more severe Studies require a very close Application, theirs perhaps ingage it too little, and their Spirits are too volatile to give a long and constant Attention. This Absence of theirs, if I may so speak, my Cousin *Humphry* calls a Tax upon great Genius's, and says, he thinks it a Happiness, when a Man of eminent Parts has nothing Particular to be known by, either when he walks the Street, or appears in Company. For which Reason, in talking over the Characters of Ingenious Men, I am frequently offended to hear People dwell upon some odd Circumstances in their Behaviour. A certain Author about Town is much celebrated for writing all his Works upon Backs of Letters, and Scraps of Paper. Another writ the best Part of his Poem upon old Cards, and had like to have lost Ten of the finest Lines in it, upon an Ace of Diamonds, which he had unluckily misplac'd. A  
Third,

Third, of Immortal Memory, was wont to lie in his Perriwig, and caught a Cold that destroy'd him, by washing his Hands. These and many other Singularities observable in Men of extraordinary Talents, might, for ought one knows, be natural to them. But when *Papilio* studies for Incoherent Answers to every Question that is ask'd him, and makes Appointments on purpose to forget them; 'tis a Question amongst the Curious, Whether the Humour be natural or affected? I think it the most favourable Opinion, that there is a Mixture of both. I have often with great Pleasure considered the Character of my Friend *Urbanus*, whose great Wit and Learning are indeed accompanied with Singularities, such as are altogether Natural, but will, I doubt, meet with few Imitators: I mean his excessive Candor, Modesty and good Nature. The Affectation of these Qualities would sufficiently distinguish any one that would be at the Pains to transcribe them, and the Consequences of it would be of Service to the World. But to copy the Infirmities only of Great Men, and to quote their Example in our Defence, is making Precedents of them, where they least desire to be so, and perverting their Authority to give a Sanction to Folly.

## The TATLER.

[N<sup>o</sup> 5.]

— *Laceratque, trahitque*  
*Molle pecus.* — Vir.

From *Tuesday Jan. 23.* to *Saturday Jan. 27.* 1710

**A**mongst other Severities I have met with from some Criticks, the cruelest for an Old Man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my Bed, but pursue me to my very Dreams. I must



must not dream but when they please, nor upon long continued Subjects, however Visionary in their own Natures; because there is a manifest Moral quite thro' them, which to produce as a Dream is improbable and unnatural. The Pain I might have had from this Objection, is prevented by considering they have missed another, against which I should have been at a Loss to defend my self. They should have ask'd me whether the Dreams I publish can properly be call'd *Lucubrations*, which is the Name I have given to all my Papers, whether in Volumes or Half-sheets: So manifest a Contradiction *in Terminis*, that I wonder no Sophister ever thought of it: But the other is a Cavil. I remember when I was a Boy at School, I have often dream'd out the whole Passages of a Day; that I rode a Journey, baited, supp'd, went to Bed, and rose the next Morning; and I have known young Ladies who would dream a whole Contexture of Adventures in one Night large enough to make a Novel. In Youth the Imagination is strong, not mix'd with Cares, nor tinged with those Passions that most disturb and confound it, such as Avarice, Ambition, and many others. Now as old Men are said to grow Children again, so in this Article of Dreaming, I am returned to my Childhood. My Imagination is at full Ease, without Care, Avarice, or Ambition to clog it, by which, among many others, I have this Advantage of doubling the small Remainder of my Time, and living Four and Twenty Hours in the Day. However, the Dream I am now going to relate, is as wild as can well be imagined, and to please these Refiners upon Sleep, without any Moral that I can discover.

' It happen'd that my Maid left on the Table in  
' my Bed-Chamber, one of her Story-Books (as  
' she calls them) which I took up, and found full  
' of strange Impertinences, fitted to her Taste and

Condition ; of Poor Servants that came to be Ladies, and Serving-Men of low Degree, who married Kings Daughters. Among other Things I met this Sage Observation, that a Lion would never hurt a true Virgin : With this Medly of Nonsense in my Fancy I went to Bed, and dream'd that a Friend waked me in the Morning, and propos'd for Pastime to spend a few Hours in seeing the Parish-Lions, which he had not done since he came to Town ; and because they show'd but once a Week, he would not miss the Opportunity. I said I would humour him ; tho', to speak the Truth, I was not fond of those cruel Spectacles, and if it were not so ancient a Custom, founded, as I had heard, upon the wisest Maxims, I should be apt to censure the Inhumanity of those who introduced it. All this will be a Riddle to the waking Reader, till I discover the Scene my Imagination had formed upon the Maxim, that a Lion would never hurt a true Virgin. I dream'd, that by a Law of Immemorial Time a He-Lion was kept in every Parish at the common Charge, and in a Place provided, adjoining to the Church-yard ; That, before any one of the Fair Sex was married, if she affirm'd her self to be a Virgin, she must on her Wedding-Day, and in her Wedding-Cloaths, perform the Ceremony of going alone into the Den, and stay an Hour with the Lion let loose, and kept fasting Four and Twenty Hours on purpose. At a proper Height, above the Den, were convenient Galleries for the Relations and Friends of the Young Couple, and open to all Spectators. No Maiden was forced to offer her self to the Lion ; but if she refused, it was a Disgrace to marry her, and every one might have Liberty of calling her a Whore. And methought it was as usual a Diversion to see the Parish-Lions, as with us to go to a Play or an Opera.

Opera. And it was reckoned convenient to be near the Church, either for marrying the Virgin if she escaped the Trial, or for burying the Bones when the Lion had devoured the rest, as he constantly did.

To go on therefore with the Dream: ' We call'd first (as I remember) to see St. *Dunstan's* Lion, but we were told they did not shew to Day: From thence we went to that of *Convent-Garden*, which, to my great Surprise, we found as lean as a Skeleton, when I expected quite the contrary; but the Keeper said 'twas no Wonder at all, because the poor Beast had not got an Ounce of Woman's Flesh since he came into the Parish. This amaz'd me more than the other, and I was forming to my self a mighty Veneration for the Ladies in that Quarter of the Town, when the Keeper went on, and said, He wonder'd the Parish would be at the Charge of maintaining a Lion for nothing. Friend, (said I) do you call it Nothing, to justify the Virtue of so many Ladies, or has your Lion lost his distinguishing Faculty? Can there be any Thing more for the Honour of your Parish, than that all the Ladies married in your Church were pure Virgins? That is true, (said he) and the Doctor knows it to his Sorrow, for there has not been a Couple married in our Church since his Worship has been amongst us. The Virgins hereabouts are too wise to venture the Claws of the Lion; and because no Body will marry them, have all entered into Vows of Virginity. So that in Proportion we have much the largest Nunnery in the whole Town. This Manner of Ladies entering into a Vow of Virginity, because they were not Virgins, I easily conceiv'd, and my Dream told me, that the whole Kingdom was full of Nunneries, plentifully stock'd from the same Reason.

' We went to see another Lion, where we  
 ' found much Company met in the Gallery, the  
 ' Keeper told us, we should see Sport enough, as  
 ' he call'd it ; and in a little Time, we saw a  
 ' young beautiful Lady put into the Den, who  
 ' walk'd up towards the Lion with all imaginable  
 ' Security in her Countenance, and look'd smi-  
 ' ling upon her Lover and Friends in the Gallery;  
 ' which I thought nothing extraordinary, because  
 ' it was never known that any Lion had been  
 ' mistaken. But however, we were all Disap-  
 ' pointed, for the Lion lifted up his Right Paw,  
 ' which was the fatal Sign, and advancing for-  
 ' ward, seized her by the Arm, and began to tear  
 ' it : The poor Lady gave a terrible shriek, and  
 ' cry'd out, *The Lion is just, I am no true Virgin,*  
 ' Oh! *Sappho, Sappho.* She could say no more,  
 ' for the Lion gave her the *Coup de Grace*, by a  
 ' squeeze in the Throat, and she expir'd at his  
 ' Feet. The Keeper dragg'd away her Body to  
 ' feed the Animal when the Company was gone,  
 ' for the Parish Lions never used to eat in Pub-  
 ' lick. After a little Pause, another Lady came  
 ' on towards the Lion in the same Manner as the  
 ' former; we observ'd the Beast smell her with  
 ' great Diligence, he scratch'd both her Hands  
 ' with lifting them to his Nose, and clapping a  
 ' Claw on her Bosom, drew Blood ; however he  
 ' let her go, and at the same Time turned from  
 ' her with a Sort of Contempt, at which she was  
 ' not a little mortify'd, and retired with some  
 ' Confusion to her Friends in the Gallery. Me-  
 ' thought the whole Company immediately un-  
 ' derstood the Meaning of this, that the Easiness  
 ' of the Lady had suffered her to admit certain  
 ' impudent and dangerous Familiarities, border-  
 ' ing too much upon what is Criminal ; neither  
 ' was it sure whether the Lover then present had  
 ' not some Sharers with him in those Free-  
 ' doms.

doms, of which a Lady can never be too sparing.

This happened to be an extraordinary Day, for a Third Lady came into the Den, laughing loud, playing with her Fan, tossing her Head, and smiling round on the young Fellows in the Gallery. However, the Lion leap'd on her with great Fury, and we gave her for gone; but on a sudden he let go his Hold, turned from her as if he were nauseated, then gave her a Lash with his Tail; after which she returned to the Gallery, not the least out of Countenance: And this, it seems, was the usual Treatment of Coquets.

I thought we had now seen enough, but my Friend would needs have us go and visit One or Two Lions in the City. We call'd at Two or Three Dens where they happen'd not to shew, but we generally found half a Score young Girls, between Eight and Eleven Years Old, playing with each Lion, sitting on his Back, and putting their Heads into his Mouth; some of them would now and then get a Scratch; but we always discover'd, upon examining, that they had been hoydening with the young Apprentices. One of them was calling to a pretty Girl of about Twelve Years, that stood by us in the Gallery, to come down to the Lion, and upon her Refusal, said, *Ah, Miss Betty, we could never get you to come near the Lion, since you play'd at Hoop and Hide with my Brother in the Garret.* We followed a Couple, with the Wedding Folks, going to the Church of St. Mary-Ax's. The Lady, though well stricken in Years, extremely crooked and deform'd, was dress'd out beyond the Gaiety of Fifteen; having jumbled together, as I imagin'd, all the Tawdry Remains of Aunts, Godmothers, and Grandmothers, for some Generations past:

One of the Neighbours whisper'd me that she was an Old Maid, and had the clearest Reputation of any in the Parish. There is nothing strange in that, thought I, but was much surpris'd when I observ'd afterwards that she went towards the Lion with Distrust and Concern. The Beast was lying down, but upon Sight of her, snuff'd up his Nose Two or Three Times, and then giving the Sign of Death, proceeded instantly to Execution. In the midst of her Agonies, she was heard to name the Words, *Italy* and *Artifices*, with the utmost Horror, and several repeated Execrations: And at last concluded, *Fool that I was, to put so much Confidence in the Toughness of my Skin!*

The Keeper immediately set all in order again for another Customer, which happened to be a famous Prude, whom her Parents after long Threatnings, and much Perswasion, had with the extreamest Difficultry prevailed on to accept a young handsome Goldsmith, that might have pretended to five Times her Fortune. The Fathers and Mothers in the Neighbourhood used to quote her for an Example to their Daughters. Her Elbows were rivetted to her Sides, and her whole Person so order'd as to inform every Body that she was afraid they should touch her. She only dreaded to approach the Lion, because it was a He one, and abhorr'd to think an Animal of that Sex should presume to breathe on her. The Sight of a Man at Twenty Yards Distance made her draw back her Head. She always sate upon the farther Corner of the Chair, tho' there were Six Chairs between her and her Lover, and with the Door wide open, and her little Sister in the Room. She was never saluted but at the Tip of her Ear, and her Father had much ado to make her dine without her Gloves when there



‘ was a Man at Table. She enter’d the Den  
 ‘ with some Fear, which we took to proceed  
 ‘ from the Height of her Modesty, offended at  
 ‘ the Sight of so many Men in the Gallery. The  
 ‘ Lion beholding her at a Distance, immediately  
 ‘ gave the deadly Sign ; at which the poor Crea-  
 ‘ ture (methinks I see her still) miscarried in a  
 ‘ Fright before us all. The Lion seem’d to be  
 ‘ surpris’d as much as we, and gave her Time  
 ‘ to make her Confession, *That she was Four*  
 ‘ *Months gone, by the Fore-man of her Father’s*  
 ‘ *Shop, that this was her Third big Belly ;* and  
 ‘ when her Friends ask’d, why she would venture  
 ‘ the Trial ? She said, *her Nurse assured her, that*  
 ‘ *a Lion would never hurt a Woman with Child.*”  
 ‘ Upon this I immediately wak’d, and could not  
 ‘ help wishing, that the Deputy-Censors of my  
 ‘ late Institution were indu’d with the same In-  
 ‘ stinct as these Parish Lions were.

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 6.

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*Juvenumque prodis*  
*Publica Cura. Hor.*

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From Saturday Jan. 27. to Thursday Febr. 1. 1710.

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Chammel-Row, January 29.

I Have ever professed my self an Admirer of the Virtuous, and the valuable Part of the Fair Sex. I have asserted their Privileges, extenuated their Failings, and extoll'd their good Qualities. What more can be expected from a Man of my Years? To sooth them in their Follies, or suffer them in their Vices, were doing my self no Pleasure, and them the greatest Disservice imaginable. This may be some Apology for my last Paper, which I should not have apprehended to need any, but that the very Evening after it was publish'd, I receiv'd the following Letter.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; Censor of Great Britain.

S I R,

I Have just now read your *Tatler* of this Day, in which (let me tell you) you have highly disobligh'd great Numbers of Ladies and Gentlemen, by endeavouring to debar them of many Freedoms with each other, before thought allowable.



allowable. For my own Part, if I were a Man or a Woman, I would either cut your Throat, or get you poison'd for it. As I am neither, I judge impartially, and write this without Passion.

*Castraccio Bellechantini.*

I am to understand by this, that both Sexes are up in Arms against me, and that the Signior is inclin'd strictly to observe a *Venetian* Neutrality.

To comfort me under this Misfortune, the same Post brought me the Appearance of a Compliment; tho' to say Truth, I don't know how far to depend upon it.

*To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; The humble Address of as many Virgins as could be conveniently assembled to that Purpose, from all Parts of the City of London.*

*May it please your Honour,*

**W**E whose Names are underwritten, being honest Maids and true, and not fearing, upon a good Occasion, to look the hungry Lion in the Face, though all of us, as appears by the Parish-Books, turn'd of the Age of Twelve, do hereby give you Thanks for the Exemplary Justice you have done in this Days Paper on the Prudes, Sappho's, Coquets, &c. who by their Evil Courses have drawn just Satyr on themselves, and undeserv'd Scandal on others. It were to be wish'd indeed, that the Expedient your Honour was pleas'd to dream of, could actually and immediately be put in force throughout every Parish in this Kingdom, to the Confusion of all such Offenders, and the Justification of those who abhor their Practices. In the mean Time, plac-

‘cing a great Confidence in the Truth of the ancient Tradition, by you mention’d, as well as in our own Innocency, we humbly beg Leave to propose to your Honour, that as many of them and us, as to your Wisdom shall seem proper, may forthwith be order’d to the Dens in the ‘Tower.” In witness whereof, all here present have set their Names as follow :

*Saturday Night.*

Given at the Hall belonging to our Company.

*Order’d, That a Committee of the said Virgins do attend Mr. Bickerstaff, on the subject Matter of this Address, to Morrow in the Evening, between the Hours of Six and Ten.*

*Sign’d,*

KIDNEY.

Thus, as I before hinted, the best Part of my Time is set apart for the Service and true Interest of the Fair. Many sleepless Nights, and Days of Anxiety, they have cost me. Yet for all this, I do not find that I have any Degree of Interest in their Persons, or any Restraint upon their Conduct. Not a Furbelow has been sunk, nor a Yard of Whalebone parted with, to oblige me. Even my most gentle Corrections and Penny-Post Intimations, have met with Neglect, Scorn and Defiance. *Bellaria* is a provoking Instance of this Kind; it has in good Earnest stood me in Three-Pence to reform her, and I do not find that she is One Farthing the better for it. She is young, ’tis true, and may live to be wiser: As her Beauty goes off, Prudence perhaps will grow upon her; but to be discreet in the Height of her Charms, would be a much greater Merit. She knows the Faults I have charged her with, and must thank her self if she should hereafter oblige

oblige me to be more open and particular. *Sempro-*  
*nia*, with the same Aggravation, continues to be  
 haughty, insolent, and unnatural. She is the Mo-  
 ther of Five beautiful Children, the eldest not  
 above Seven Years Old, whom she never speaks  
 to, but with a Design to seize them, and uses  
 worse than any Animals that belong to her. Go-  
 ing to her Coach the other Day, she observ'd Two  
 or Three of them diverting themselves in the  
 Hall, and turning to her People, asked the Rea-  
 son why those Brats lay litt'ring about the House.  
 Miss *Molly* was severely whip'd within this Week,  
 for calling her Mother behind her back; and Ma-  
 ster *Neddy* taken from Table, for seeming only  
 to want his Dinner before the *Italian* Greyhound  
 had been fed.

I have met with a Case yet more extraordinary,  
 and which has given me much Uneasiness; Tho'  
 I cannot say of so Criminal a Nature as the latter.  
 Taking a Turn in the *Park* about a Month since,  
 I saw a Paper lie upon the Ground, which I had  
 the Curiosity to stoop for, and found to be a Re-  
 cipe.

For *Clorinda*.

*Vinegar of Squills,*

*Verjuice; Of each Five Ounces.*

*Oyl of Vitriol, as much as is sufficient.*

*Six Spoonfuls of this Mixture to be taken every*  
*Morning; Plain Coffee, or Water-gruel, for common*  
*Drink.*

R. B.

A. C.

I was very much surpris'd at so odd a Prescrip-  
 tion, and having formerly had the Honour to  
 know the Lady for whose Use it was intended,  
 cou'd not help inquiring into the Occasion of it:

With some Difficulty I inform'd my self, that *Clorinda*, whom all the World admir'd, was very lately displeas'd with her own Person. Some good-natur'd Friend, it seems, had put it in her Head that she was growing too fat, and in a little Time wou'd be out of all Shape. This sufficiently alarm'd her, and from a Gaiety of Temper, that was peculiar to her, she fell into Spleen, Vapours, and a Thousand imaginary Disquiets. There was no Absurdity so gross that her Fears did not impose upon her. As she pass'd the Streets in her Chair, she expected every Moment that the Fellows wou'd sink under their Burden, and wou'd often say to her self, *Bless me, how the poor Creatures blow!* My Lady *Kill-Chairman's* Shape was become the Object of her Envy, as it had formerly been the Subject of her Ridicule. In short, a Consultation of the most eminent Physicians was resolv'd on, and a Course of Acids, *Cum Regimine*, was, it seems, the Result of it. As soon as this came to my Knowledge, I sent *Clorinda* a Letter, full of such pressing Remonstrances, as the Occasion suggested to me. I conjur'd her with all the Tenderneſs of a Gallant, not to suffer so much Beauty to be lost to the World, by being over-curious to preserve it; nor that Bloom to wither thro' an irreligious Mortification of her self.

After taking so much Pains, to see my Advice neglected, and other Measures pursu'd, has, I own, sensibly touch'd me, both as an old Man, and a graduate Physician. However, it is yet in the Power of *Clorinda* to retrieve what is pass'd: She has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, and sleep, to make her self again the Joy of her Friends, the Desire of Mankind; and what is yet greater, (without Vanity be it said) to be heartily forgiven by the Censor of *Great Britain*.

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# The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 7.]

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*His Lachrymis Vitam damus, & miseresчимus altero.*  
Virg.

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From *Thursd. Febr. 1. to Saturd. Febr. 3. 1710.*

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*From my own Apartment, February 2.*

'TIS a common Mistake, tho' of very ill Consequence, that many Failings and Infirmities are too closely woven into our Constitutions ever to be removed by any Pains or Application of our own. Had I suffer'd my self to believe this, I had been now one of the peevishest old Fellows, as I was formerly one of the most passionate Youths, in the World. Till the Age of Sixteen I was never in good Humour two Hours together. I thought my self affronted by every one I met, and grew into a Proverb for the Violence of my Resentments. I no sooner came to the Use of my Reason, but I began to cool apace, and have ever since preserved such an Evenness of Temper as is not easily ruffled, and which, under the greatest Difficulties and Distresses, has made me superior to them all.

I remember one Thing of my self in the Days of my Minority that was pleasant enough: Whenever any Body had done me an ill Office, I used, in the Bitterness of my Heart, to wish my self Parson of the Parish for their Sake. He, I observed, had once a Week the Privilege of speaking

ing his Mind in publick, and of telling his Parishioners their own. This, I thought, was a mighty Relief to his Spleen, and indeed the Doctor made Use of it as if he had been of the same Opinion. He had a particular Felicity in finding out Texts to his Purpose, and no one Offence could be committed against him, that did not appear the next *Sunday* to be literally forbidden in Scripture. The Top Gentleman in the Parish having one Day made him a Visit in a striped Night-Gown, he looked upon this *Dishabilée* as a Mark of Contempt; and the very next Time the Pulpit was his own, giving a Side-Glance towards the 'Squire's Pew, he pronounced with a loud Voice, *Stripes are for the Backs of Fools*, &c. A poor Taylor had cabbaged some black Cloth that was put into his Hands, and the Text chosen for his Reprimand was, *Hell and Destruction are before them*; though towards the End of the Discourse it was allowed, that *a Remnant should be saved*.

This petulant Humour of prostituting a publick Capacity to particular Relentments, is what I have industriously avoided throughout the whole Course of my Lucubrations. After the many Observations I have made upon humane Nature, it is, I confess, some Pleasure to communicate them to the Publick in the Manner I have chose to do it: But, unless in Cases where my Reputation has been openly attacked, I have never once interested the World in any Disputes relating to my self. Every Body knows what Provocations Mr. *Powell* gave me, and in how crowded a Theatre, before I would descend to take any Notice of him. When I did, it was in such a Manner, I thought, as all Controversy ought to be managed between Scholars and Gentlemen. Mr. *Morphew* and Mr. *Lillie* obliged me to draw my Pen against them by a Piece of Ingratitude

titude that is hardly to be matched in History. I had always treated those Persons with a Respect due to their Characters, and as our Interests were mutual, I flattered my self that our Affections were so too. I know I shall suffer in the Opinion of some unforgiving People, when I make it known, that after such repeated Indignities I have again taken them into Favour. But as the following Petition was introduced to me by some of the first Quality in this Kingdom, I can deny nothing to their Commands, nor indeed to the Dictates of my own Humanity.

To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; *undoubted Censor of the Kingdom of Great Britain.*

The Petition of *John Morphew*, Stationer,  
and *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer,

*Humbly sheweth,*

THAT whereas during your Honour's late Retirement in the remoter Parts of this Kingdom, we the said *Charles Lillie* and *John Morphew*, by and through the Means of evil and clandestine Practices, Insinuations, and Intigations, set on Foot by the avow'd Enemies of your Person and Authority, were unhappily moved and seduced to forfeit the Duty we owed to Both, by printing, publishing, dispersing, and causing to be dispersed, several false, spurious, and illiterate Papers, as well as by affixing your Honour's Name thereunto: We do hereby humbly crave Leave to throw our selves at your Feet, in such Manner and Posture as you in your Wisdom shall judge most suitable to our late Offences: Further craving, That we your Petitioners may be restored to our former Places, together with all the Fees, Profits, and Per-



‘ Perquisites thereof. In order to which, we, in  
 ‘ the most humble Sense of our Crimes, and  
 ‘ fill’d with a deep and hearty Sorrow for the  
 ‘ same, do beg for our selves and for each other,  
 ‘ That the Suspension now lying on the said  
 ‘ Charles Lillie, as also the late Sentence of De-  
 ‘ privation pronounced on the said John Morphew,  
 ‘ may be cancell’d and revers’d, in full Form, Or-  
 ‘ der and Method, pursuant to the Rules and Sta-  
 ‘ tutes of the Court.

*And your Petitioners shall ever pray, &c.*

And the said Petitioners were restored, &c. ac-  
 cording to the Tenor and Meaning of the above-  
 written Petition. Sign’d,

*Charles Lillie.*

It was an infinite Pleasure to me the Day after  
 I had reinstated the Petitioners, to see the Faces  
 of my old Officers about me. However, I would  
 not have Mr. *Kidney* be in the least discouraged.  
 The little Time he has been in Employment has  
 rais’d in me a just Esteem for his good Qualities;  
 and it is for his Sake that I give the follow-  
 ing Advertisement a Place in this Part of my Pa-  
 per :

*At St. James’s Coffeehouse is to be spoken with a  
 young Man, who can give a good Account of him-  
 self, and has by long Pains and Study, acquired  
 many useful Qualifications. He perfectly under-  
 stands the Art of making all Sorts of warm Liqueurs,  
 has made great Proficiency in Geography, Politicks,  
 and Arithmetick, writes several good Hands, and  
 can toss up a Ragoo, if Occasion be. He can  
 shave, dress, tie up a Periwig, or take the Distance  
 of*

*of Places. He is willing to go abroad and see the World with any young Gentleman that travels next Spring, or to be a Tutor in a Man of Quality's Family.*

Before I conclude, I am to acquaint my Readers, That as I have again received my old Servants, I have likewise renewed my former Resolution of continuing this Work three Times a Week ; so, advising Mrs. *A. Baldwin* to use great Industry in her Business, I bid her heartily Farewel.

*N. B.* Having commissioned my Printer to distinguish this Paper by what Number he thinks proper, I must observe, That from *Jan. 2.* those only of Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; 6, belong to this Set, in order to compleat the Fifth Volume of these Lucubrations.

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# The T A T L E R. [N<sup>o</sup> 8.

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————— *Negotia centum*  
*Per Caput, & circa salient Latus.* Hor.

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From Saturday Febr. 3. to Tuesday Febr. 6. 1710.

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*From my own Apartment, February 5.*

**T**HAT Activity or Restlessness of Thought, that Desire of doing something, which is natural to almost every Body, does, when rightly applied, give Birth to many great and noble Enterprizes; but when it falls under the Direction of a fantastical Judgment, it becomes troublesome and ridiculous to all the World. On one Side, it contributes to the Characters of the greatest Generals, and the wisest Statesmen; and on the other, it furnishes publick Conversations with Busy Bodies and Buffoons. *I* have observed *Will Worthless* for a long Time about this Town labouring under a prodigious Impatience of being distinguish'd as a Man of some Sort of Figure or other. At his first coming from the Univerſity, he set up for a great Unbeliever; for which Reason, as likewise because he was afraid to be in a Room by himself, he spent most of his Time at the *Græcian*. But not arriving to any great Eminence in Infidelity, he turned himself with great Application to the Calling of a Virtuoso. To equip himself for this, he travel'd twice into *Italy*, from whence,

whence, at great Expence, he brought back a solemn Face, with the Reputation of knowing as much as he did when he went out. Being now greatly accomplish'd for the Service of his Country, he thought it was high Time to take Care of the Constitution; and to that End, without Fear or Wit, leap'd at once over Head and Ears into publick Business. From that Time to this he has liv'd in a profess'd Course of Gravity. I have had more frequent Opportunities of conversing with him than I could have wish'd. For taking me by my Age to be a Man for his Purpose, he has in a Manner forced himself upon my Acquaintance. He has told me with great Frankness, That he thinks it below a reasonable Man either to laugh or drink Wine, and that he has laid down some Rules to himself as essential to the Character he affects: "To preserve a stedfast Countenance, to whisper in Coffee-houses, to shave but twice a Week, and to wear but one Loop to his Hat; to read nothing but the Votes, and to keep Company with his Father. He has sometimes said with as much Pleasure as his Face is capable of, Well, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, nothing sure is so solid a Satisfaction as Business—— For my Part, I love it so well, that I can't like a Proposal the worse for having been rejected;" and to do him Justice, he has been a true Friend to distressed Projects, and as good as a Father to Bills in Disgrace. He receives more Petitions than a First Minister, and solicits the Affairs of all the mad Beggars about Town. Monday last I was obliged upon some Business to go to his Levee. I found with him, over Bohea and Bread and Butter, Justice *Upperside* and Sir *Paul Marmalade*. Upon my coming in, Mr. *Worthless*, who sat next the Fire, rose up and forced me into his Chair. The Justice, with an innocent Smile in his Face, and his Cane at his Mouth, said, "Mr. *Bickerstaff*,"

‘*Staff*, you can tell us ; Pray, Sir, what are all  
 ‘ these Insurances upon Births and Marriages,  
 ‘ will they come to any Thing or no ? Before I  
 ‘ could answer, he went on, Why really, Sir, I  
 ‘ would be glad Gentlemen would consider, eve-  
 ‘ ry Nation consists chiefly of Men and Women.  
 ‘ How ! says Sir *Paul*, do you make nothing of  
 ‘ Children ?” The Justice, shaking his Head,  
 said, “ My good Friend Sir *Paul*, you don’t take  
 ‘ me ; but what I would offer, is this, If Mar-  
 ‘ riages are hindered, Procreation in a legal Way  
 ‘ will cease, and the Consequence of that every  
 ‘ one knows. However, if no Body else takes  
 ‘ Notice of it, I am sure I shan’t—— ’Tis not  
 ‘ my Business to find Faults—— Mr. *Worthless*  
 stopping him short, cried, “ Pray take me along  
 ‘ with you ; for unless the Persons marrying be  
 ‘ equal to the Persons married, where is your  
 ‘ Ballance ? For I take it, a Nation may be over  
 ‘ as well as under married.” “ Well, says Sir *Paul*,  
 ‘ I don’t love disputing in Company, but you  
 ‘ would have a hard Matter to make that out.”  
 This weighty Conversation was interrupted by  
 Captain *Mystery*, who came in from his Round of  
 Levees, with a Face of great Hurry and Import-  
 tance : “ Gentlemen, says he, you little think  
 ‘ where I have been this Morning—— Hark you  
 ‘ Mr. *Worthless*, a Word in your Ear. All out——  
 ‘ Ships—— Command—— A Blockhead and a  
 ‘ Coward, and all their Hands to it —— ’Tis a  
 ‘ little hard tho’ that neither Side should take any  
 ‘ Notice of one——

This was all I overheard of his Whisper, when  
 a Servant came and told Mr. *Worthless*, there  
 were several People at the Door who desired to  
 speak with his Honour. Leave of Audience be-  
 ing given, the first that entered was Don *Cava-*  
*liero de Tristo Figure*. The Solemnity of his Air,  
 joined with the miserable Habit he was in, was a  
 most

most exquisite Burlesque upon the Humour of his Country. He had in his Hand a Bundle of Papers, much obscured with Filth, and of a Fragrancy not to be endured. These he presented to the Patriot, who gave me to understand, that they contained a short and easy Expedient to settle the House of *Austria* on the Throne of *Spain*, whispering at the same Time, that he verily believed this Gentleman to be of the Blood Royal.

The next, as I understood from him, was one Mrs. *James*, a little ancient Gentlewoman, in a Pair of very high Pattins, who, with much Anxiety and Hunger in her Countenance, desired his Honour, with a low Voice, and in a Language that I hardly understood, "To attend her Business in the House, for that it was now just ready to come on;" and it seems it has been in the same Forwardness for these Thirty Years past. She withdrew with great Humility, and repeated Courtesies, to make Room for a Third. Mr. *Worthless* took me aside, and told me, "That this was a Gentleman who in his younger Days studied the Law; but having failed in that, had now put himself into the fantastical Habit I saw, and under it was one of the deepest Heads in the World. He has attended me, says he, these Three Years, with a Project to save *England*, and I know not yet whether I shall bring it to bear." I was by this Time heartily tired, and in proper Form took Leave of the Company, not knowing whether I ought most to commiserate the Misfortunes of these poor Wretches, or condemn and expose the Follies of their Patron.

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# The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 9.]

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*Hanc tua Penelope ——— Ovid. Epist.*  
*In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere formas*  
*Corpora ——— Ovid. Met.*

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From Tuesday Febr. 6. to Thursday Febr. 8. 1710.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row, Febr. 7.*

I Have prefix'd Two Motto's, as they call 'em, to this Paper; not so much to shew my Learning, as to apprise the Reader, that I pretend to no Connexion or Uniformity in it. I had indeed prepared another for the Press, but about an Hour before the Printer called upon me, I chanced to look into a little Coffee-house in our Row, where I found lying open upon the Table the following Epistle, a Steel Ring of Keys, and a Brass Seal with an Anchor engraved on it on one Side, and a short Piece of dirty Sealing-Wax on the other. I was so pleased with the Style and Orthography of it, that I could not but wonder at the Carelessness of the Person who, as I supposed, after writing an Answer, had left so valuable a Piece behind him; and knowing no readier Way to put it into his Hands again, resolved to make it publick by the first Opportunity.

*Loving*



Loving Hub,

Brandford.

I Hop you got safe to Toun, for they says there are Rouges upon the Rode. I long till you come back, for 'tis vary unked to ly alone. The Childern be all very well; but *Biddy* have a sad sore I. Pray by a Neklase at the *Ould Exchang* for *Fanny*: Her Gooms swell, and she is very teechy and froard; may hap it may make her cut her Teeth. Mr. *Snag's* Child had one, and she was born, as I take it, about last Pescod-time, and yet have all her Teeth amost, thof some be forwarder than others, so it does not follow. *Nikin* has deadly Kibe Heels this could Wether; so that he cannot go to Skole. His Mistriss was here last Night, and says how that he comes on finely: He has got as far as ef aready, and have been but ten Weeks at Skole: 'Tis Pitty he should lose his Larning. I promust *Dilly* a fine Plaything. I would have something baut that will cost but a Shillun. I believe you may have the Man that plays upon the Music with the Hounds and Stag for that Money. Pray don't forget the Seven Pound of Gingerbréd; and if you could get but the two first Letters of my Name in Gold upon it, it would look well. Remember to buy the Cradle, the Go-Cart, and the Magpy-Cage, of all Love: They may be braut by the Choch, if you wool promise the Man a Full Pot at the Packhorfe. Give my Service to my Cousin *Mervis*, and to *Alse Snorsdale*, and remember my kind Love to Mr. *Thornaby* and his Wife. You forgot your Woolen Sox, your quilted Cap, and your Showing Horn. You shall be sure to have them; which concludes all, being,

Dear Hubby,

Yours till Death,

Judith Corkin.

Pray

‘ Pray send me Word what Day of the Month  
 ‘ it is : There is a Wagar between my Neighbour  
 ‘ Pocklington and I of a Tankard of Buttur’d Ale  
 ‘ about it. I says ’tis the Third of Febry, she says  
 ‘ ’tis the last of Genury, and that our Auminac  
 ‘ don’t go well, and yet ’twas bran nu but Two  
 ‘ Yeer ago.

To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; *Censor of Great Britain,*  
*Student in Physick, &c.*

S I R,

Wadham College, Oxon, Febr. 3.

‘ **T**Hough I happen to be descended from a  
 ‘ Melancholy Father, and a Hypochondriac  
 ‘ Mother, I was not till my Fortieth Year made  
 ‘ sensible that Infirmities of this Kind are commu-  
 ‘ nicated from Parents to their Children. ’Twas  
 ‘ about that Time that the College Clock run-  
 ‘ ning mightily in my Head, I could not help  
 ‘ fancying my self to be so nearly related to it,  
 ‘ that I was obliged not to speak but when that  
 ‘ strook. My Cousin, the Clock happening soon  
 ‘ after to be down with a Disorder, I heard no-  
 ‘ thing of him for a Week together, during which  
 ‘ Time I could not be prevailed upon to speak  
 ‘ one Syllable ; and it being my Turn to read a  
 ‘ publick Lecture, I was forced to send my Ex-  
 ‘ cuse in Writing.

‘ This Fit going off, I was my self for Half a  
 ‘ Year afterwards ; but sitting much by the Com-  
 ‘ mon-Room Fire, I had a strange Fancy that I  
 ‘ was a Poker, and if any Body talked of filling  
 ‘ a Pipe, I immediately moved off for fear they  
 ‘ should make Use of me to light it. Upon the  
 ‘ least Indisposition, I had no Notion of going to  
 ‘ any Body but the Smith to be mended. After  
 ‘ this, I took my self for the College Gate, and  
 ‘ lay under a constant Apprehension of being se-  
 ‘ verely thumped at all Hours of the Night.

Would you think it, Sir? At last this Whim went so far, that I verily believed my self to be your Paper, the *Tatler*. Then, though I had sometimes the Pleasure of thinking that I was mightily commended, at others I had inexpressible Fears. I fancied, that a Friend of mine who had taken Phylick, was looking for me high and low on a very unworthy Occasion, and was wonderfully delighted when my Brother, the *Gazette*, was made Use of in my Stead. I was often vexed at my Heart to be hung almost all over with Advertisements of Insurances, Morning-Gowns, Lap-Dogs, and Lottery Tickets, and now and then had terrible Uneasiness for having made bold with my Betters. Being at length pretty well recovered of this Fit, I thought it advisable to come to *London* and take Care of my Health: But as I was going to the Coach, to my great Surprise, I found my self turned into a Foot-ball, and at the Mercy of a Pack of Scoundrels, who, without any Regard to the Dignity of my former Characters, kicked me from one End of the *High-street* to the other. During this last Misfortune, I have been made the unwilling Instrument of breaking many Windows, and once of flying in the Face of a Civil Magistrate. For this Reason I am, as you may very well imagine, ashamed to shew my Head; and being from my Spherical Figure incapable of Writing my self, I have begged a Friend to consult you in my Name upon this my deplorable Condition, and to tell you, that I hope in some Time I shall be able to assure you of my being my own Man, and

*Your most obliged,*

*And most humble Servant,*

Peter Proteus.

*Recipe Caballum, [Anglice] take Horse.*

This

This Day about Twelve in the Forenoon, the new Company of Upholders, the Company of Linen-Drapers, together with the true and trusty Society of Hawkers, introduced by *John Morphew*, presented to *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq; by the Hands of their Foremen their several Addresses of Congratulation on his Return to Town, and Reassumption of his Office, which Addresses the Censor received very favourably, and will shortly cause to be printed.

*Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff has just now received three Letters, signed, D. P. W. C. M. M. offering to make Discovery of several Enormities, as Cascades, double Cascades, oblique Ogles, and other indirect Practices, very lately carried on in the Palace of St. James's, to the great Scandal and Provocation of as many as were Eye-Witnesses of the same: The said Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; doth hereby declare, That he will in no wise intermeddle therein; further declaring, That he doth not presume, either by himself or his Officers, to exercise any Power, Authority or Jurisdiction, within the Verge of the said Court.*

Sign'd,

Charles Lillie.

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 10.

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*Hæc data Pæna diu viventibus, ut renovata  
Semper Glade Domus multis in Luctibus inque  
Perpetuo Mærore, & nigra Veste senescant. Juv.*

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From Thursday Febr. 8. to Saturd. Febr. 10. 1710.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
February 9.*

ONE or two of my last Papers having made it known that I am removed from my old Lodgings in *Sheer-Lane*, I have on that Occasion received Letters from two Correspondents of very different Sentiments. One of them wishes me Joy of a clearer Air, and more pleasing Situation; the other is so free as to call me a restless, unquiet old Fellow, and a vain Pretender to Philosophy. Hard Fate of those who happen to have distinguished themselves in the World, that their minutest Actions must be discanted on, and every little Motion they make be publicly accounted for! If the Gentleman who is so severe upon me would do me the Favour of a Visit, he would be convinced that I have changed for the better. I have from hence a Prospect filled with such a Variety of Entertainments, that I am almost tempted in my old Age to turn Poet for the sake of it. As a Lover of my Country, it is a sensible Pleasure to me, from the Nobleness of

[Vol. 5.] D

the River, and Magnificence of the Structures, to measure the Wealth and Grandeur of the *British* Nation. In the Capacity of Censor, I consider this huge Mass of Buildings as my own Province, and am in a Manner directed by my Eye to the Execution of my Office, as I apprehend this or that Part of the Metropolis to stand in Need of Correction. But these, alas! were not the principal Inducements that brought me hither. Old Age, and an unhealthy Winter, have taken from me most of my Friends in the other Part of the Town, whom Time and a long Acquaintance had rivetted into my Esteem, and made almost necessary to my Way of Living.

They were not Men indeed whom I ever admired for a ready Turn of Wit, or the Vivacity of their Conversation, which, to say Truth, are but the Embellishments of a good Understanding, and serve rather to divert and amuse than to indear us to one another. It is for this Reason, that, in the large Commerce I have had with Mankind, it has been my Way to prefer Men of steady Judgment, even Temper, cool and indolent Complexions, to those of excessive Smartness, Humour, and Repartee; there being something in the constant Society of the latter, that loosens and unhinges the Mind from the more serious Offices of Life, and at the same Time keeps it upon the Stretch in idle and unprofitable Pursuits. *Samuel Trufty*, on this as well as many other Accounts, has ever preserved the first Place in my Affections. Living himself in this Neighbourhood, he in a great Measure determined me to the Choice of it; and to him I have left the Naming of Two or Three Companions, with whom I may, in an innocent Cheerfulness, receive the Remainder of my Time. The

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first he introduced to me is a Clergyman of about Sixty, who, it seems, has passed Thirty Years of his Life on a moderate Preferment in the Country, without ever soliciting or desiring a Removal. His Children are grown up, and by his good Management provided for. He has been for some Time a Widower, and being very much worn with the constant Duties of his Function, was with Difficulty prevailed on to leave a Curate on his Benefice, and come up to Town, where his eldest Daughter is settled, and with whom he now lives. My Friend tells me, That he was never known to have a Law Suit or Difference with any of his Parishioners; That he was ever making up Quarrels, and doing good Offices in the Neighbourhood; That he had been often left sole Guardian to Orphans, and discharged his Trust with the utmost Fidelity; That he constantly visited the Sick, and having some Knowledge in Physick, and the Composition of Medicines, had assigned Part of his Income to that Use. When he came first to the Place, there was a Conventicle hard by, which had drawn away most of the People from the Church; but by the Exemplariness of his Life, his great Hospitality for so slender a Fortune, and the Gentleness of his Nature, joined with the Force of his Persuasions, the People returned by Degrees, the Dissenting Minister went off, and the Barn they met in was applied to its proper Use.

I was pleased with the Figure of the Man as he came into my Room, somewhat tall, inclining to be lean, his Hair grey, of a fair but florid Complexion, with a certain Sweetness and simplicity in his Countenance.



In our Conversation he seemed to shew that Sort of Diffidence which usually attends Men of the best Sense, after having passed their Lives in Retirement. Upon all Occasions he submitted with great Deference to me, as one who had studied Humane Nature, and attained to a perfect Knowledge of the World. After an Hour's Talk, having industriously led him through several Subjects, I found him to be of an excellent Understanding, cultivated by the Knowledge of the best Authors of Antiquity, and of a perfect good Taste to point out their Beauties. Amongst the rest, he shewed me many Instances of the Sublime in the Holy Writings, which I had not heard any one before observe; so that upon the Whole, all the Difference I could find between us both in Point of knowing the World, was, that he had been chiefly conversant with the best Part of it, and I with the worst.

This Day Sevensnight in the Morning Mr. *Trusty* presented me another new Acquaintance: "Mr. *Bickerstaff*", says he, this is "Dr. ——— I know you will be pleased with one another." Having never heard the Name before, I concluded him not very eminent in his Profession. He had no Haste in his Countenance, and sat with me above two Hours without any visible Impatience to be going. He appeared to have Abundance of good Nature without the sneaking mercenary Affectation of it, and mentioned with Honour as many of his own Profession as are allowed to deserve it. He received no Message all the while we were together; and I observed particularly, that he discoursed often as if he believed Revealed Religion. We dined together, and he carved up a Pullet without read-  
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ing a Lecture of Anatomy upon it. He seemed to be of a facetious Wit, and after a few Glasses of Wine would now and then let off a Quibble, without thinking it any Disparagement to his Understanding. I took the first Opportunity to enquire of my Friend into the Character of this Gentleman, whose Account was, That he had many Years belonged to the Faculty, that he was an admirable Scholar, and very knowing in his Profession; but being born a Gentleman, and to a competent Fortune of his own, he disdained the servile Ways of making Court to Nurses and Apothecaries, and therefore his chief Practice lay among the Poor. He never valued his Reputation equal to the Life of a Patient, and often preserved the latter, though by transgressing against Form and Method. He was once coming into Business, but lost it by perswading his Patients they were not sick, and refusing their Fees.

The other Mr. *Trusty* has recommended to me, is a young Gentleman under Twenty, and a Nephew of his own. His Person is graceful, his Eyes quick and lively, the Tone of his Voice agreeable, his Look open, affable and serene, his Constitution vigorous and sanguine, his Air, Dress and Behaviour, easy, modest and unaffected. He has been bred under the Care and Direction of his Uncle, who, I remember, often used to say to me, "I will undertake, *Isaac*, to make this Boy have as much useful Knowledge at Nineteen, as you or I have at Fifty." This he has effected beyond what I could possibly have conceived, and the Methods he has taken to do it, shall hereafter in one or more of these Papers be communicated to the Publick. In the mean Time, it is an infinite Delight to me to find this young Man frequently,

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quently making such just Observations as are in others the Result of long Experience; to hear him reason closely without Prejudice, Passion or Conceit; at other Times to see him gay, chearful and entertaining, without running into indecent Liberty, or straining for the Character of a Wit; and upon all Occasions to observe in him a generous Detestation of every Thing that is base and unworthy, an Integrity founded on good Sense, and superior to every Temptation. What inexpressible Pleasure must arise from the Reflection of having furnished the World with so extraordinary a Person? who, if his Merit does not hinder him, may, for half a Century, in the highest Stations, and most honourable Employments, be of publick Importance to the World.

*The Letter from Drumstick and Trencher, of Edinburgh, is received; and shall shortly be taken into Consideration.*

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> II.

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From *Saturd. Febr. 10.* to *Tuesd. Febr. 13.* 1710.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
February 12.*

Sitting last Night over a chearful Fire, and a Glass of *Spanish* Wine, with my Friend *Samuel Trusty*, I happened to say, with a Freedom peculiar to our Manner of Conversing, that I could not but admire our mutual Constancy in the Friendship that had so long been between us. "Why, 'tis right, *Isaac*, says he, and I hope we may look upon it as an Argument of Virtue on both Sides. For my own Part, I do not remember that I ever wished my self from you when our Affairs would give us Leave to be together." But this Agreement, says I, is so far from being common in the World, that if the Institution at *Dummore* were in Favour of Friendship, as it is of Matrimony, I am confident there are few besides our selves would have any Right to the *Premium*. "No, (says he) and I remember a Story of two pretty remarkable Friends of our own Time that you remind me of on this Occasion. They had lived some time about Town, and being weary of mixed Company, Noise, and Impertinence, agreed to retire where they might without Interruption enjoy one another. *Nottingham* was the Place resolved on; But they had not continued there

D. 4.

there a Week in close and constant Conversation, before they grew insufferably sick of each other. Some Third Person must be engaged into their Relief, and being accidentally lodged in a House next the Gaol, where a Cup of good Liquor was to be had, they sent a Message to the Gaoler, to tell him, if he was at Leisure, there were two Gentlemen that were alone would come and smook a Pipe with him. Being otherwise employed, he sent his Excuse. Upon which they went in Person, and asked him, If there was never an honest Highwayman in the House that would be glad of Company? He told them he was quite out at present, and that if it was to save their Lives, he had no Body but an old Woman that was under Sentence of Death for exercising the Black Art, and he was sure they would not take up with her. He happened to be mistaken, for they immediately obtained Leave to go down into the Dungeon, and there solaced themselves with Ale, Brandy, and the Society of this poor unfortunate Creature, till within two Hours of her Execution.

What a Levity of Mind is this, that will not suffer us to acquiesce in the most reasonable Enjoyments of Life? What a Want of Principle, Reflection, and ordinary Resolution? As one every Day sees the wretched Effects of this viciated Taste in Conversation, Dress, and Behaviour; I for my own Part am made more particularly sensible of them in the Prosecution of this Work. To say as much as is proper on the same Subject, is wearing it out, as they call it; and a Half Sheet without Four or Five Breaks has a dull heavy Look, and is offensive to the Eyes of curious Readers; so that for

their

their Relief, more than my own, I am forced sometimes to diversify my Paper, by dating it from several Parts of the Town; or else, which is my present Case, to call in the Assistance of such Correspondents as come first to Hand.

To Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, *alias* ———

S I R,

Saturday, Two of the Clock.

I Think it not of much Consequence whether your *Isaacship* be real or assumed, much less whether the Papers you publish are your own, or chiefly raised by Contribution from able Hands. As to the first of these Objections, I confess for my own Part, that I am not the less diverted or instructed by a Fable for knowing that it is such, but have often found my self bettered and entertained by the imaginary Conversations of *Chanticleer* and *Reynard* the Fox. For the other, if you are as little fond of Praise as a good and wise Man ought to be, you will content your self with being, in any Sort, the Instrument of doing a Service to Mankind; without expecting or desiring their Applause for it. Though perhaps it may hereafter reflect some Honour on your Name, that in an Age when Wit and Learning were at a great Height in this Kingdom, you were admitted to a Degree of Intimacy with the Top Genius's of it, and at the same Time had so much Regard to the Publick, as always to prefer their Writings to your own. To tell you the Truth, I am at present more solicitous about the Existence of another Person than that of Mr. *Bickerstaff*, and would enquire very seriously of you, Whether there be really any

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such

such young Gentleman in the World as is described in the *Tatler* of this Day. I confess my self very much enamour'd with the Copy, (if I may so speak) and will venture to offer my eldest Daughter, who is young, beautiful and virtuous, with Eight thousand Pounds Sterling, for the Original. Rather than fail, I would stretch hard for the other Two; but I conjure you, Sir, not to make this Letter publick, which if you answer privately, and to my Satisfaction, by the Penny-Post, I will afterwards meet either your self, or whom you shall depute, to talk further on this Affair. My true Name shall be a Seeret till I hear from you. In the mean Time give me Leave to be

Your most humble Servant,

(Under that of)

W. Wealthy.

Please to direct to me at *Lindert's Chocolate-house* in *King-Street*, near *Bloomsbury-Square*.

The *Alias* on the Cover of this Letter, the Omission of my Title on the same, as well as some Passages in the said Letter, leave me at full Liberty to treat both that and the Writer of it in what Manner I please; And I do hereby give Notice, That I will hereafter neither answer, read, open nor receive, nor suffer to be answered, read, opened nor received, any Letter or Pacquet otherwise directed than to *Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; &c.* according to the Order by me formerly issued on that Behalf.



To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

S I R,

Charing-Cross, Febr. 1710.

I Am a Gentleman of the Broad Sword, and I desire to be heard before your Honour touching a Point that nearly concerns mine, which is this: Being in Company this Evening with a Youth of more than ordinary Fire, he observed my Nose to be somewhat larger than his; upon which he took a Dislike to my Face, and towards the End of the Night could not forbear telling me, that he thought it an Affront to thrust the said Nose into civil Company. Without giving me Leave to answer for so inoffensive a Member, he instantly drew, and took off a Piece of it at once, that reduced it to the Size of his own. This I returned with so sound a Blow, that swelled his to the Bigness of mine before its Amputation. Now, Sir, the Question is, Whether I may not in Honour cut off his Nose in its present Circumstances, for the same Reason he did mine before? A speedy Decision whereof will oblige me to be for ever,

Your most obedient Servant,

Tho. Huff.

Ordered, That a Caustick be forthwith applied to the Nose of the Defendant, there to remain for the Space of Four Hours, and that the Plaintiff do attend the Operation; three Days after which, he the said Defendant is hereby summoned to appear in Court, there further to answer for the Offence by him committed before his Peers of the Horse-Guards.

The

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 12.

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*Prætextatos referunt Artaxata Mores. Juv.*


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From Tuesday Febr. 13. to Thursd. Febr. 15. 1710.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
February 14.*

IT is now something more than three Weeks since I issued forth my Order for the Election of Rural Censors throughout every Parish in the Kingdom of Great Britain. This, in most Places, has been punctually observed, and with great Regularity and Order; but in others it has produced Discord, Division, and Tumult. The last Post brought me an Account from *Smallworth, Wiltshire*, That there were actually Two Censors chosen for the same Parish, who, upon all Occasions, unavoidably clash and interfere with each other. At *Bribewell in Hampshire* very indirect Practices have been made Use of, and a Person elected that had not lived Two Days in the Place. A bad Effect this of a most useful Institution! If Church-wardens and Sides-men are thus open to Corruption, where is Justice and Integrity to be found? The Love of Power is without Doubt very natural to us all, and there are many Temptations in the Office of a Censor to justify the Desire of attaining

aining to it: But to pursue this Ambition through unwarrantable Means, is in my Opinion no less absurd than criminal, because it defeats the very Purpose we have in View, and at once disqualifies us for the Employment we affect. It is a Violence to my Nature to act any Thing that is rigid and severe; but I very much question whether I shall not be shortly obliged to do exemplary Justice on the aforementioned Account. I have now under Consideration a great Number of Complaints from several Parts of the Kingdom, which in due Time shall be laid before the Publick. As for those Gentlemen who have been duly elected to so weighty a Post, I shall always treat them with a Regard due to their Character; and as the following Remonstrance came first to my Hands, it does of Course claim Precedency of all others.

Honoured Sir,

Fatland, Febr. 1.

Y<sup>OUR</sup> Order, dated the 13th of January, came to Hand the 18th of the same Month; and within the Time by you limited, the Church-wardens and Sidesmen of this our Parish of *Fatland* repaired to the Vestry thereunto belonging; and having debated for the Space of Three Quarters of an Hour, without Eating or Drinking all that Time, they did then and there chuse, elect and nominate me *John Hart* Gent. to act in full Power and Authority as Rural Censor of the said Parish, and did notify the same to me by *Jeremiah Solfa*, Clerk of the said Parish, who, by Order of the said Church-wardens and Sides-men, having first washed his

his Hands and Face, attended me to the Vestry in Form and Manner by them prescribed; where being introduced, and the Door shut, they did unanimously vote, pronounce, and declare me the said *John Hart* to be from and after the Time then being Rural Censor for the said Parish of *Fatland*, and accordingly entered this their Act and Deed in a Book provided for that Purpose.

I am very sensible, Honoured Sir, how unworthy I am to represent so great a Man as your self in so high a Station, having little more to brag of than the Honesty of my Intentions, and a hearty Desire to be serviceable to my Country. I will be bold to say, that no Body shall outdo me in those Points, whatever they may in some others. Since I have come into Employment, it has been my whole Business to observe and remark carefully the Behaviour of my Fellow Parishioners, which is for the most Part as I could wish. I was always well esteemed among them, but upon this Preferment I am in a Manner worshipped. I have already been invited to Two Christenings, and several Junketings, which I hope will be no Reflection upon my Character, having heard, that you your self, Sir, will take a chirping Cup upon Occasion. I shall endeavour to imitate you in all Things, though I am apt to think I shall hardly ever write so well as you do; not but I have had some Education, and might by this Time have been a pretty Scholar, if my Father had not wanted me in the Stables, and for that Reason taken me from School. As I was saying, Sir, I am migh-

tily

tilly respected at present, and very often dine with the best Gentleman in the Parish, in whose Family I have observed some Matters which I think it my Duty to acquaint you with. His eldest Daughter, Mrs. Susan, and his second Son, Mr. Barnaby, who had before lived altogether in the Country, have been up at London Three Weeks of this Winter, and by the Improvements they have made there, are become a Trouble to the whole Neighbourhood. The young Lady takes upon her to laugh at every Thing, and every Body that comes in her Way, and is ever and anon twitting the good Lady her Mother with having never seen any Thing of the World. I believe, if the Truth were known, she has invented Fifty Fooleries in her Dress, on Purpose to bring 'em into Fashion, and in Process of Time make the whole County ridiculous. The very Heels of her Shoes are laced, her Head not above an Inch high; she has Stuff enough in her Petticoat to elbark all her Brothers and Sisters, and at the same Time is naked her self half Way down her Back. I observed t'other Day a little Spoon in her Snuff-Box, and could not help asking her, Whether she hid it there upon a Report we had lately about calling in the Plate?

The young Gentleman is to the full as bad in his Way: His Cloaths are intolerably apish and fantastical, and he will face us down, that a Thousand of the same Make were seen on Her Majesty's Birthday. He has brought down a Set of new Words, to the great Confusion of common  
Con-

‘ Conversation, and pretends, that he had  
‘ them from the Top Wits of the Age. He  
‘ talks of Plays, Opera’s, and Assemblies, as  
‘ he calls ’em, to every Farmer he meets;  
‘ and, instead of the Queen and Church,  
‘ makes all his Father’s Tenants toast the  
‘ charming Dutchess of ——— upon their  
‘ Knees. These and many other Grievances  
‘ of the same Kind, are, in these young Gen-  
‘ tlefolks, the Effects of having seen the  
‘ World; which, as in Duty bound, I hum-  
‘ bly offer to your Consideration; and remain,

*Honoured Sir,*

*Your most Obedient,*

*And most Dutiful,*

*Deputy and Servant,*

**John Hart:**

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The

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# The T A T L E R. [N° 13.]

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*Non possum ferre Quirites  
Græcam Urbem. Juv.*

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From *Thursd. Febr. 15. to Saturd. Febr. 17. 1710.*

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
February 16.*

IT is certain that most of our Errors, whether in Conversation or Conduct, are owing to Want of Reflection, and a right Way of Thinking. The Privilege of applying our Faculties that Way, is the noblest Distinction of our Nature, and of the last Consequence to the Regulation of our Lives. This I do not offer as a new Observation, but only as the general Neglect of it, and at the same Time the Importance of its being rightly understood, make it necessary to be put often in our Way. Whatever Improvements or Acquisitions we make without this Foundation, are but superficial and Ornamental at best, and will never support us through any Figure or Character in the World: For which Reason, when the Business of the Day, and the innocent Entertainments of the Evening are at an End, I constantly set apart an Hour at least to descend into my self, to weigh and examine my past Behaviour, and the Principles I have acted upon. The little Leisure



sure I thus steal from the Publick is returned to them, by endeavouring to become more perfect in the several Relations I bear to Mankind.

In this Manner I was employing my Thoughts some Nights ago, when going towards my Window. I heard a Watchman in the Street cry, *Past Twelve of the Clock, and a Moon-light Morning.* Another, who came just after him, called the same Hour, *and a cloudy Morning.* He who had declared himself first, thinking his Veracity in Question, turned round in some Anger, and in a low fullen Voice gave the other the Lie. Words were multiplied upon it, and Blows followed. I immediately threw up my Sash, and had Authority enough to part them. For my own Part, I looked upon it to be a very bright Sky, and therefore gave the Fellow a Reprimand that had pronounced it otherwise: But when he assured me, that at the very Instant he did so, a Cloud was just coming over the Moon, the Cause was puzzled, and I did not know justly where to lay the Blame. However, having made up the Matter, I pulled down my Window, and retired to Bed. Before I fell asleep, I could not help reflecting on the Oddness of this Dispute, and to make it of some Use to my self, resolved I would never more engage in Controversy with Mr. *Powell* or any other Person.

Soon after I happened to have some Tryal of my Temper, for amongst other Letters, I received that which follows from my old Adversary Mr. *Powell*.

SIR,

S I R,

I Presume you will be convinced by this, that in attacking me you have ventured upon one who is something more than your Match, having lately had the Honour to furnish the House in the *Haymarket* with half a Dozen of my Seas tack'd together, and a Sail of weather-beaten Ships, for the Opera of *Etearco*: This I had never mentioned, but that the Persons, concerned therein, have had the Assurance to make frequent Use of Four hundred Yards and upwards of my old Waves, without so much as quoting me in the Margin.

Your humble Servant,

—————Powell.

I could not but be much surprized at so extraordinary an Account, and doubting the Truth of it, went *incognito* the next Night to the House, where I found my Correspondent had but too good Grounds for triumphing over me in the Manner he had done.

After being heartily tired with the First Act, I had Leisure to consider the extraordinary Reception of these Foreign Entertainments, and the Discouragement of our own Musick. I could no otherwise account for it, than by having Recourse to a certain Journal that had a little before fallen into my Hands, in which I find, that on the First of *November* last the House of Ladies came to this Resolution:

Resolved, That Mr. *Waller* never writ a good Song, That Mr. *Clayton* cannot set one, nor Mrs. *Tops* sing one.

In this Debate, I am told they all spoke, and all at once ; so it being impossible for them to know what each other said, I could never learn the Reasons that induced that honourable House to pass so cruel a Vote. Two are chiefly alledged without Doors to justify this Severity. The First is, That our Language is so uncooth as not to be endured, and calculated only for Acts of Parliament. The Gentleman that made this Objection, appeared at my Court Yesterday, where being tried for Slander, after having made a smooth Defence in the *English* Tongue, he was found guilty, and sentenced to speak no other Words than *Otway* and *Waller* for the Space of Nine Days ; as likewise to translate the *Mira* of Mr. G. — *le* into *High-Dutch*.

The Second Reason, which is, the Want of Performers, has been pressed to me with all Assurance of Success : But the Persons who presumed so far, upon a very solemn Trial, were found guilty also by a very fair Jury, sentenced to beg Mrs. *Tofts's* and Mr. *Leveridge's* Pardon upon their Knees, and fined One thousand Pounds each for the Use of the Queen of *Cyprus*, whose Treasures are exhausted, and her Territories invaded. I, who am advanced in Years, and have neither Leisure nor Application for the Attainment of a Language I as yet know little of, have more than ordinary Reason to be apprehensive of its encroaching too far upon us. Should it universally prevail, I am in a Manner debarred the Commerce of Mankind, and my Lucubrations of Course fall to the Ground. I could wish it were further considered, how great Sufferers a considerable Part of my Fellow-Subjects would be, if we took away only the Use of a few Words, and whether any that can be substituted in their Stead, would

would make Amends for the Loss. As for Instance, you deprive the Lover of *Angel, Goddess, Cupid, Charms, Darts, Flames, Fire, Sigh, Die*: 'Tis plain he is undone for ever. Take from the Critick, *Delicacy of Thought, Turn of Words, Propriety of Speech, Diction, Image, Genius, Sublime*: The peevish Man will have very little left. Rob the Politician of *Ballance of Power, Limited Monarchy, Hereditary Right, Church, State, Ministry*: Most of the Coffee-houses would break, and even that of *St. James's* be very thin.

After all, I am credibly informed by some of the Royal Society, that there is something in the Formation of a Tramontane Ear, that will not suffer it to relish the Softness of *Italian* Airs; and further, that Sound it self, at so many Degrees Northward, was never known to come to perfect Maturity: Only that of Drums, Trumpets, Hautboys, and here and there as much of the Vocal as will serve to keep a private Family in Order, being of our own Growth, and agreeing tolerably well with the Climate.

For my Sentiments of Musick in General, fitly introduced, and in its proper Circumstances, I leave them to be expressed by *Shakespeare*, wanting Words of my own for that Occasion.

*Antonio*, in the *Jew of Venice*, speaks thus to *Bassanio*:

O Bassanio!

*There sits a Heaviness upon my Heart  
Which Wine cannot remove: I know not,  
But Musick ever makes me thus.*

Bass.

Bass. The Reason is, your Spirits are attentive:  
 For do but note a wild and wanton Herd  
 Or Race of skittish and unhandled Colts,  
 Fetching mad Bounds, bellowing and neighing

(loud,  
 If they but hear by Chance some Trumpet sound,  
 Or any Air of Musick touch their Ears,  
 You strait perceive 'em make a mutual Stand,  
 Their savage Eyes turn'd to attentive Gaze,  
 By the soft Power of Musick: Therefore the Poet  
 Did feign, That Orpheus melted Stones and  
 ( Rocks;

For what so hard, so stubborn, or so fierce,  
 But Musick for the Time will change its Nature.  
 The Man who has not Musick in his Soul,  
 Or is not touch'd with Concord of sweet Sounds,  
 Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils,  
 The Motions of his Mind are dull as Night,  
 And his Affections dark as Erebus.  
 Let no such Man be trusted.—

N.B. Mr. Bickerstaff does not by this Paper mean  
 to interest himself in Mr. Armstrong's Challenge  
 this Day advertis'd; but does hereby declare, that  
 he is utterly averse to such violent Proceedings.

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The

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# The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 14.

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— *Quid prodest, Pontice, longo  
Sanguine censeri, pictosq; ostendere Vultus  
Majorum?* — *Juv.*

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From *Saturd. Febr. 17.* to *Tuesd. Febr. 20.* 1710.

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*From my own Apartment in Chancel-Row,  
February 19.*

**I**T is observable of Men of base Extraction and low Education, that when they have any Thing in them of what the World calls good Sense, they turn it wholly to the getting of Money. They have but that one Point in View, and consequently overlook all either difficult or indirect Ways which lead to it.

If they attain their End, and become rich toward their middle Age, before they decline in Years, and decay in Strength, and that their Appetite of Getting is not yet turned into an Avarice of Hoarding, if they have any Fire remaining, they commonly feel themselves warmed with a Kind of Ambition of being Somebody, as well as Something. They find a Want of that Respect which they observe to be paid to such who are called Gentlemen, and Persons of Condition, though of small Fortunes. They would give any Consideration to be of an honourable Descent, and alter the Spelling of their Names to bring them on as near as possible

fible to some Name or Seat of Antiquity. If that cannot be brought about, they push for a Knighthood, or an Alliance with some Family of Name or Title, whose Follies or Misfortunes have reduced them to match themselves or Children to Money, however basely lodged, or infamously obtained.

I fell into this Reflection after a Visit made me some Days since by one whom I remember to have known a Link-Boy, and who has often lighted me formerly from the *Green-Dragon* in *Fleet-street* to my Lodgings in *Sheer-lane*. We used to call him *Foundling*, a Name given him by his Godfather the Parish, and which he has not yet been able to part with, or vary, though he has found the Secret to be worth very near what they call a Plumb, and upon 'Change has obtained the Appellation of a good Man. He came to me with much Frankness, owning both his past and present Circumstances; but what made me smile, was, the Request he made me to accompany him to a House in our Row, where lives one *Randall* (as he called him) a *Creature Merchant*. This Person is a great Virtuoso, and deals in Birds and Beasts, though not either as a Butcher or Poulterer; for he nourishes nothing that is eatable, nor ever utters any Commodity but while it is alive.

As we walked towards this Virtuoso's Habitation, which I may call an Abridgment of the Ark, my Friend *Foundling* told me, "He had purchased a fair Seat in the Country, That he had a Mind to appear well in the World; and since he had a Gentleman's Estate, he would endeavour to have every Thing suitable to it; That he had bargained already with the Herald's College for a Coat of Arms; and that his present Errand to *Randall's* was, from among his Variety of Animals



mals to fancy himself a Crest, in which he mightily desired my Assistance and Approbation." I was delighted with the Folly and Frankness of the Man; but it happened he saw nothing that pleased him. As we returned, I advised him to an honest home-bred Crest out of his own Farmers Yard, which was a Cock's Head untrim'd, with the Gills and Comb entire. This he approved, and took his Leave. I was about to reflect on what had pass'd, when suddenly returning he called to me, and coming nearer, told me, he would let me into all his Project, and desired I would step with him to a Waterman's House hard by, where he had lodged a Set of Ancestors, which were to go up next Tide to his Seat upon the River. He desired my Judgment of the Choice he had made of Three Generations to furnish his Parlor. I went with him, not readily comprehending what he meant, till we enter'd the House, where he explained to me, that at *Fleet-Ditch* he had bought the Pictures of Three Men and Three Women, which were suited well enough to each other, and were to personate his Family up to his Great-Grandfather and Great-Grandmother, which he thought was pretending far enough for one who was in Truth related to no Body that he knew of in the World. As I was extremely diverted with the Oddness and Extravagance of the Man's Fancy, I was no less satisfied with his Judgment in the Choice of the Pictures; the Habits and Dispositions of the Figures being suited to Three different Periods and Seasons of Time, and concluding, or rather beginning, in the Great-Grandfather and Great-Grandmother, with a Pair of Trunk-Hose, a Ruff, and a Farthingale. I pleased him with my Approbation, and took Leave of him, en-

entaining my self often since with the Reflections which naturally arise from the Contemplation of Vanity, Wealth, and titular Happinefs. I have since heard there is a Marriage likely to be concluded betwixt his Daughter Mrs. *Priscilla Foundling* and the eldest Son of the Lord *Mortgage*.

*Will's Coffee-house, February 19.*

When my other Affairs will give me Leave, I now and then saunter unobserved about the Town, and am infinitely entertained with the Variety of Persons, Humours, and Circumstances, I meet with in my Walks. Returning Home the other Evening after a Tour of this Kind, I stepped in here, and having hung up my Cloak, and called for a Dish of Tea, joined my self to the Company at the Long Table. I could not but be surpriz'd to find *serenus*, who has himself an admirable Taste of Learning, and a good Insight into Politicks, surrounded with a Set of vain and empty Pretenders to both. Amongst the rest, I took particular Notice of one whom I had formerly in his proper Capacity made honourable Mention of. 'Tis true, he affected little of the Statesman, but in all Matters relating to Poetry seemed to consider himself as the ultimate Judge, and with great Volubility of Speech dictated to all about him. He had a perfect Command of that Critical Cant I mention'd in my last, and applied it, in a very Magisterial Manner, to several Passages of *Shakespeare*, *Johnson*, and *Dryden*. I sat some Time at the Table before he offered to take any Notice of me, and he did at last with such an Air of Superiority, as he imagined his Name had done Honour to my Paper, instead of receiving any from it; or

If it had been a Piece of Condescension in one of his Figure to own an Acquaintance with the Censor of *Great Britain*. From his Usage of me he gave me a fair Occasion of calling him aside, and telling him of what other Faults I had observed in his Behaviour.

'Sir, (says I) 'tis a real Grief to me to find that the Praises bestowed upon you have in a great Measure turned your Understanding. I did not mean them for your Ruin, but Encouragement--- I said, you were a good Player, not an excellent Critick; pray don't mistake me--- Let me advise you to learn better Behaviour of your Friend Mr. *Penkethman*, he is diverting enough upon the Stage; but off it, understands his Situation in Life, and is a very dull inoffensive Kind of Man. I am informed you have great Power in your Hands as to our Theatrical Entertainments; make better Use of it, or resign it quickly. The Town is as weary of your Tyranny as those under your Command. To the great Injury of both, you suppress *Powell*, *Booth*, and *Pack*, because they are better Players than your self, or any of your Friends--- Let me hear no more of it.--- Good Night to you.

The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup>. 15]

*Tu dignus & Hic, & quisquis Amoris  
Aut metuet dulces, aut experietur amaros.* Virg.

From Tuesd. Febr. 20. to Thursd. Febr. 22. 1710.

From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
February 21.

**W**ITHIN this half Year, I have with wonderful Delight read over the History of *Don Quixote* in the Original Language, not much approving any of our own Translations, except the old one, which is now hard to be met with. One finds in this excellent Piece very masterly Strokes of Ridicule upon all Occasions; but as it was calculated for a People in Point of Gallantry, the most Romantick in the World, the Passion of Love, under all the fantastical Forms and Dresses it wore in that Age and Nation, is severely treated, and inimitably exposed, throughout the whole.

A Work of this Nature was no less necessary to the Spaniard, than it afterward proved successful; and whoever will be at the Pains of entering into the Humour that reigned among them, cannot fail of being infinitely entertained with so fine a Satyr upon it. But a Reader meerly English, who never took it in his Head to buckle on a Helmet, or mount a Palfrey, for the Fair, to encounter Giants, besiege moated Castles,

castles, or rescue imprisoned Damsels from enchantment, nor yet has any Notion of the Heroes who did so, will very little relish a Burlesque on the Feats of Chivalry. And, to say the Truth, as these illustrious Knights, by the power of a warm Sun, were transported to the Extreme, we, from the Coldness of our situation, are no less expos'd to another. They had Spirits enough to support them through long and tedious Pursuits, ours flag upon the Chace, and one Way or other die almost as soon as they are born. Instead of refining, as they did, upon our Amours, till we lose the End of them, we hurry on to That, and overlook many agreeable Paths that indirectly lead to it. This I am willing to charge upon our Climate; but I question whether there be not some Affectation at the Bottom. I know not in short how it happens, but whilst we give a Loose to all our other Passions, that of Love, in the proper Sense of it, is made the Subject of Ridicule, and in a great Measure laughed out of Countenance by the Gentlemen of Wit and Pleasure about Town. *Bellaria* in vain is young, beautiful and Genteel; *Cleora* of an admirable Temper, an easy modest Behaviour, and a Person perfectly agreeable. The Success of their Charms is no more than to be ogled at the *Opera*, toasted at the Tavern, and forgotten the next Morning. This is an elegant Enjoyment of Life, as we call it, and a right Taste of Happiness. *Colin* is almost the only one of my Acquaintance that has formed a right Judgment upon the Business of Love, and has Courage enough to avow it upon all Occasions. He is a Man excellently qualified for the highest Employments, his Way of Living is rather too abstemious; but to that he owes a clear Understanding, and many uncommon Speculations.

tions. He has a peculiar Simplicity of Manners, and through his whole Character gives one some Traces and Images of humane Nature in its original Purity. Having never suffered himself to be tainted with the Bitterness of a Party, he preserves an universal Candor and a Profusion of Benevolence for Mankind in general.

This Gentleness of Nature has sometimes put him into the Power of the Fair Sex, to whom therefore we are obliged for the best Pastorals in our own Tongue, and such as are hardly inferior to those in any other. His Conversation on the same Topick is no less delicate and entertaining. In an easy and unaffected Manner he leads one through the most delightful Scenes, and furnishes them with all the Pleasures of a luxurious, but refined, Imagination. He appears all the while to be thoroughly touched with what he says, and to be placed in a Form of Happiness superior to the common Level of the World. The same Turn of Mind lays him open to an infinite Tenderness and Compassion for the Misfortunes of others; and if the Distress of the following Letter be real, as it is not impossible it should, I shall expect his Approbation at least for giving it a Place in my Paper.

To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

‘ O H Mr. Bickerstaff! If your Name, Person, Authority, and the good Nature  
 ‘ expressed in some of your Papers, are not all  
 ‘ one Fiction to amuse and impose upon the  
 ‘ World, give me Leave, in Behalf of a poor  
 ‘ despairing Creature, to beg your most serious and tender Consideration. My Sister,  
 ‘ the

the unfortunate *Fidelia*, the best, the softest, and the fairest of her Sex, is even now on the Brink of Distraction. Her Perplexity is beyond all Example, and indeed the Occasion of it very extraordinary. It is now Three Years and upwards since Two young Gentlemen of Birth and Fortune, who had lived together in the strictest Friendship, became Rivals on her Account. Both so equally merited her Esteem, that for some Time she knew not on which to bestow her Love. The one was of an open Behaviour, warm in his Pretensions, but not over constant in his Application; the other close, assiduous, and importunate. However it happened, she was at last determined in Favour of the latter; and, with a Heart never before engaged in an Affair of this Kind, gave at once into all the Softnesses and Indearments of it. *Polydor* (if I may so call the neglected Lover) now found himself but coldly received; yet, with an unexpected Evenness of Temper, continued still to visit my Sister, upon the Foot of a Friend, a Platonick, or what else she would please to call him. In the mean Time, the Father of *Castalio*, his Rival, had some Intimation given him of his Intrigue, and that he intended to marry *Fidelia*, whose Fortune, tho' better than Six thousand Pounds, was by no Means answerable to what he proposed for his Son. Without taking any further Notice, he sent for him, and having a considerable Estate at *Fort St. George*, in the *East-Indies*, made the Care of that a Pretence for dispatching him thither. In short, *Fidelia* and he were forced to part, with a Flood of Tears, and the usual Vows to each other. Two Years almost past before any Thing was heard of him; then came the



News of his Death, confirmed by so many  
 Hands, and such particular Circumstances,  
 that there was no Room to doubt the Truth  
 of it. *Polydor* all this while had gone on in  
 the same Road of an innocent Acquaintance  
 with my Sister, and as she ever preserved a  
 good Respect for him, now, under her Affliction, she found the Use of his Friendship.  
 Who could so properly condole with her the  
 Loss of *Castalio*, as the Man who had loved  
 him beyond his own Quiet and Happiness?  
 To whom could she so freely communicate  
 her Grief, as to one who knew her Weakness,  
 and had long since forgiven her the cruellest  
 Effects of it? Thus, Sir, by mingling their  
 Sorrows, they fell insensibly into a Tender-  
 ness for each other. His Flame revived with  
 greater Violence than ever, and she on a sud-  
 den wonder'd at the Progress she had made,  
 before she well knew where she was. Con-  
 sidering her self as a Kind of Widow, she re-  
 solved to continue such till a Twelvemonth  
 was expired. She did so, and having appoin-  
 ted *Thursday* last for her Wedding Day, just  
 as she was going out, she was met by *Castalio*  
 at the Door. In the midst of Joy and  
 Confusion, she flew to him, and fainted in  
 his Arms. What Measures, good Mr. *Bicker-*  
*staff*, can be taken in this Affair? *Polydor*  
 raves like a Madman, walks the Streets with  
 his Sword drawn, and in case he is disap-  
 pointed, threatens Destruction to all about  
 him. *Castalio* bewails *Fidelia* and himself,  
 commiserates his Friend, and upbraids his  
 Father that had intercepted his Letters, and  
 purchased of several *Irish* Men the Report of  
 his Death: But my Sister---- she alas! is lost  
 to all Reason; and if she were not, the  
 Truth is, I have none to offer upon this  
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Emergency. Instruct me, dear Sir, but to mitigate her Afflictions, and you shall find me from that Moment a more chearful Correspondent, and upon all Occasions,

*Your most Obedient,*

*Most Humble Servant,*

Fidelio.

The Case of *Fidelia*, as well as that of the Pretenders to her, is indeed very deplorable; and the more so, because having carefully perused the Records belonging to the Court of *Honour*, I cannot from thence inform my self how to proceed, or in whom to vest the Right of her Person. However, if necessary, a Special Verdict may be had without much Trouble or Expence. In the mean Time, to speak upon it in an extrajudicial Way, if the Lady happens to be of the *Romish* Persuasion, I advise her to a Nunnery; if not, and she be qualified as her Brother has represented, I know a certain old Gentleman who will be well enough pleased to take her off with all her Misfortunes and Infirmities about her. By having frequent Opportunities of instilling the Precepts of Philosophy, he may in Time alleviate her Disquiets; at least under the Protection of such a one, she may; as many others do, enjoy all the convenient Privacy, without any of the Confinement or Severities of a Monastick Retirement.

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 16.]

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—— *Æstuat ingens*  
*Imo in Corde Pudor, mixtoq; Insania Luctu,*  
*Et Furius agitatus Amor, & conscia Virtus. Virg.*

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From *Thursd. Febr. 22.* to *Saturd. Febr. 24.* 1710.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,*  
*February 23.*

THERE is no Consideration of more Moment, or which more respects the present or future Good of Mankind, than a severe and nice Attention to the natural Bent, Genius or Disposition of Children. 'Tis through a Neglect of this, that we see so many Professions, Functions and Vocations so ill executed and supplied. I have often preached this to Major *Matchlock*, who himself had been an *Oliverian*, and could neither write nor read, and but scurvily set his Mark. His Consciousness of his Want of Learning made him run mad upon making his Son a Scholar. The Lad, who had an hereditary and unalienable Dulness, was utterly incapable. Nevertheless to the *Charter-House* he went, where after having been for Four Years under a good Discipline, he was (if possible) more stupified by Correction, and returned again, like a leaden Shilling, upon his Father's Hands. Soon after, by my Advice, he

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was put to a Banker in *Lombard-street*, is now a Common-Councilman, will shortly be Deputy of the Ward, and may in Time bid fair for the Chair. This is one Instance, and every one who reads this, cannot fail, from his own Knowledge, of recollecting many more. On the other Hand, a great Genius is sometimes overlooked, and a Youth ty'd down to mean Applications by having a Mechanick to his Father, whose natural Fire, and Greatness of Spirit, make frequent vigorous Attempts; by which he at length sallies from behind the Counter, breaks through his Indentures, quits his opprobrious Apron, and flourishes in Arts or Arms. We read, that *Wolfey* was but the Son of a Butcher, his Servant, the great *Cromwell*, and who perhaps was as great a Man, the Son of a Blacksmith. An eminent Person of later Times was reproach'd by one of better Birth, though of meaner Parts, for having formerly been a Carrier. His Answer, for his Temper and excellent Judgment in it, is not to be forgotten, which was, "That if he who reproach'd him had once been a Carrier, he would have been a Carrier still." To descend yet to a more modern Instance, my Friend *Uriah Pattern*, by Profession a Salesman in the *Strand*, who sold me my last Purple Bays Gown, has a Son whom he bound to himself, that he might learn to make Clothes; but he, it seems, was only born to wear 'em. I cannot say that he appears addicted by Nature either to Arts or Arms, being of the Beau Species, and giving daily Indications of a Smart Fellow. The Symptoms broke out early upon him, in red Heels, wrought Clocks, Agate-headed Canes, Lippings, Patches, Contortions in Bowing, Oaths, Shrugs, Smiles, white Gloves, with a perpetual Propensity of stretching out his Hand

Hand to lead Ladies, not only from his Father's Door, but from Pews, Pit, Box, or Gallery. It was also observable of him, that when upon any Emergency he was forced to attend the Shop, he handled his Ell, and unrolled the Callicoes, with a particular Air of Scorn, Regret and Indignation. What the Catastrophe of this Character will be I am loth to determine, but there seems to be some present Malignancy in his Stars. His Mother, good Woman, came to me the other Day with Tears in her Eyes, and told me, that on the 6th of February last he went out, to all Appearance, well in the Morning. He had indeed disguised himself in a rich Suit, by Means of which he was as much observed, as he was unknown, at Court; that he returned very late at Night, extremely disordered, and has rav'd ever since. His Imagination being fill'd with the Idea's of what he saw there, he frequently breaks out in Exclamations on Bassett, Drawing-Room, Balls, Rigadoons, Minuets, &c. He talks of Dutchesses, Countesses, and Yeomen of the Guard. A poor Country Woman call'd in to buy a Yard of Flannel, and he cry'd, Stand by. A Servant Maid came just afterwards for a Callicoe Gown and Petticoat: Asking him how much would serve, he told her, she must take so many Yards extraordinary, for he presumed she would have it with a Train; then offered to lead her to her Pattins, which she had put off at the Door, and wish'd her Grace a good Night.

A Person of less Penetration than my self, may easily see to the Bottom of *Ned Pattern's* Case. To speak Poetically, he has, like *Prometheus*, stolen Fire from bright Eyes that roll in an Orb too far above him. It is highly probable that he knows not the great Lady that has given him the Wound, and utterly impossible that

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that from her he should ever obtain any Cure. If he can be informed of her Title and Habitation, I would advise him to entertain humble Thoughts, to aim at being introduced into the Presence, and by Degrees into the Favour, of her *Abigail*, the Possession of whom, though not as a principal Remedy, may yet as a *succedaneum* prove effectual to his Recovery; a Method very familiar to us in our Practice of Physick: And who knows, but the old Clothes and tarnished Habiliments; together with the cast Airs and Second-hand Simagreex, of the original Beauty, may have a Virtue in them like that said to have been in *Achilles* Spear, the Rust of which never failed to heal the Wounds it had made: This is what I think proper to advise for the present, though if this should not have the desired Effect, for the Sake of my old Friend *Uriah*, I shall take *Nea's* Case into further Consideration, and save him (if possible) from a Bed of Straw and a dark Room.

*Mr. Bickerstaff* having Room in this Paper, which he has been straiten'd for in some others, thinks himself oblig'd, in good Manners, to take Notice of Two or Three of his Correspondents. The Dissenter living near Taunton has no just Grounds for his Remonstrance, nor the Gentleman at Oxford for applying the Character of *Peter Proteus* to himself. *Philaethes* must explain himself farther upon the Match he proposes. The Censor refuses absolutely to meet *Chloe*, according to her Request, unless she will give him Leave to bring a Third Person, his own Maid, or some other discreet Body, along with him. The Verses inscribed to him are not thought proper to be published with his *Lucubrations*; and therefore shall be reserved for the next Miscellany.

Whereas

Whereas it has been reported, That Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; Censor of Great Britain, did lately, on a publick Occasion, to the great Scandal of as many as beheld him, appear in a Scarlet Cloak trim'd with Gold, and a smart narrow-brim'd Hat, bound with an Edging of the same: These are to certify, that the said Report is no less groundless and malicious than ridiculous and absurd, be the said Mr. Bickerstaff having no Cloak but of Ash-coloured Camlet, lined with a deep Blue; nor any other Hat but a broad Horizontal Beaver, both which have served him off and on these Dozen Years and upwards.

## The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 17.

-----*Ubi se a Vulgo & Scena in secreta remorant  
Virtus Scipiadae & mitis Sapientia Læli,  
Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec  
Deriqueretur Olius, soliti.* ----- Hor.

From Saturd. Febr. 24. to Tuesd. Febr. 27. 1710.

*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
February 26.*

**M**Y Landlady has a little Boy about Five Years old, with whose Conversation I often divert my self when I have taken my afternoon's Nap. I was yesterday, with my Spectacles on, cutting out for him the Figures of Kings, Milk-Maids, Trees, and the like;

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like, in Paper. We happen'd to be in warm Debate upon some important Circumstance in our Business, when *Will Moody* came into my Room, and seem'd to wonder how a Person of my Age and Gravity could descend to such Trifles. He made me so tedious a Visit, and was so very disagreeable in it, that I long'd till he was gone, and young Master and myself had resumed our Entertainment, having a King to finish, who wanted only his Crown and a Pair of Hands. I have since reflected with some Contempt on those who think that Wisdom consists in a constant Tenor of Gravity, and that they can never put off their Seriousness without breaking into their Character. How ill Judges such People are of humane Nature may be determined, not only from the Opinions of Poets and Philosophers, but from the Practice of the wisest and greatest Men. *Socrates*, who, I think, may be reckon'd in the first Rank of Mankind, was at Fourscore taken by some of his Scholars in the Fact, Whistling and Dancing by himself. *Scipio* and *Laelius* used to amuse themselves with gathering Shells on the Sea-Shore, and *Augustus* to play at Cobnut with some favourite Boys.

As all Exercise, whether of Body or Mind, requires some Relaxation, so we may observe a Sort of Analogy or Agreement between Men's several Employments, and the Amusements they fall into. Thus the Labourer, after the Toil of the Day, refreshes himself in the Evening with Wrestling, Dancing, or flinging the Bar: The dull Plodders in Business, as soon as they are disengaged from it, fall insensibly asleep, or doze over a Pint: Men of great Genius naturally fall into those Trifles which, at the same Time that they give Ease and Respite to the Faculties, serve to enliven in some Degree,

Degree, and keep them in a gentle Motion. This I take to have been the Ease of those great Men whose Examples I have produced; and I am so far gone in this Opinion, that I believe every Person understands the Art of Trifling agreeably, in Proportion to his Share of Wit and good Sense; those who are defective in either, being as incapable of doing it themselves as of relishing it in others. The only Inconvenience is, when Men in great or grave Stations are not cautious enough to distinguish before whom they give themselves a Liberty this Way.

*Will Moody*, amongst many others, has furnished me with this Observation. After much formal Advice against doing Things unsuitable to my Age, and telling me how much it would have reflected upon me if any but a Friend had come in, he added, That he was mightily shocked some Time ago by a Person of Reputation for Learning and Virtue, that had entertained him for half an Hour together with the Particularities of a Puppet-Show, which he carried his little Grandson to see the Night before. The Truth is, such low and grovelling Spirits as these have some Reason for their Censure, who possessing no good Qualities able to gain or to raise Esteem, should not presume to act a Part that would serve only to make 'em ridiculous. A Man who hopes to establish his Character and Fortune by the Solemnity of his Countenance, would be in the Wrong to part with it upon every slight Occasion. Should he once deviate from the Road he is in, he knows not where it might end, nor how to recover his Mistake. Even a Smile might be of dangerous Consequence, and therefore he arms himself with an impregnable Gravity against all the Fooleries and Gaieties that may happen in his Way.

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*Democritulus* is equally a Coxcomb, though of a very different Mould. He laughs for Laughing's Sake in the wrong Place, and is a Trifler upon all Occasions. In Pursuit of this Humour, he regards neither Time, Person, nor Circumstance, but lays about him without Distinction, and is a Kind of *Drawcanfir* in Conversation. His nearest Acquaintance, and their tenderest Concerns, are the Subjects of his Wit and Ridicule; and he seems to value himself for nothing more, than for having got the better of Modesty, good Manners, and Humanity. How an Inclination to Raillery may betray one into Offences of this Kind, I must produce my self as an Instance; and as the following Letter has awakened in me a Sense of my Error, my Willingness to insert it here, will, I hope, in some Measure atone for it.

Mr. Bickerstaff;

AS I take it, all Vices are altered by their Circumstances, and more or less affect the Multitude, in Proportion to the Character of the Person that commits them. This Consideration obliges me (tho' with all due Respect, and humble Submission, to the Authority of the Censor of *Great Britain*) unwillingly to charge *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq; with ridiculing the Misfortunes of those who were properly the Objects of his Care and Compassion. 'Twas with the greatest Satisfaction I read *Fidelia's* Letter, and the Introduction to it, in your *Tatler* of the 22d. The Case of that unhappy Fair is so moving in it self, and so well described, and her Brother so earnestly and passionately entreats your Assistance, that I cannot without Indignation reflect on  
your

your barbarous Insults under the Cover of  
 your Court of Honour and a Nunnery ; but  
 what is yet infinitely worse, to aggravate her  
 deplorable Condition by tendering your Flan-  
 nel Corps to supply the Place of her beloved  
*Castalio*, or the unfortunately successful *Poly-*  
*dor*, is Inhumanity, and the Result of de-  
 testable Avarice, the darling Vice of an old  
 Man, who, for a Prospect of 6000 *l.* can for-  
 get those many good Instructions a certain  
 Author used to abound in, especially relating  
 to the Choice of Companions for Life, and  
 the Government of our prevailing Passions.  
 Example and Precept are the best Comments  
 on each other, and he that acts inconsistently,  
 seems not in the least to be affected with what  
 he says. Mr. *Bickerstaff*, your Lucubrations  
 tell me, you understand humane Nature too  
 well to think, that an old Man, or Philoso-  
 phical Precepts, will either raise or alleviate  
 the Misfortunes of a young Lady, especially  
 under *Fidelia's* Circumstances. Therefore to  
 be consonant with your self (which you know  
 is a prime Excellency) you are obliged either  
 to vindicate your Proceedings, or make a  
 publick Acknowledgment of your Mistake ;  
 according to the Consequence of which I  
 shall continue, or cease to be ;

S I R,

Your Admirer,

And humble Servant.

From the excessive Tenderness I have for the  
 Fair Sex, I was inclined to hope that the Dis-  
 tress of *Fidelia* was not real, else I had applied  
 my self to the Consideration of it in a more se-  
 rious

rious Manner. I could wish, my Correspondents, for this Reason, would make use of a secret Mark, understood by them and my self only, to let me know when I am drawn upon for my Advice in earnest, and when not; it being otherwise impossible but that some merry Wags should Bite both me and my courteous Readers, as often as they in their great Wit and Wisdom shall think fit so to do.

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 18.]

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*Animum mutant qui trans Mare currunt.* Hor.

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From Tuesday Febr. 27. to Thursd. March 1. 1710.

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From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
February 28.

THE Relation between Masters and their Servants, would; if rightly improved, contribute a great deal to the Happiness of both. *Seneca* places the latter in a lower Rank of Friends, and imputes the vile and abject Treatment they usually meet with, to the Pride or Ignorance of those who have the Power in their Hands. For my own Part, I have ever had a Kind of Tenderness and Regard for the few I have entertained in my Service: I have at proper Times bestowed suitable Advice upon them, and to the best of my Power improved both their Morals and Understanding. By this Means they have gradually commenced:

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humble Companions, and served to amuse me with a Kind of low Conversation, at the same Time that they were doing the little necessary Offices about my Person. My Maid, who is now turned of Fifty, is of singular Use in this Way: As she is warming my Bed, she tells me a Hundred Stories of Spirits without Heads, black Dogs, and several Kinds of Apparitions, that have for *sarten* been seen in the Parish where she was born. In a Morning, when she brings me my Candle, she acquaints me how the World goes, and entertains me with her simple Remarks on the most considerable Men, and most important Affairs in it. This is making the most of her Capacity: But *Pacolet*, my other Servant, was a much greater Genius, and adorn'd with many excellent Qualities the high Station of *Première Ministre* to the Censor of *Great Britain*.

As the Publick has been frequently obliged to his Intelligence for the Detection of several secret Enormities, I cannot think it improper to give some Account of him here, of his Absence for Six Months past, and his late Return to these Parts. About the latter End of *August* last he came to me, and after talking over some Affairs I had employed him in, he told me in short, he was grown weary of acting altogether within the narrow Limits of this Kingdom, that if I would please to allow him a Salary, and send him abroad with a Character, he would in a short Time visit all the Courts of *Europe*, and bring from thence many Secrets and Curiosities worthy of my Knowledge and Acceptance. My Correspondents being numerous, and the Accounts they sent me very faithful and material, I could the better spare *Pacolet* at that Time. Accordingly, Mr. *Lillie* prepared his Credentials, in which

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he was stiled *Legate a Latere* from *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq; Astrologer, Student in Physick, and Censor of the Kingdom of *Great Britain*. He set out soon after, and having made the promised Tour with an Expedition peculiar to his Way of Travelling, he arrived again at *Sheer-Lane* (from whence he was directed to *Channel-Row*) the 22<sup>d</sup> Instant. I received him with much Pleasure, together with the many Presents, Letters, &c. he brought me from Connoisseurs, Great Princes, and Writers of Almanacks. I find by him that my Predictions first introduced me to their Knowledge, and laid a Foundation for the Fame of my succeeding Lucubrations. He was, it seems, particularly well received in the *North*; the contending Powers in those Parts alternately perswading him to declare in my Name for their Interest; which he prudently declined, alledging for his Excuse, that he had particular Instructions from the Censor, his Master, not to meddle in those Affairs. Amongst other Things, he produc'd from his Portmanteau Two large Folio's, each of which, he told me, contained an Account of his Travels, the same in Substance, but differing in Style and the Manner of Writing. He added, "That which I approved should have the Preference, and shortly be made ready for the Press." In the first Place therefore he read as follows: "*August 22. 1710.* This Morning, having taken Leave of my Master, I mounted my Flying-Horse at the lower End of *Sheer-Lane*, and without observing much the Roads I passed over, soon arrived at *Amsterdam*. I baited there at the *Cat and Fiddle*, and after kissing my Lady's Daughter in the Cellar, proceeded on my Journey to the Court of *Vienna*, which I reached about Noon the same Day." Very well,

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well, *Pacolet*, says I. "Ah Sir! replies he, this is but a plain Narration." — Then taking up the other Volume, he begun thus: "The Vehemence of the Summer Solstice was now much abated, when, invited by the agreeable Temperature of the charming Season, I resolved to make an Excursion into remote Climates. Accordingly having by long Premeditation determin'd the Time of my Departure, I applied my self to that illustrious Person I have the Honour of appertaining unto, and having obtained a gentle Indulgence for my intended Peregrination, I gave Orders for my winged Palfrey to be brought to the Extremity of *Sheer-Lane*, where, amongst other noble Pieces of Architecture which salute the wondering Eye, that vulgarly distinguished by the Denomination of *Temple-Bar*, is by no Means inferior to any round about it. It consists of a noble Arch, through which, as through a mighty Channel, gay, gilded Chariots, obsolete Coaches, and rumbling Dray-Carts, are backwards and forwards incessantly disembogued; whilst on either Side of it Foot-Passengers, like silent Streams, glide smoothly on, and divide themselves afterwards into numberless Rivulets through all Parts of the Metropolis.

Here I started up in some Disorder, and snatching the Book out of his Hand, told him he should never more see my Face if he did not that Moment go his Ways and sleep till he had recovered his Understanding. After he had left me, I could not forbear running my Eye along the Margin of his Manuscript, which pointed out some of the Contents in the following Order.

*A Description of Autumn.*

*Another of Temple-Bar.*

*Strange and pleasant Fancies.*

*Moral Reflections.*

*Love Affairs should be kept Secret.*

*A Kissing Custom.*

*Revenge no new Passion.*

*A Proof from History that we are all mortal.*

Whilst I was thus entertaining my self, my Sister Jenny came into my Room, with unusual Disorder and Resentment in her Air and Countenance. Then throwing an open'd Letter upon my Table, "Here (says she) take this, you can expose the *Sappho's* of our Sex, pray do not overlook the *Corydon's* of your own. In the Chair that brought me hither I found this Billet, and if you are in earnest an Enemy to Vice, you will publish it in your next Paper.

*Tuesday Morning, Six of the Clock.*

IT is not to be expressed with what Uneasiness I bore the Disappointment I met with last Night from my dear *Alexis*. I stayed at my own Lodgings till Nine, with all the eager Impatience that young *Strephon* expects his insipid *Chloe*. At last I resolved to go and find my charming lovely Youth: I went to our old Haunts, but in vain: I was doomed to pass the Night with all the Pangs that tortured Love and Jealousy could inflict. I write this in my Bed ---- 'Tis scarce Light. I cannot defer chiding my soft tender Boy for using me at this Rate. The Loss of your Company was not the only Misfortune that attended me; for in that mad  
' disappointed

' disappointed way I went to my Lady Betty's  
 ' It was no small Penance to sit with that nau-  
 ' seous Sex. They all rallied me for being  
 ' very insipid. *Celia* seemed to be most touch-  
 ' ed with the Neglect I shewed, and put on  
 ' Thousand Airs, which would have engaged  
 ' a Number of tasteless Fops. I often sighed,  
 ' and muttered over your dear Name. I pu-  
 ' nished my self in this Company till Twelve  
 ' Clock, and then came Home; where the  
 ' only Pleasure I had, was wrapping my self  
 ' in the Cherry-colour'd Gown which has so  
 ' often been worn by you, and so well be-  
 ' comes you. I kissed it a thousand Times,  
 ' and blamed your Neglect of me. I have  
 ' much to say: Meet me at *White's* at Seven,  
 ' where we'll agree on spending our Evening-  
 ' Till then I am,

(With great Impatience)

Yours,

Corydon.

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Nemo.

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The T A T L E R. [N<sup>o</sup> 19.

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*Premia vobis*
*Carta manent, Pueri, at Palmam movet Ordine*  
*Nemo. Virg.*


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From *Thursd. March 1. to Saturd. March 3. 1710.*


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From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
March 2.

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THE Desire to appear pleasing and agreeable is very natural and prevailing, although the Art of being so is little understood. Either by Affectation we overshoot the Mark, or by Remissness fall short of it. But nothing more effectually defeats us in this Pursuit than a wrong Estimate of our selves, either in Point of the good Qualities we pretend to, or of the Situation in Life that Fortune has assign'd us. Want of due Attention to either of these Circumstances will unavoidably betray us into frequent Miscarriages in our Conduct; sometimes lay us open to Envy, at others to Contempt, and in the End eclipse even that Merit we are really Masters of. From this Consideration, when I was a very young Fellow, however desirous I might be of being distinguished in the World, I kept a strict Guard upon my Vanity, resolved to content my self with passing through the ordinary Forms and Methods of rising into Repute, and at due Distance of

[Vol. 5.]                      F                      Time

Time took my several Degrees in Conversation. At first setting out, it was my constant Rule to pay a Deference to as many as had any Pretence to it, to smile modestly when they were pleased to be facetious, and often stand their Raillery, without offering to return it. It was not without some Difficulty that I got this Mastery of my self, in Spight of which, towards the latter End of an Evening, I now and then made an imprudent Sally, and endeavoured to be as sprightly as my Betters; but as it happened, I never said a good Thing over Night that was invidiously remember'd the next Morning: The Truth is, the Smallness of my Fortune laid some Restraint upon my Genius. I seldom rightly enjoyed my self till the Reckoning was paid, and by this Means my Gaiety begun when that of other People was at an End. At length, by an habitual Dulness, and other innocent Arts in my Behaviour, I worked my self into the Esteem of my Acquaintance, and in something more than four Years was allowed to be one of the Company. Then it was that I began to exert my Talents, and by assuming every Day more and more, at length established an indisputable Authority in the World. Though the Impatience and Fire of Youth may suggest otherwise, these are certainly the Steps that lead safely to consummate Greatness, in whatever Form or Profession we aspire after it.

I am indeed of Opinion, that some Years of our Lives are in a Manner thrown away and lost by Means of a wrong Education; which nothing has more effectually convinced me of, than the great and early Improvements that my Friend *Sam Trusty's* Nephew, mentioned in one of my former Papers, has made under the particular Care and Direction of his Uncle:

But

But till the same Method can be brought into general Practice, we must e'en take the World as we find it; we must submit to the Rules universally received, and instead of weighing our own Merits abstractedly, consider 'them as they are placed in Relation to, and Dependence upon, those about us. Amongst other Gradations necessary to be observed in Life, there is one which, for the Benefit of those who come Strangers to this City, I cannot but take Notice of; that of Coffee-houses I mean, the Violation of which may otherwise lead them into many Inconveniencies and Indecorums. The following Letter, which came to Hand this Evening, has partly occasioned this Reflection.

To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

S I R,

Friday Morning.

I Came to Town with my Sister last Night by the *Reading* Coach, and having both of us a great Longing to see Colonel——, who quarter'd formerly at my Father's House, we prevailed upon the Coachman to drive directly to *White's Chocolate-House* in *St. James's-street*, which was the Place he told us to enquire at for him if ever we came to *London*. We both alighted and went in; 'tis true I was somewhat ashamed to see so much fine Company, and the more so, because my Sister, who is always sick in a Coach, had but a little before pewk'd upon my Clothes. However, the Place I suppose is free for any Body, and for all their Silver and Gold Lace, perhaps I had as much Money in my Pocket as the best of 'em. They were civil enough to her, that's true; but

‘ they all laughed out at me, and an ugly  
 ‘ lame Rogue there was ready to shove me out  
 ‘ at the Door, and told me, I was mistaken in  
 ‘ the House. If you think this to be good  
 ‘ Manners, I have no more to say ; if not, I  
 ‘ don’t see why you should not take Notice  
 ‘ of it. You have put foolisher Things in  
 ‘ your Paper ; but whether you do or no, I am  
 ‘ resolved I’ll go thither every Day whilst I  
 ‘ am in Town, and shew ’em that I am not  
 ‘ so much a Put but that I can say bo ! to a  
 ‘ Goose.

W. L.

There seems to be a true *English Spirit* in  
 the Resentment of my Correspondent ; but if I  
 might advise, he should let this Matter rest for  
 the present. In less than three Winters I will un-  
 dertake he shall be able to look the Enemy in  
 the Face, provided he lives regular, and takes  
 the Measures I prescribe. There is scarce any  
 Part of the Town so destitute, where he may  
 not find out a little Coffee-house to drink a  
 Cup of Sage in every Morning, and peruse the  
*Tatler* as often as it comes out. Here I confine  
 him for Two Months : If in that Time he can  
 compass to have a Place kept for him by the  
 Fire, to talk without being contradicted, and  
 to read my Paper to the Company, he shall  
 then, by Vertue of a Pass from *Charles Lillie*,  
 be allowed the Liberty of the *Rainbow* near  
*Temple-Bar* ; there to continue till the Booksel-  
 lers thereabouts have found him out for a Wit,  
 and employed him in some Libel against the  
 late or present Ministry. He will of Course  
 pass afterwards to the *Grecian*, and may (if he  
 thinks fit) call in at *Tom’s* in *Devereux-Court*.  
 It will by this Time be proper that he should  
 make himself a new Suit of Clothes. I could

wish



with they might not be too gay, which will by no Means become a Person whom I am conducting through the World. According to the best Calculation I can make, he will, by December the 18th, *Anno Domini* 1712. arrive at *Will's*, where, if he is capable of further Improvement, he may soon furnish himself with good Sense, Politicks, and good Manners enough to carry him through the rest of his Journey, and set him upon an equal Foot with the *Inhabitants* of *St. James's Coffee-house*, *White's*, or the *Cocoa-Tree*.

N B. If *Mr. W. L.* will please to acquaint the Censor where he may be spoken with, *Charles Lillie*, to prevent his being imposed on, shall be ordered to wait on him with a Table containing the several Prices of warm Liquors in an about this Town, together with the Variations of the said Prices according to the Difference of the Air under which the Liquors are prepared, with many other Philosophical Remarks upon the same.

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# The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 20.]

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———— *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter Artes*  
*Emollit Mores.* ———— Ovid.

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From *Saturday Mar. 3.* to *Tuesday Mar. 6.* 1710.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
 March 5.*

**T**Hose inferior Duties of Life which the French call *les petite Morale*, or the smaller Morals, are with us distinguished by the Name of good Manners or Breeding. This I look upon, in the general Notion of it, to be a Sort of artificial good Sense, adapted to the meanest Capacities, and introduced to make Mankind easy in their Commerce with each other. Low and little Understandings, without some Rules of this Kind, would be perpetually wandring into a Thousand Indecencies and Irregularities in Behaviour, and in their ordinary Conversation fall into the same boisterous Familiarities that one observes amongst them when a Debauch has quite taken away the Use of their Reason. In other Instances it is odd to consider, that for Want of common Discretion the very End of good Breeding is wholly perverted, and Civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying Chains and Fetters upon us, in debarring us of our Wishes, and

and in crossing our most reasonable Desires and Inclinations. This Abuse reigns chiefly in the Country, as I found to my Vexation, when I was last there, in a Visit I made to a Neighbour about Two Miles from my Cousin. As soon as I enter'd the Parlour, they forced me into the great Chair that stood close by a huge Fire, and kept me there by Force till I was almost stifled. Then a Boy came in great Hurry to pull off my Boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after Dinner. In the mean Time the good Lady whispered her eldest Daughter, and slipped a Key into her Hand. She returned instantly with a Beer Glass half full of *Aqua Mirabilis* and Syrrup of Gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a Mind for, but Madam vowed I should drink it off, (for she was sure it would do me Good after coming out of the cold Air) and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my Stomach. When Dinner came in, I had a Mind to sit at a Distance from the Fire; but they told me, it was as much as my Life was worth, and set me with my Back just against it. Tho' my Appetite was quire gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the Leg of a Pullet. Indeed, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, says the Lady, you must eat a Wing to oblige me, and so put a Couple upon my Plate. I was persecuted at this Rate during the whole Meal. As often as I called for Small Beer, the Master tipped the Wink, and the Servant brought me a Brimmer of *October*. Some Time after Dinner I ordered my Cousin's Man who came with me to get ready the Horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that Night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the Stable Door to be locked, and the Children hid away my Cloak and Boots. The

next Question was, what I would have for Supper. I said I never eat any Thing at Night, but was at last in my own Defence obliged to name the first Thing that came into my Head. After Three Hours spent chiefly in Apology for my Entertainment, insinuating to me, "That ' this was the worst Time of the Year for Pro-  
' visions, that they were at a great Distance  
' from any Market, that they were afraid I  
' should be starved, and they knew they kept  
' me to my Loss", the Lady went, and left me to her Husband (for they took special Care I should never be alone). As soon as her Back was turned, the little Misses ran backwards and forwards every Moment, and constantly as they came in or went out, made a Courtesie directly at me, which in good Manners I was forced to return with a Bow, and, *Your humble Servant pretty Miss*. Exactly at Eight the Mother came up, and discovered by the Redness of her Face that Supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the Dinner, and my Persecution doubled in Proportion. I desired at my usual Hour to go to my Repose, and was conducted to my Chamber by the Gentleman, his Lady, and the whole Train of Children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to Bed, and upon my refusing, at last left a Bottle of *Stingo*, as they called it, for Fear I should wake and be thirsty in the Night. I was forced in the Morning to rise and dress my self in the Dark, because they would not suffer my Kinsman's Servant to disturb me at the Hour I had desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all Measures to get away, and after sitting down to a monstrous Breakfast of cold Beef, Mutton, Neats Tongues, Venison Pasty, and Stale Beer, took Leave of the Family; but the Gentleman would

needs

needs see me Part of my Way, and carry me a short Cut through his own Grounds, which, he told me, would save half a Mile's Riding. This last Piece of Civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in Danger of my Neck, by leaping over his Ditches, and at last forced to alight in the Dirt, when my Horse, having slip'd his Bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an Hour to recover him again.

It is evident that none of the Absurdities I met with in this Visit proceeded from an ill Intention, but from a wrong Judgment of Complaisance, and a Misapplication of the Rules of it. I cannot so easily excuse the more refined Criticks upon Behaviour, who having professed no other Study, are yet infinitely defective in the most material Parts of it. *Ned Fashion* has been bred all his Life about Court, and understands to a Tittle all the Punctilio's of a Drawing-Room. He visits most of the fine Women near *St. James's*, and upon all Occasions says the civilest and softest Things to them of any Man breathing. To *Mr. Isaac* he owes an easie Slide in his Bow, and a graceful Manner of coming into a Room. But in some other Cases he is very far from being a well-bred Person: He laughs at Men of far superior Understanding to his own, for not being as well dressed as himself, despises all his Acquaintance that are not Quality, and in publick Places has on that Account often avoided taking Notice of some of the best Speakers in the House of Commons. He rails strenuously at both Universities before the Members of either, and never is heard to swear an Oath, or break in upon Morality or Religion, but in the Company of Divines. On the other Hand, a Man of right Sense has all the Essentials of good  
F 5 Breeding,

Breeding, though he may be wanting in the Forms of it. *Horatio* has spent most of his Time at *Oxford*. He has a great deal of Learning, an agreeable Wit, and as much Modesty as serves to adorn without concealing his other good Qualities. In that retired Way of Living he seems to have formed a Notion of humane Nature, as he has found it described in the Writings of the greatest Men, not as he is like to meet with it in the common Course of Life. Hence it is, that he gives no Offence, that he converses with great Deference, Candor, and Humanity. His Bow, I must confess, is somewhat aukward; but then he has an extensive, universal, and unaffected Knowledge, which makes some Amends for it. He would make no extraordinary Figure at a Ball; but I can assure the Ladies in his Behalf, and for their own Consolation, that he has writ better Verses on the Sex than any Man now living, and is preparing such a Poem for the Press as will transmit their Praises and his own to many Generations.

The

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 21.

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(ram,

*Dii Majorum Umbris tenuem, & sine Pondere Ter-*  
*Spirantesque Crocos, & in Urna perpetuum Ver,*  
*Qui Praeceptorem sancti voluere Parentis*  
*Esse Loco. ——— Juv.*

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From Tuesday Mar. 6. to Thursday Mar. 8. 1710.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,*  
*March 7.*

THE Concern I have for the Errors of Mankind in general, does sensibly abate or increase in Proportion to the Rank and Quality of those who fall under my Observation. For this Reason I can never suffer a Coronet to pass me without enquiring whom it belongs to, and whether it be worn in a Manner suitable to so honourable a Distinction. I can say with a great deal of Truth, that I am commonly answered to my Satisfaction: When it happens otherwise, I carry my Enquiry yet further, and inform my self with the greatest Exactness imaginable, whether the Misfortune of Complexion, or that of Education, has chiefly contributed to eclipse the Lustre, and defeat the Advantages, of a high and noble Descent. Many Failures I find chargeable on the former, but they are not so numerous, nor of so dangerous a Nature, as those



those which result from the latter, being only such Tendencies of the Mind as, by early Care and proper Application, might have been cultivated and improved into useful and generous Qualifications. It is therefore of the last Importance, as well to the future Happiness of our young Nobility, as to that of a Nation in great Measure depending on them, that their Genius should be nicely observed, their Capacity improved, and a right Turn given to their Understanding. To effect this, I have sometimes had it in my Head to write a Treatise with Directions to Tutors or Governors in the Discharge of so weighty an Employment; but being credibly informed that they were a Sort of People who had little Opinion of any Body's Wisdom but their own, I was discouraged from that Undertaking, and obliged to pursue other Measures. I have within this Twelvemonth made a Coffee-house Acquaintance with as many of them as I could, and now and then over a Dish of Tea enquired into the Schemes and Methods they have laid down for the Management of their Pupils. The first I happened upon, is a grave, sober, and discreet Person, turned of Fifty, his Countenance somewhat formidable, and his Conversation extremely rigid and severe. He has by some Means or other seen the Outfides of most of the Courts in Europe, and got a Smattering in the Languages; but having no Taste of polite Learning, nor any Insight into humane Nature, he is much better qualified to wait in an Ante-room, or keep the Accounts of the Family he belongs to, than to conduct the Hopes of it into the World. He has often told me with great Pride and Satisfaction, "That he has his young Lord in as much Subjection as a Footboy, That he of

Course

‘ Course denies him every Thing he has a  
‘ Mind to, and that in the Midst of his Diver-  
‘ sion he can make him tremble with a Frown.”  
Such is the Love of Tyranny in mean and nar-  
row Spirits, even in the lowest Circumstance of  
Power. Another of them sets up for a fine  
Gentleman, and is a Pedant in taking Pains to  
be otherwise. He has a Notion that Letters  
are but a poor Accomplishment for a Man of  
Quality, that a good Air, and being furiously  
of a Party, are sufficient Distinctions for one  
that is born to many others; and therefore in-  
dulges the Youth under his Care in an immo-  
derate Love of Dogs, Horses, Plays, Gallantry,  
and all Manner of Entertainments. At Lei-  
sure Hours he flatters him with an Opinion  
of his Superiority to the common Level of  
Mankind, and strictly cautions him against  
entertaining the least Regard for the Scum  
and Dregs of the People. What a Patriot,  
Hero, and Counsellor, may we hope for  
from so extraordinary an Education! A Third,  
whom I suffer indeed to visit me now and  
then, seems to have a better Sense of his  
Duty in this Station than either of the others.  
Knowing that I am a great Lover of Chil-  
dren, he one Day brought his Pupil, who is  
very young, to my Lodgings. He had long  
promised him, I found, that he would carry  
him to wait upon Mr. *Bickerstaff*; and I do not  
remember, that I was ever so well pleased with  
being pointed at in Publick, as I was with the  
particular Survey this little Boy took of me.  
After this Curiosity was pretty well over, he  
seemed willing to enter into Conversation, in  
which he acquitted himself with the utmost  
good Manners, and a manly Turn of Wit very  
disproportioned to his Years. I could perceive  
he

he had a great Mind to be talking of the *Tatlers*, and I on Purpose led him into it. He made some very surprising Remarks upon several of them, and with an agreeable Freedom ask'd me the Meaning of others that he did not understand. I begged his little Lordship to accept of the Volumes I had by me, and in Return he desired my Leave to be a Subscriber for the next. Ever now and then I had my Eye upon his Tutor, and could perceive in him an inexpressible Pleasure for the good Behaviour of his Charge.

I could not help taking him aside soon after, and telling him, that I almost envy'd him the Happiness of having so fine a Genius in his Hands: "Go on Sir, says I, to cultivate and improve it, and by that Means be an Instrument of publick Good to your Country. You will never, perhaps, have it in your Power to act in a more meritorious Capacity. Think only what a Pleasure it will be to you, to see this young Gentleman hereafter at the Head of an Army, or managing a Debate in the most illustrious Assembly in the World. Believe me, you will in a great Measure partake his Glory, and act as it were by Proxy in whatever Station his Merit shall advance him to. If I can form any Judgment of him at these Years, you will from his future Gratitude and Esteem receive the Fruits of the utmost Pains you can bestow upon him. He will consider you almost in the highest Relation, and next to the Persons that gave him Life, will love and honour one that pointed out to him the Use and End of his Being.

The

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# The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 22.]

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*When shall we Three meet again. Shakespeare.*

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From *Thursd. Mar. 8.* to *Saturday Mar. 10.* 1710.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
March 9.*

**T**Hough I seldom eat out of my own Lodgings, I was prevailed on the other Day to dine with some Friends at the *Rummer* in *Queen-street*. A Physician, who was engaged to be of the Party, staying somewhat beyond the Time, *Sam Trusty* would needs have me go with him into the Kitchen, and see how Matters went there. I would have excused myself, fearing lest the Heat of the Place, and the Steam of the several Dishes, should have taken away my Stomach; but he assured me, that *Mr. Brawn* had an Art (beyond other Cooks) of making his Customers more hungry by the Sight of his Kitchen. I was indeed very much pleased and surprised with the extraordinary Splendor and Oeconomy I observed there, but above all, with the great Readiness and Dexterity of the Man himself. His Motions were quick, but not precipitate: He in an Instant applied himself from one Stove to another without the least Appearance of a Hurry, and in the Midst of Smoak and Fire preserved an  
incredi-

incredible Serenity of Countenance. By this Time the Doctor was come, and made a Thousand Apologies for being so late. He assured us, by the great Powers above, that nothing should have kept him but the extreme Danger of Two or Three of his Patients. We easily believed him, knowing his uncommon Tenderness for those under his Care, and at the same Time the Multiplicity of his Practice, without the least Affectation to make a Shew of it. This Gentleman, after we had dined, was obliged to give Audience to several Apothecaries, that came to him with different Cases from all Parts of the Town. Having some Knowledge of Physick, I took the Liberty of looking over his Bills as he writ them, which he did with wonderful Quickness, and seeming Inadvertency, entertaining us all the while with an incoherent, but agreeable Conversation. Notwithstanding the great Number of Distempers, the infinite Variety of their Symptoms, and the Ignorance of those who represented them, he enter'd into them all with an incredible Penetration, and without omitting one Drug that was proper, or inserting one that was otherwise, dispatched more Prescriptions to the Purpose in Three Quarters of an Hour, than Dr. *Ebony* has done in Twenty Years of his Life. It being now towards Six of the Clock, it was propos'd that we should go and see *Love for Love*, which was to be played that Night in *Drury-Lane*. I cannot say but this excellent Comedy was tolerably well performed; but I shall be very cautious for the future how I bestow any Commendations on this or that particular Player, since I find by Experience they have not Judgment enough to support the Weight of them: One, whom I allowed

showed to be an admirable Buffoon, having  
upon that Foot set up for a Critick; and ano-  
ther, from being encouraged by me, to attempt  
the Part of *Othello*, having ever since considered  
himself and very lately acted, in the Capacity  
of a Hero. I sat with great Attention during  
the whole Entertainment, and could not but  
observe, notwithstanding the great Diversity of  
Characters that are blended in it, how exactly  
the Distinctions of each were preserved thro'  
the whole, and that no one Person, from the  
beginning to the End, spoke a Sentence that  
could properly have been put into the Mouth of  
any other. As soon as the Play was over, I  
trapped my self warm in my Cloak, and wal-  
ked directly to my Lodgings. As I was recol-  
lecting how I had spent the Day, it came into  
my Head that there was a very great Analogy  
or Resemblance between the necessary Qualifi-  
cations of a Physician, a Cook, and those of a  
Dramatick Writer. For the first of these, if we  
consider him in the Hurry of his Business, with  
his Head full of *Materia Medica*, hard Names  
of Distempers, and unspeakable Terms of Ana-  
tomy, in these whimsical Circumstances, I say,  
what fatal Consequence might the least Over-  
sight prove? For Instance: Should he chance  
to prescribe *Catechu*, *Calaminaris*, and *Ostiacolla*,  
instead of *Fenugreek Seed*, and *Treacle of Andro-*  
*pachus*, to one in an *Erisipelatous* Feaver; in-  
stead of *Compound Bryony Water*, and *Langius's*  
*Antiepileptick*, a *Decoction of Bistorta*, or an  
*Opium Cataplasma*, in the *Paroxysm*  
of an Apoplexy, the Patient is lost, and what  
much worse, his Reputation ruined for ever.  
The Province of a Cook is no less difficult and  
perplexing; heated as he is, and confounded  
with the manifold Demands of those about  
him, he must be sure not to mistake his Ingre-  
dients,

dients, nor the exact Proportion of them. Now he must dip in Pepper, now in sliced Pippins, then in *Pritaches*, *Trousfles*, *Morelles*, *Gooseberries*, *Spinage*, or *Barberries*: One Moment he attends on *Olivo*, the next on *Oysters in Staffado*, *Eggs a la-Hugenotte*; and in the Midst of all these Affairs, must be at Leisure to give proper and direct Answers to Fifty Questions at once. It is no less necessary that he should have a great Command of the Terms of his Art: He *breaks a Deer*, *rears a Goose*, *untaches a Curlew*, *allays a Pheasant*, *splays a Bream*, *sides a Haddock*, *tranches a Barbel*, *tranches a Sturgeon*, *barbs a Lobster*, &c. The Poet remains to be considered: He indeed composes at Leisure, and is less open to frequent Interruptions than either of the former. But then the Tastes and Constitutions he is to consult are no less Difficult, and his Work of a more refined and delicate Nature. The infinite Variety of his own Thoughts, is to him what a Crowd of People are to the others. He finds himself engaged, perhaps, with a Dozen or Fourteen Persons, in a great Measure the Creatures of his own Imagination, each of which he is to furnish with what is exactly proper to their Character, and no more; and to conduct them in the same Figure and Station to the End of his Design. This requires a ready Genius, and a close Attention, otherwise he will fall into gross Errors, and often apply his Wit and Humour in the wrong Place. It is for this Reason, that I, for my own Part, would as soon propose to eat luxuriously in a Cellar, or apply my self for a Cure to Dr. *Ebony* in a dangerous Illness, as hope to be entertained to my Satisfaction by most of our modern Dramatick Performances.



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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 23.]

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O! *Major tandem parcas Insane Minori.* Hor.

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From *Saturd. Mar. 10.* to *Tuesd. Mar. 13.* 1710.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
March 12.*

DOCTOR *Proteus*, of *Wadham College* in *Oxford*, whose Letter I inserted in the *Tatler* Numb. 9. is at last come to Town. The Whim of the Foot-ball went off upon the Breaking of the Frost, when that violent Exercise naturally ceases. The poor Man is mighty sensible of the Condition he has been in, and is so far from being proud of the Spleen, that he is resolved to leave no lawful Means untry'd to get rid of it. He looks very ill indeed, and I fear it will be next to impossible to effect a perfect Cure, since by the Account he gives me it has run in the Family for some Time. His Father had this Misfortune so very young, that he was a Kit when he was a meer Stripling, and afterwards became in his riper Age a very grave and worthy Hum-drum, or Base-Viol; in which Capacity, (or rather Case) he served his Country (being at the same Time a Justice of the Peace) for several Years, and at last died in it. Of Seven virtuous Ladies that were his Aunts, Six lived and died Virginals. However

as *Art finds Means*, according to the Observation of the most ingenious Author of the *Plaster for Corns*, I told the Doctor, if he would apply himself to the famous *Æsculapius*, I should be very glad of joining with him, in order to re-establish his Health. Accordingly he went Yesterday to wait upon him. But I was very much surprized when, upon his coming to me again in the Evening, I found he had not received the Satisfaction we both expected from the Assistance of so celebrated a Physician.

‘ *Mr. Bickerstaff*, (said he to me with a dejected Countenance) I have been to see my old Friend *Æsculapius*. I found with him a young Man whom I took at first to have been a Patient; for he looked sadly. At his going out, I heard the Doctor say, *Either forbear to use those Powders, or see my Face no more. Ah! old Friend, said he, upon Sight of me, this extravagant Boy will certainly undo me. Have I walked up so many Pair of Stairs to get a little Money together, to have this young Fellow spend it at Twopence a Day for Powder for his Hair? Come sit down, let me know what it is brings you to Town.* I told him my Case in as few Words as I could, to which he answered with a melancholy Look, *That he was not at all surprized at it, since he was but too sensible of his having formerly been a Football himself; and to let me know what strange Impressions the Mind of Man is capable of, he assured me, That a certain Gentleman in this Town not long ago took his Face for a Spitting Pot.* I was no less startled at what he said, than at what I afterwards observed. We were no sooner seated, but looking on his Watch, he started up again, and cried, *Adso! we must think of Dinner:* Then stepping into the next Room, he fetched from thence a String. Ha-

ving

ving fasten'd one End of it to a Nail over his Chimney, he tied a Leg of Mutton to the other, and giving it a Twirl, began a long Complaint of the melancholy Circumstances he found himself in. He told me, *Every Body thought him vastly rich, but they did not know what the Expences of Life were.* Then giving his Mutton another Twirl, 'Tis true, says he, *I have Fourscore Thousand Pounds in the Funds; but if a Man did not take Care to dress his own Dinner, he might be poisoned for all that.* So desiring me to reach him the Flower-Box, Doctor, says he, *What do you think gilding a Chariot might stand me in?* Sir, said I, What need you trouble your self about that? All the World knows—— *All the World may know what they please,* replied he, *but you will see me want before I die.* However, says he, *I think it would do no Harm if we had a Dripping-pan now; Pray give the Box a shake, Doctor, whilst I step and fetch it.* You must not take it ill that I put you upon these Offices, there are but few Friends I can trust to do them for me. He went on, *Do you love French Wine? I believe you may; I did once my self: But let me tell you, That White Port is not only the cheapest, but the best Wine now about Town.* Here I interrupted him, and desired he would think a little of my Case. *Why, suppose,* says he, *you went to the Bath? I have been there formerly.* Or what if you took a Lodging about Hammersmith? Or else met me at Tom's to Morrow? I perceived it was much the same which of the Three I did, or whether I did any of them or no; so I e'en took my Leave, and came away. Judge you, Mr. Bickerstaff, whether this Gentleman is able to do any Good, as the Case stands between him and me.

As

As I was preparing to make some very serious Reflections on the fantastical Humours of this great Man, a Porter knocked at my Door, and told me, I must by all Means come away to the *Royal-Oak* in *Essex-street*, and at the same Time delivered me the following Letter :

*Dear Isaac, From the Oak, Two of the Clock,*

‘ **T**hough we know ’tis a busy Day with you, we are resolved to have your Company ; and for that Reason have sent you the enclosed Verses, which, if you like them, will furnish out most Part of to Morrow’s Paper. You will find them to be a Town Eclogue, and that the Scene is laid in the *Royal-Exchange*. We are

*All very much yours,*

L.B. W.H. J.S. S.T.

*Cor.* Now the keen Rigour of the Winter’s o’er,  
No Hail descends, and Frosts can pinch no more,  
Whilst other Girls confess the genial Spring,  
And laugh aloud, or am’rous Ditties sing,  
Secure from Cold their lovely Necks display,  
And throw each useless Chafing-dish away,  
Why sits my Phillis discontented here,  
Nor feels the Turn of the revolving Year ?  
Why on that Brow dwells Sorrow and Dismay,  
Where Loves were wont to sport, and Smiles to play ?  
*Phil.* Ah Corydon ! Survey the Change around,  
Thro’ all the Change no Wretch like me is found :  
Alas ! the Day, when I, poor heedless Maid,  
Was to your Rooms in Lincoln’s-Inn betray’d,  
Then how you swore, how many Vows you made ! }

list'ning Zephyrs, that o'erheard his Love,  
 at the soft Accents to the Gods above.  
 as! the Day; for Oh eternal Shame!  
 old you Handkerchiefs, and lost my Fame.  
 Cor. When I forget the Favour you bestow'd,  
 d Herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn Road,  
 ettleet transform'd become a flowry Green,  
 d Mass be sung where Opera's are seen.  
 e wealthy Cit, and the St. James's Beau,  
 all change their Quarters, and their Joys forego;  
 ck jobbing This to Jonathan's shall come,  
 the Groom Porte's That play off his Plum.  
 hil. But what to me does all that Love avail,  
 whilst I doze at Home o'er Porter's Ale,  
 ch Night with Wine and Wenches you regale?  
 live-long Hours in anxious Cares are past,  
 d raging Hunger lays my Beauty wast.  
 e Templers spruce in vain I Glances throw,  
 d with shrill Voice invite them as they go.  
 os'd in vain my glossy Ribands shine,  
 d unregarded wave upon the Twine.  
 e Week flies round, and when my Profit's known,  
 ardly clear enough to change a Crown.  
 Cor. Hard Fate of Virtue thus to be distress,  
 ou fairest of thy Trade, and far the best!  
 e Fruitmen's Stalls the Summer-Market grace,  
 d ruddy Peaches Them; as first in Place  
 um-Cake is seen o'er smaller Pastry Ware,  
 d Ice on That; so Phillis does appear  
 Play-house and in Park, above the rest  
 Belles Mechanick, elegantly drest.  
 Phil. And yet Crepundia, that conceited Fair,  
 midst her Toys, affects a sawcy Air,  
 d views me hourly with a scornful Eye.  
 Cor. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.  
 Phil. With this large Petticoat I strive in vain  
 hide my Folly past, and coming Pain;

'Tis

'Tis now no Secret ; she, and Fifty more,  
Observe the Symptoms I had once before.  
A Second Babe at Wapping must be plac'd,  
When I scarce bear the Charges of the last.

(Plum)

Cor. What I could raise I sent ; a Pound of  
Five Shillings, and a Coral for his Gums:  
To Morrow I intend him something more.

Phil. I sent a Frock and Pair of Shoes before.

Cor. However, you shall home with me to Night,  
Forget your Cares, and revel in Delight.  
I have in Store a Pint or Two of Wine,  
Some Cracknels, and the Remnant of a Chine.  
And now on either Side, and all around,  
The weighty Shop-boards fall, and Bars resound ;  
Each ready Sempstress slips her Pattins on,  
And ties her Hood, preparing to be gone.

The

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The T A T L E R. [N<sup>o</sup> 24.]

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O Lycida, vivi pervenimus, Advena nostri  
 (Quod nunquam veriti sumus) ut Possessor Agelli  
 Diceret, Hæc mea sunt, veteres migrate Coloni.  
 Virg.

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From Tuesd. Mar. 13. to Thursd. Mar. 15. 1710.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
 March 14.*

THE Dignity and Distinction of Men of Wit is seldom enough considered, either by themselves or others; their own Behaviour, and the Usage they meet with, being generally very much of a Piece. I have at this Time in my Hands an Alphabetical List of the *Beaux Esprits* about this Town, Four or Five of whom have made the proper Use of their Genius, by gaining the Esteem of the best and greatest Men, and by turning it to their own Advantage in some Establishment of their Fortunes, however unequal to their Merit; others satisfying themselves with the Honour of having Access to great Tables, and of being subject to the Call of every Man of Quality, who upon Occasion wants one to say witty Things for the Diversion of the Company. This Treatment never moves my Indignation so much as when it is practised by a Person, who though he owes his

[Vol. 5.] G own



own Rise purely to the Reputation of his Parts, yet appears to be as much ashamed of it, as a rich City Knight to be denominated from the Trade he was first apprenticed to, and affects the Air of a Man born to his Titles, and consequently above the Character of a Wit, or a Scholar. If those who possess great Endowments of the Mind would set a just Value upon themselves, they would think no Man's Acquaintance whatsoever a Condescension, nor accept it from the greatest upon unworthy or ignominious Terms. I know a certain Lord that has often invited a Set of People, and proposed for their Diversion a Buffoon Player, and an eminent Poet, to be of the Party; and which was yet worse, thought them both sufficiently recompenced by the Dinner, and the Honour of his Company. This Kind of Insolence is risen to such a Height, that I myself was the other Day sent to by a Man with a Title, whom I had never seen, desiring the Favour that I would dine with him and half a Dozen of his select Friends. I found afterwards, the Footman had told my Maid below Stairs, that my Lord having a Mind to be merry, had resolved right or wrong to send for honest Isaac. I was sufficiently provoked with the Message; however I gave the Fellow no other Answer, than that *I believed he had mistaken the Person, for I did not remember that his Lord had ever been introduced to me.* I have Reason to apprehend that this Abuse hath been owing rather to a Meanness of Spirit in Men of Parts, than to the natural Pride or Ignorance of their Patrons. Young Students coming up to Town from the Places of their Education, are dazzled with the Grandeur they every where meet, and making too much Haste to distinguish their Parts, instead of waiting to be desired

red and caressed, are ready to pay their Court at any Rate to a great Man, whose Name they have seen in a publick Paper, or the Frontispiece of a Dedication. It has not always been thus; Wit in polite Ages has ever begot either Esteem or Fear: The Hopes of being celebrated, or the Dread of being stigmatized, procured an universal Respect and Awe for the Persons of such as were allowed to have the Power of distributing Fame or Infamy where they pleased. *Aretine* had all the Princes of *Europe* his Tributaries, and when any of them had committed a Folly that laid them open to his Censure, they were forced by some Present extraordinary to compound for his Silence; of which there is a famous Instance on Record. When *Charles* the Fifth had miscarried in his *African* Expedition, which was looked upon as the weakest Undertaking of that great Emperor, he sent *Aretine* a Gold Chain, who made some Difficulty of accepting it, saying, *It was too small a Present in all Reason for so great a Folly.* For my own Part, in this Point I differ from him, and never could be prevailed upon, by any valuable Consideration, to conceal a Fault or a Folly since I first took the Censorship upon me.

Having long considered with my self the ill Application that some make of their Talents, I have this Day erected a Court of *Alienation*, by the Statutes of which the next a Kin is impowered to beg the Parts and Understanding of any such Person as can be proved, either by imbezelling, making a wrong Use, or no Use at all of the said Parts and Understanding, not to know the true Value thereof: Who shall immediately be put out of Possession, and disqualified for ever; the said Kinsman giving sufficient Security that he will employ them as

the Court shall direct. I have set down under certain Heads the several Ways by which Men prostitute and abuse their Parts, and from thence have framed a Table of Rules, whereby the Plaintiff may be informed when he has a good Title to eject the Defendant. I may in a following Paper give the World some Account of the Proceedings of this Court. I have already got Two able Criticks for my Assessors upon the Bench, who, though they have always exercised their Pens in taking off from the Wit of others, have never pretended to challenge any themselves, and consequently are in no Danger of being engaged in making Claims, or of having any Suits commence against them. Every Writer shall be tried by his Peers, thoroughly vers'd in that Point wherein he pretends to excel; for which Reason the Jury can never consist of above half the ordinary Number, I shall in general be very tender how I put any Person out of his Wits; but as the Management of such Possessions is of great Consequence to the World, I shall hold my self obliged to vest the Right in such Hands as will answer the great Purposes they were intended for, and leave the former Proprietors to seek their Fortune in some other Way.

*Will's Coffee-house, Wednesday Night.*

I am informed here, that upon what I said in my Paper of *Saturday* last, relating to the late Performance of a Play called *Love for Love*, it will be again represented to Morrow. I have formerly done this Comedy the Honour of my Presence in a very publick Manner, and therefore in Respect to my self, as well as to the Merit of That, do strictly command that there be a full Audience both now, and as often as it shall hereafter be played.

*Notice*

Notice is hereby given, from the Profitable Office of Insurance on Births and Marriages in Pall-mall, next Door to the Black Swan without Temple-Bar, That the Directors thereof, at the Request of many of their Subscribers, have obliged themselves to take into Pay some able Proficient in Poetry, who shall article and agree with the said Directors to furnish them on all proper Occasions, for the Use of their Subscribers, with something in his Way, allowing for each Epithalamium, Two Shillings; for Verses on the Birth of a Son, ditto; on that of a Daughter, Fourpence; and for the Posie of a Wedding Ring, if new, upwards of Sixpence; otherwise, Sixpence and no more.

N. B. Callipædia, or the Art of getting handsome Children, having been twice translated; the Authors of those Versions are invited to appear as Candidates on this Occasion, as likewise the tall Gentleman who writ the last new Epilogue for Mr. Powell's Opera, which we hear was received with great Applause by most of the Nobility of this Kingdom.

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# The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 25.]

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————— *Hinc vos,  
Vos hinc mutatis discedite Partibus.* Hor.

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From *Thursd. Mar. 15.* to *Saturd. Mar. 17.* 1710.

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*From the Court of Alienation, holden in Channel Row, before Mr. Critick Snap, and Mr. Critick Wordy, Assessors; Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; Judge of the said Court, being absent by Reason of a sudden Indisposition. March the 15th, 1710. Nine in the Morning.*

THE Court being seated, Silence made, &c. Mr. Critick *Wordy*, rising slowly from the Bench, spoke in the following Manner :

‘ Gentlemen, I am commissioned by the  
 ‘ Censor, whose Place and Authority my Brother and my self, however unworthy, are  
 ‘ at present obliged to represent and supply :  
 ‘ I am commissioned, I say, to speak a few  
 ‘ Words, as well in Relation to the Institution of this Court, as to apprise all such  
 ‘ who shall be concerned therein, what they  
 ‘ are

are to expect, and in what Methods to proceed. As to the first of these Heads, I shall have Occasion to speak the less upon it, the Censor himself having lately in Writing communicated the Motives that induced him to erect so wise and necessary an Institution. No one sure can be so entirely a Stranger to the World of Literature, as not to be sensible of the many Abuses that have lately crept into it, which, unless a speedy and effectual Remedy were applied, would in Process of Time bring no small Scandal on the most refined Part of Mankind, and end perhaps (which I tremble to think of) in the utter Extirpation of Letters amongst us. Poetry it self, the Attainment of which (with Submission be it spoken) I look upon to be one of the great Ends of our Creation, would in an Age or Two, it may be sooner, faint, languish, and die away.

*Ex illo ruere, & retro sublapsa referri.*

\* I am in the next Place to acquaint you as briefly as possible, and as near as the Variety of contingent Circumstances will permit, what the general Issue will be of Causes depending before us. As for Instance:

*Si quis condiderit in quem mala Carmina, Jus est Judiciumque ———*

\* That is to say, in this Case *Quem* the Plaintiff laying an Indictment against *Quis* the Defendant, ——— Here Mr. Critick Snap interrupted him, and said, "In short, Brother, let us proceed to Business: Every Body that comes here knows what he has to do."

Then an Indictment was read against *Jeremy Wrangle*, Batchelor of Arts, for that he the said *Jeremy* did some Nights ago take upon him, in the Company of several Officers of Her Majesty's Foot-Guards, to deny many plain and undeniable Consequences, under Pretence that the Arguments were not brought in Mood and Figure, and that he could not find in them either *Major*, *Minor*, or *Conclusion*. The Plaintiff said, "He had brought the Business into that Court, as having no other Way of doing himself Right on one that professed to be a meet Scholar. As for *Majors* or *Minors*, why the Gentleman should twit him with them, he could not imagine, that he had served, and at that Time had his Commission for Lieutenant-Colonel in his Pocket." The Court, upon a fair Hearing, ordered Mr. *Wrangle* to be divested of his Logick, which was bestowed on one Mr. *Smart*, an Ensign, nearly related to the Defendant, and then appearing in Court to put in his Claim. There was in an Instant a visible Alteration in each of their Faces: *Jeremy's* Pedantick Gravity disappeared, and his Cousin, the Soldier, walked out of Court with a becoming Seriousness in his Gate and Air.

*Tobias Sternhold* was next produced in Court by his Relations, who had obtained a Writ of *Capias* against him. They alledged, That having a Wife and large Family, which he might have maintained comfortably by his Industry, (he being a very good Clerk) he had nevertheless given himself up wholly to the making of Things with Rhimes at the End of them, which he called Verses; and that he was come to that Pass at last, that he frequently writ his Orders and Warrants in that Way; insomuch that the Commissioners had threatned to turn him out, which, if it should happen, would  
be



to the utter Ruin of himself and poor Family: Therefore they prayed the Assistance of the Court. He pretended to justify himself, by saying, That one *Genius*, by Name, had drawn him into it, and quoted the Examples of *Ovid* and *Spencer*, that could not resist the Instigation of Poetry, producing likewise some Instances of Rich Poets still living. Mr. *Snap* took him up short, and bad him not trifle with the Bench, telling him, "If they writ Verses, it was in their own Coaches, or when they had nothing else to do." Then Sentence was passed upon him, "That he should be *Huskanaw'd*, and his Penmanship put into the Hands of his Wife.

She immediately took down the Proceedings of the Court in Writing; upon which he fell into a violent Passion, and such a Torrent of Words followed, as plainly shewed they had exchanged Faculties with each other.

Then the Court was adjourn'd till the First of *April* next, which falling on *Easter-Day* will be kept the *Monday* following.

*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
March 16.*

When this last Sentence was brought to me for my Confirmation, I very readily approved of it; and though I was aware that the Term of *Huskanawing* being a Word unknown in any of the Courts of *Westminster*, it might seem an Hardship upon a People jealous of their Rights and Liberties, to impose a new Sort of Punishment upon what has hitherto been scarce accounted a Crime: Nevertheless, out of the Plenitude of my Power, and of my own meer Motion and certain Science, I do ratify and confirm the said Sentence. But as I shall never

ver extend the Prerogative of Censor of *Great Britain* to any unreasonable Bounds, nor use it at all, but for the Good of the People ; so for the Quieting of their Minds from any Doubts which might arise concerning this new Word, I have thought it convenient to explain to them what it means.

It is a Custom amongst the *West-Indians* that border upon *Virginia*, for the Priests of the Country to elect a certain Number of the hopefulest young Men, and of the best Families, to make the Operation of *Huskanawing* upon. When they have gather'd together Thirty or Forty of 'em, they retire with them into the most inaccessible Parts of the Woods, where they build a large Stove, in which they sweat the young Men. They keep 'em to a very strange Diet, and their Drink is an odd Composition of *Indian Corn*, and Juices of poisonous Herbs, which has such an Effect upon them, that they lose their Hair, their Nails, their Skins, and half of them their Lives, before the Process be half over. They that have Strength enough to hold out till Thirty Days, are brought Home in great Triumph, and these are looked on as the Top Patriots of that Country. This seems to me to be a very wise Institution, and fit to be introduced in my own Country ; for the Sweatings, Diet, Drugs and Drink which they have been used to, quite renovate the Men, so that they come out without any Remembrance of their Parents, Country, Loves, Language, or even of their own Names. These are their Heroes, these their Counsellors, these their Ambassadors, these have the Management of all their Publick Affairs, and are maintained at the Publick Charge. I must not omit, that 'tis almost impossible they should, after this Operation, retain any Regard for their

their former Studies, or in the least desire to return to them: If they should, they durst not own it, for Fear of being taken and Rebuskanaw'd.

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## The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 26.

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*En quo Discordia Cives  
Perduxit miseros! ———— Virg.*

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From *Saturd. Mar. 17.* to *Tuesday Mar. 20. 1710.*

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
March 19.*

A Writer who has the World under his Direction, cannot better employ his Interest and Authority, than in cultivating a good Correspondence between Men, and endeavouring to make them agreeable to each other. Notwithstanding the Pains I have taken this Way, I have Reason, from an Accident I met with, to believe I have not yet thoroughly effected so great and necessary a Work. Walking the Streets this Morning, I met a Gentleman of my Acquaintance who has the Honour to serve his Country in a very useful Capacity. Oh Mr. Bickerstaff, says he, you are luckily met; I wait your Advice upon a very extraordinary Occasion. You may command me, answered I, to the best of my Understanding; but 'tis a Rule with me, neither to talk nor look wisely in the Street. Please only

only to walk into the next Coffee-house — By no Means, Sir, replied he, starting back, don't you know that some of the rankest — in Great Britain come thither? — Not I in good Truth, Sir; but if they do, I suppose there may be Room for us — Ay marry, (says he) and so there may be in the Dens at the Tower; for my Part I would as soon venture into one at the other. I immediately laughed out in his Face; upon which he turned away in great Indignation, and left me to reflect on so extraordinary a Behaviour.

I went on, and having a Curiosity to see these strange Creatures my Friend had spoke of, called in at the Place before-mentioned. I was indeed surprized at my Entrance to observe the Eyes of the whole Herd turned upon me, a full Stop put to their Conversation, and their Dishes for some Time suspended in Mid-Air at a little Distance from their Lips. Turning to the Gentleman at the Bar, I asked in a soft Tone for a Dish of Tea. *There is none made*, said he, in a very surly Manner — *Pray then will you help me to a Dish of your Coffee?* — *You must stay till it is settled*, replied he, *if you will have any* — I did so, and called for the Tatler — A pert Boy looked in my Face, and told me, *They did not take it in since it had left off lashing the Party; I might have the Review, Observer, or the Spectator, if I pleased* — In the mean Time the grave People round the Fire had a little recovered their Confusion, and by their whispering to each other, and then staring at me, gave me to understand that I was looked upon as a Spy, or at least an Intruder into select Company. One of them, more bold than the rest, seemed prepared to speak to me, and collected himself in a resolute

ate Posture in order to it ; but his Courage failing, he sunk down into his Chair again, and suffered me to pass unmolested to a Seat next the Chimney. A surly-looking Fellow, who seemed to be one of those who do not care a Farthing for any Body, sat opposite to me, and fixing his Eyes stedfastly upon me, threw out Three or Four of his main Principles in a Breath, expecting, as I supposed, either my Dislike or Approbation of them. A young Gentleman next him, who, I observed, filled his Pipe, and reached the Tobacco-Tongs for him, assented with a Smile to what he said, and could not but wonder, that any Person should be so preposterous as to think otherwise, or so insipid as to conceal his Thoughts if he did.

The Calmness and invincible Silence with which I received all this Raillery, had like to have brought me into some Peril ; for in less than a Quarter of an Hour the whole Fire-side was up in a Passion : Upon which I rose deliberately from my Chair, laid a Couple of Pence without Noise upon the Bar, and stole out in the same State of Neutrality that I came in. I take it for granted, if I had followed my Friend to a Coffee-house of his choosing, I should have met with the same Treatment, only softened a little perhaps by the lucky Circumstance of being introduced by one of the same Society.

A Humour so absurd needs not any Animadversions. Follies of this Stamp are too glaring in their own Nature to suffer any Satyr or Illustration upon them ; to which, with some Alteration, may be applied those excellent Lines :

When

*When Actions unadorn'd are faint and weak,  
Cities and Countries must be taught to speak:  
Gods may descend in Factions from the Skies,  
And Rivers from their ouzy Beds arise.  
Marlb'ro's Exploits appear divinely bright,  
And proudly shine in their own native Light:*

*(voast,  
Rais'd of themselves their genuine Charms they  
And they who paint them truest, praise them most.*

In like Manner the Embellishments of Ridicule are thrown away in Cases where a plain Narration does more effectually serve the Ends proposed by it.

I must not omit mentioning a good whimsical Business that I accidentally met with in this Adventure. The Boy of the Coffee-house having put one or two of his politick Papers into my Hand, the Title of the *Spectator*, which I had never before seen or heard of, induced me to read it over in such a cursory Manner as that Kind of Writing requires. Towards the End of the Paper, I found a Letter subscribed C ——— L ———. After perusing it, I could not without Tears in my Eyes consider the deplorable Condition of this poor Man. The Case of *Ned Prattin*, Salesman, and that of this unfortunate Perfumer, bear some Resemblance; and I have but too much Reason to fear will both terminate in the wretched Circumstances of *Scraw* and a dark Room. Whether it be owing to the great Quantities of Snuff he has taken, or to Pride of Heart from the Encouragement I formerly gave him, it is certain that the latter has not for some Time been right in his Mind. His unaccountable Usage of me when I went last into the Country, was the first Sally of his Distemper, which

which is now broke out into manifest Phrenzy. However unwilling I am to expose him in so publick a Manner, I must hereby warn all Persons whatsoever concerned about him not to trust a Penknife in his Hands, nor any Instrument wherewith he may do himself or others a Mischief; that his Maid do every Night take off his Garters, and remove them far out of his Reach; that he be not permitted to drink out of a Glass, lest he should eat it; nor to feed on Fish, (although it be *Lent*) lest he should industriously choak himself with the Bones.

I would by no Means be misunderstood, as if what I here say were meant as any Reflection on Mr. *Buckley's* Paper. Any Gentleman in his Way may insert such Letters as come first to Hand, and I verily believe That I speak of to be *Charles's* own Writing. Only I cannot help cautioning Mr. *Buckley* against suffering his Correspondents to direct any of their Advices to the said Mr. *Lillie*; for who knows but in his mad Fit he may set up a Daily Paper upon that Foot, and, by giving it out in his Bills that he sells Three Thousand a Day, come into as much Reputation as the *Spectator* himself? For my own Part, as I observe some little Glimmering of a Genius in that Writer, I shall be very willing to encourage him in his Studies. For the present, let him make Use of the following Motto's, as he shall find Occasion, and I will hereafter take Care that he shall want for nothing that is fit for him.

(*Cæsar,*

*Quæ tam seposita est, quæ Gens tam barbara,*  
*Ex quâ Spectator non sit in Urbe tua?* Mart.

*Specta-*



*Spectatorem potui fecisse Catonem.* Marr.

*Spectatum veniunt, veniunt Spectentur ut ipsi.*  
Ovid.

*Exanimat lentus Spectator, sedulus inflat.* Hor.

*Spectent Juvenes quos clamor & audax  
Sponsio, quos culta decet assedisse Puellæ.* Juv.

*Solus ego in Pallanta feror, soli mihi Pallas  
Debetur, cuperem ipse Parens Spectator adesset.*  
Virg.

————— *Audite o mentibus æquis  
Æneadæ, neve hæc nostris Spectentur ab Annis,  
Quæ ferimus.* ————— Virg.

ipfi.  
Ovid.

Hor.

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# The TATLER. [N° 27.]

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Juv.

ffet.  
Virg.

mis,

*Multa Dirceum levat Aura Cygnum,  
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altis  
Nubium tractus : Ego Apis Matinæ*

*More Modoque*

*Grata carpentis Thyma per Laborem  
Plurimum, circa Nemus, uvidique  
Tiburis Ripas operosa parvus*

*Carmina Fingo. Hor.*

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From Tuesd. March 20, to Thursd. March 22. 1710.

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*From Young Man's Coffee-house, March 21.*

THE Humour of Duelling having lately very much obtained about Town, I have taken more than ordinary Pains to put a Stop to it. To this End, I have been obliged to appear frequently at most of the Gaming-houses, both the Theatres, and at Punch's Opera. At the latter of these Entertainments, notwithstanding my Presence, there happened one Evening some Advances towards a Quarrel, when Punch, with great Resolution of Body, coming forwards upon the Stage, ask'd the Gentlemen, *If they were not ashamed to commit such Disorders before himself and the Censor of Great Britain* ; For which Instance of Respect, I shall ever honour and esteem that incomparable Player. At the Request of my good Friend

Friend Mrs. *Man*, I sit here now and then for Two or Three Hours together to keep the Peace, and shall continue to do so till the Officers are gone over; the Value of whose Lives I understand much better than they do themselves, and therefore am resolved to preserve them, though I should incur their Displeasure by doing it, for the Service of their Queen and Country, and the common Interest of *Europe*. Spending so much of my Time at this Place, I shall be obliged now and then to date my Paper from hence, and my Correspondents may, if they please, for a Week or Ten Days direct their Letters hither.

That which follows has lain in my Hands some Time, though, for the great Candor and good Nature express'd in it, I ought to have taken Notice of it much sooner.

Dear Sir, *New College, Oxford, March 15.*

I Return you Thanks, in the Name of this University, for your Town Eclogue, which we look upon to be a very extraordinary Piece of Ridicule. I am commissioned to tell you at the same Time, that those who were your Contemporaries knowing you to have a happy Talent in Poetry, it is expected you should oblige the World oftner in that Way: You shall want no Assistance this Place can afford. I am making a Collection of the best Verses that are stirring for your Service. Mr. *T---*g tells me, he has left his Poem, entitled, *The Last Day*, in your Hands, to make what Use of it you should think proper. There is in that excellent Work a Nobleness of Thought, as well as Strength of Expression, which I have not met with in any of our modern Writers. The same Gentle-

man,

man, I hear, design'd a Tragedy for the Stage  
 this Winter, which was entirely approved by  
 Five or Six of the best Judges in the King-  
 dom; but Mr. Cibber happening to dissent  
 from them, the Town was disappointed of  
 that Entertainment. You shall hear from me  
 again very soon, and I hope then to give you  
 some further Assurance of my being

*Your most humble Servant,*

T. L.

My best Way of answering this Letter, is to  
 insert Part of the Poem mentioned therein,  
 more of which shall hereafter be publish'd in  
 this Paper.

While others sing the Fortune of the Great,  
 Empire and Arms, and all the Pomp of  
 (State,

With Britain's Hero set their Souls on Fire,  
 And grow Immortal as his Deeds inspire,  
 I draw a deeper Scene; a Scene that yields  
 A louder Trumpet, and more dreadful Fields;  
 The World alarm'd, both Earth and Heaven  
 (o'erthrown,  
 And gasping Nature's last tremendous Groan;  
 Death's ancient Scepter broke, the teeming  
 (Tomb,  
 The Judge Triumphant, Man's eternal Doom.

The destin'd Labour great, nor small his  
 (Praise  
 Whom Force of Genius to the Theme shall  
 (raise.

I faint ---- Yet, Mighty Queen, auspicious shine,  
 I'll boldly meditate a Flight not mine:

While

While You propitiate, we of nought despair,  
 Or from the Muse, or in the doubtful War;  
 All great Achievements from your Favour

Your Smile as well can raise the Poet as the  
 (Spring  
 (King

But chiefly Thou Eternal and Supreme,  
 Whence *ANNA*'s Self; whence the Sun's glo-  
 (rious Beam,

Exalt my Voice! If Angels strike the Lyre  
 To Thy Great Name, Oh! all my Soul inspire  
 If at Thy Nod, from darksome Womb of  
 (Night,

Sprang Beauty, and you Sparkling Worlds of  
 (Light,

Vouchsafe me Numbers sweet, sublime, and  
 (strong,

Thy Greatness, Goodness, Wisdom, fill my Da-  
 (ring Song.

Man bear thy Brow aloft, mark every Grace  
 In God's Great Daughter, beauteous Nature's  
 (Face;

View Spring's gay Bloom, and golden Autumn's  
 (Store,

See Earth's Array, and hear dread Ocean roar.  
*Leviathan* but heaves his cumbrous Mail,

It makes a Tide, and Wind-bound Navies fail.  
 Here Forrests crown tall Mountains awful Pride,

Here Rivers measure Climes, and Worlds di-  
 (vide;

There Valleys fraught with Gold's resplendent  
 (Seeds,

Hold Kings and Kingdoms Fortunes in their  
 (Beds.

On Eminence sublime their Tow'rs ascend,  
 And cast their Shadows into distant Land.

Here Ships oppress the Sea, and toil the Wind,  
 There the shook Center owns the Battle join'd.  
 View Cities, Armies, Fleets, of Fleets the Pride,  
 See Europe's Law in *Albion's* Channels ride:  
 Mark all below that's Glorious, Great, and  
 (Good;  
 Mark *Britain*, and the World is understood.

Then shall the Heav'ns your Admiration  
 (claim,  
 Her Midnight Splendors, Her Meridian Flame;  
 Learn how each Planet constant to its Sphere,  
 Calls forth the Seasons, and controuls the Year;  
 So bright, with such a Wealth of Glory stor'd,  
 So like in Lustre Nature's Sovereign Lord, }  
 'Twere Sin in Heathens not to have ador'd. }  
 They shine thro' Time, and with unalter'd Ray  
 See This grand Period rise, and That decay,  
 Those Lights that cheer'd unforfeit *Eden's*  
 (Bow'rs,  
 Now gild the proud *Augusta's* rising Tow'rs;  
 How Great, how Firm, how Sacred all appears,  
 How worthy an immortal Round of Years!  
 Yet all must drop as Autumn's sickliest Grain,  
 Earth, Air, and Firmament be sought in vain,  
 The Tract forgot where Constellations shone,  
 Or where Great *Stuarts* blest an Earthly  
 (Throne,  
 Time shall be slain; Days, Months, Years, all }  
 (swept by, }  
 All drown in fathomless Eternity,  
 And Heav'n and Hell alone the mighty Void }  
 (supply. }

The Old World's Prophecies aloud proclaim,  
 And Sacred Authors seal the Heaven-born  
 (Fame,

Sooner

Sooner or later, in some future Date,  
Fix'd, but lock'd up in the dark Book of Fate,  
When Scenes are chang'd on this revolving

And ancient Falling give new Empires Birth;  
When other *Bourbons* rule in other Lands,  
And (if Man's Sin forbids not) other *ANNES*  
When Crowns perhaps shall gild a Sultan's

And Turban's nod on *European* Throne,  
While Arts and Arms move on, and Pride and

And Lust bind Mortals in their ancient Chain;  
While the still busy World is treading o'er  
The Paths they trod Five thousand Years before,  
Thoughtless as those who now Life's Mazes

Of Earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd Sun;  
Thick Globes of Darknefs shall arise on Day,  
In sudden Hell all Earth's Dominions lay;  
Deep Night invade the Circle of the Sun,  
And bloody Horrors blot the Silver Moon;  
From inmost Heav'n continu'd Thunder rowl,  
Whilst the strong Eccho bounds from Pole to

Then a vast Trump (one Half in Cloud con-

One Half to Man's astonish'd Race reveal'd)  
Shall pour a dreadful Note: The piercing Call  
Shall rattle in the Center of the Ball;  
Earth's deepest Bowels glow with darting Pain,  
And her huge Body throb through ev'ry Vein,  
The solid Mass with fierce Convulsions shake,  
The Living die with Horror, Dead awake.

Oh powerful Blast! to which no equal Sound  
Did e'er the toitur'd Ear of Nature wound;

Though



Though Rival Clarions have been strain'd on  
 (high,  
 and kindled Wars immortal through the Sky;  
 Though Gods whole Engin'ry discharg'd, and  
 (all  
 The Rebel Angels bellow'd at their Fall.

The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 28.

*Morte carent Animæ; semperque priore relicta  
 Sede, novis Domibus vivunt habitantque receptæ.  
 Ipse ego (nam memini) Trojani Tempore Belli  
 Panthoides Euphorbus eram* ——— Ovid. Met.

From Thursd. Mar. 22. to Saturd. Mar. 24. 1710.

*From my own Apartment, March 22.*

MY other Correspondents will excuse me,  
 if I give the Precedency to a Lady,  
 whose Letter, amongst many more, is just  
 come to Hand.

Dear Isaac,

I Burn with Impatience to know what and  
 who you are. The Curiosity of my whole  
 Sex is fallen upon me, and has kept me wa-  
 king these Three Nights. I have dreamed  
 often of you within this Fortnight, and  
 every Time you appeared in a different Form.  
 ' As

' As you value my Repose, tell me in which  
' of them I am to be

*Your Admirer,*

SYLVIA

It is natural for a Man who receives a Favour of this Kind from an unknown Fair, to frame immediately some Idea of her Person which being suited to the Opinion we have of our own Merit, is commonly as beautiful and perfect as the most lavish Imagination can furnish out. Strongly possessed with these Notions, I have read over *Sylvia's* Billet; and notwithstanding the Reserve I have had upon this Matter, am resolved to go a much greater Length than I yet ever did in making my self known to the World, and in particular to my charming Correspondent. In order to it I must premise, That the Person produced as mine in the Play-house last Winter did in no wise appertain to me. It was such a one however as agreed well with the Impression my Writings had made, and served the Purpose I intended it for; which was to continue the Awe and Reverence due to the Character I was vested with, and at the same Time to let my Enemies see how much I was the Delight and Favourite of this Town. This innocent Imposture, which I have all along taken Care to carry on, as it then was of some Use, has since been of singular Service to me, and by being mentioned in one of my Papers, effectually recovered my *Egoiety* out of the Hands of some Gentlemen who endeavoured to wrest it from me. This is saying, in short, what I am not: What I am, and have been for many Years, is next to be explained. Here it will not be improper to remind *Sylvia*, that there was formerly such a

Philosopher

philosopher as *Pythagoras*, who, amongst other  
 doctrines, taught the Transmigration of Souls,  
 which, if she sincerely believes, she will not  
 be much startled at the following Relation:  
 I will not trouble her, nor my other Rea-  
 ders, with the Particulars of all the Lives I  
 have successively passed through since my first  
 entrance into mortal Being, which is now ma-  
 ny Centuries ago. It is enough that I have in-  
 every one of them opposed my self with the ut-  
 most Resolution to the Follies and Vices of the  
 several Ages I have been acquainted with, that  
 have often rallied the World into good Man-  
 ners, and kept the greatest Princes in Awe of  
 my Satyr. There is one Circumstance which I  
 shall not omit, though it may seem to reflect on  
 my Character, I mean that infinite Love of  
 Change which has ever appeared in the Dispo-  
 sition of my Existence. Since the Days of the  
 Emperor *Trajan* I have not been confined to the  
 same Person for Twenty Years together; but  
 have passed from one Abode to another much  
 quicker than the *Pythagorean* System generally  
 allows. By this Means I have seldom had a  
 body to my self, but have lodged up and down  
 wherever I found a Genius suitable to my own.  
 In this Manner I continued, some Time with  
 the Top Wit of *France*, at another with That of  
*Italy*, who had a Statue erected to his Memory  
 at *Rome*. Towards the End of the 17th Cen-  
 tury I set out for *England*; but the Gentleman  
 came over in dying as soon as he got to  
 shore, I was obliged to look out again for a  
 new Habitation. It was not long before I met  
 with one to my Mind, for having mix'd my self  
 visibly with the *Literati* of this Kingdom, I  
 found it was unanimously agreed amongst  
 them, That no Body was indowed with greater  
 talents than *Hierius*; or, consequently, would  
 [Vol. 5.] H bc

be better pleased with my Company. I slip down his Throat one Night as he was fast asleep, and the next Morning, as soon as he awak'd, he fell to writing a Treatise that was received with great Applause, tho' he had the Modesty not to set his Name to that nor to any other of our Productions. Some Time after he publish'd a Paper of Predictions, which were translated into several Languages, and alarmed some of the greatest Princes in Europe. To these he prefixed the Name of *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq; which I have been extremely fond of ever since, and have taken Care that most of the Writings I have been concerned in should be distinguished by it; though I must observe, that there have been many Counterfeits imposed upon the Publick by this Means. This extraordinary Man being called out of the Kingdom by Affairs of his own, I resolved however to continue somewhat longer in the Country where my Works had been so well received, and accordingly bestowed my self with *Hilario*. His natural Wit, his lively Turn of Humour, and great Penetration into humane Nature, easily determined me to the Choice, the Effects of which were soon after produced in this Paper, called, *The Tatler*. I know not how it happened, but in less than Two Years Time *Hilario* grew weary of my Company, and gave me Warning to be gone. In the Height of my Resentment I cast my Eyes on a young Fellow, of no extraordinary Qualifications, whom for that very Reason I had the more Pride in taking under my Protection, and enabling him by some Means or other to carry on the Work I was before engaged in. Lest he should grow too vain upon this Encouragement, I to this Day keep him under due Mortification. I seldom reside with him

him when any of his Friends are at Leisure to receive me, by whose Hands however he is duly supplied. As I have passed through many Scenes of Life, and a long Series of Years, I choose to be considered in the Character of an old Fellow, and take Care that those under my Influence should speak consonantly to it. This Account, I presume, will give no small Consolation to *Sylvia*, who may rest assured, That *Maac Bickerstaff* is to be seen in more Forms than she dream'd of; out of which Variety she may choose what is most agreeable to her Fancy. On *Tuesdays*, he is sometimes a black proper young Gentleman, with a Mole on his left Cheek. On *Thursdays*, a decent well looking Man, of a middle Stature, long flaxen Hair, and a florid Complexion. On *Saturdays*, he is somewhat of the shortest, and may be known from others of that Size by Talking in a low Voice, and passing through the Streets without much Precipitation.

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The T A T L E R. [N<sup>o</sup> 29]*Quas dederis solas semper habebis Opes.* Mart.

From Saturd. Mar. 24. to Tuesd. Mar. 27. 1710

*From my own Apartment, March 26.*

**T**O be sensibly touched with the Distress and Misfortunes of other Men, is such a Weakness, if it be one, as I would not part with to be Author of all the Refinements Mr. Rochefaucant has made upon it. Instead of stifling this tender Disposition of the Mind, I have ever cherished it in my self, and cannot forgive the Want of it in any one else. Physicians and others, whose constant Business lies amongst the Infirmities or Disasters of human Nature, seem to have the best Plea for their Deficiency in this Point; a long Course of Practice in that Way naturally wearing out the Impressions that at first arise from it. Hippocrates however, as he is the greatest Man in his Profession, excels no less in Humanity, and an insuperable Compassion for the Pains and Misery of his Patients. This I admire him for as well as for many other good Qualities. Empiricus, who has little Employment, and less Understanding, gives himself an Air of Neglect and Disregard for the severest Tortures that Distemper and his own Mismanagement of

inflict. He speaks of a Man in his last Moments, as of one that was going to take the Air in *Hide-Park*, and talks over the Convulsions of a fine Woman with more Indifference than he would mention her last Appearance in the Boxes; for which, and being an Atheist, he expects the Applause of the Company. This Affectation of Inhumanity is no less shocking when applied to other Circumstances of Life; and yet I am well satisfied, that some Persons are at more Pains to make themselves Masters of it, than others to arrive at the highest Pitch of Virtue, Generosity, and good Nature. It were otherwise impossible that an easy Fortune, a happy Constitution, and in short all the Advantages of Life, should strip Men of those Qualities, which, at the same Time that they were highly beneficial to the rest of Mankind, would reflect the truest Honour, and the most exalted Satisfaction on themselves. Amongst the many Refinements upon Pleasure which this polite Age has produced, it is a Wonder to me that so few have hit upon that of Relieving the Poor. This may sound very harsh in the Ears of a fine Gentleman, but most certain it is, that the least Reflection would furnish him with the same Observation. Were it possible for such a one to enter into all the dismal Circumstances of Want, Poverty and Distress, and to consider how far it may be in his Power to remove them, he would be content perhaps to part with some of his present Enjoyments, or rather, to exchange them for those of a more exquisite Nature.

The immediate Occasion of my speaking on this Subject, is a Family that I happened upon in my Walks about Two Days ago. Passing through an Alley in the City, I heard the Cry of some little Children, which was so very



loud and importunate, that I could not forbear looking in at the House where it was. The biggest of them immediately running to the Door, fell upon her Knees, and intreated for God's Sake that I would give her something to keep her Mother from Starving: Upon which I step'd in, and found, that this poor Woman was the Parent of Seven Children, who stood about her, and as many of them as were capable of any Impression, seemed more solicitous for her Relief than their own; tho' every one of them appear'd faint with Hunger and ready to drop upon the Spot. The Father it seems, was very lately dead, and the Expenses of his Sickness and Funeral had strip'd the poor Creatures of the few Necessaries he had left behind him. I have since recommended their Case to a Lady of Quality, whose extraordinary Goodness makes her esteem an Office of that Kind the greatest Obligation that can be laid upon her. Distresses of the same Sort are more frequent than is generally believed. In order to redress which, I must first of all apply my self to the Fair Sex, and beg them for that Purpose, to retrench many of their unnecessary Expences, which I shall otherwise be obliged to expose in a very publick Manner.

So bright an Example will not fail to influence the rest of the World, and when this great Work is in any Measure effected, the Thanks of many Thousands shall be solemnly returned them by the Hands of *Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;*

*To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;*

S I R,

THE Fame of your Writings, the Grandeur of your Office, and the never-failing

ing Delight your incomparable Essays give me, have with much Pleasure brought me to Town. It was so much my Ambition to see the Great *Bickerstaff*, that the Diversions of the Country, and a chearful Fire-Side, had not Charms enough to keep me at Home. Soon after my Arrival, the Taylor, Sempstress, and Periwig-maker, equipped me for my intended Visit. In *Channel Row* I enquired for the Cenfor of *Great Britain*— The good People thought I banter'd them, and at best gave me, but an uncertain Account. I then went to *White's* and *Will's*, where my Information was no Way satisfactory. — But at length, after I had spent several Evenings at the *Grecian* in the Room on the Left Hand, I verily thought I had found the Cenfor. There was a grave elderly Gentleman, who, I observed, was exact to his Time of entering the Room, and who with great Formality put off his Cloak, and hung it up, with his Sword and Hat, filled his Pipe, stirred the Fire, and called for the last Mail. These were the Appearances that had seduced me into some Hopes that this Person was the Gentleman I had been in search after; but to my greater Surprize, I soon found him to be a perfect Stranger to your *Lucubrations*, and your Art and Power of Silence; for his Blood he could not hold his Tongue— He continued his Chat even in Despight of your Chair; so I left him. As I went by the Bar, I asked who this honest Gentleman was, and they told me, *Sir Thomas Lales*— Being now fully satisfied by your last *Tatler*, that *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq; is no where to be found but in his Weekly Papers, my Curiosity is at an End, and I have taken a Place in the next Day's Coach, but with this Comfort, that my

journey might be of some Use to the World  
if you'll please once again to expose this talk-  
tive Evil, which will particularly oblige,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

F. B.

Whereas Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos, did  
lately throw a Ring of considerable Value into the  
Sea at Mr. Thurmond's Masquerade, and when  
several Mackarels, Old Wives, Maids, Thoro-  
backs, Sharks, and Dabs, were seen nibbling  
about the said Ring; These are to give Notice to  
all Fishmongers, that if any such Ring should  
come to their Hands, they are desired to stop it,  
and upon returning it to his Samian Majesty, they  
shall be rewarded as formerly.

N. B. In regard to the natural Taciturnity of  
the said Fish, if any of them shall think fit to  
restore the said Ring themselves, no Question  
shall be ask'd.

The

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 30.]

*Quis tam, Lucili Fautor, inepte  
Uti non hoc fateatur? At idem, quod Sale multo  
Urben defricuit, Charta laudatur eadem. Hor.*

From Tuesd. Mar. 27. to Thursd. Mar. 29. 1710.

*From my own Apartment, March 28.*

IT is certainly very unreasonable that a Man, because he has some Wit, should set up for having more than all the rest of the World. Besides the Folly of such a Presumption, there is an Inconvenience which naturally attends it: When one Man seems to grow into a great Estate in Fame from Nothing, other People are apt to enquire into his Title. The discerning Part of Mankind will be allowed upon such an Occasion to take from him what is not his Due without the Imputation of Detraction. Let *Hilaris* be pleasant, and let some of his Friends have Wit; But does it naturally follow from thence that he is a Philosopher? And that it is the Effect of Envy not to allow him all those Excellencies he and they think he has?

Envy is a Vice of such a detestable and pernicious Nature, that I would have it not only  
H 5. rooted.

rooted out of our Breasts in *Speculation*, but (which would be much more for the real Good of Society) I could wish, that our Behaviour one towards another might be actually and entirely freed from those Marks of it which are every Day too visible. For my self, I can safely say I am contented with that Condition Providence has placed me in: My own little Fortune is sufficient for my Necessities, my Friends are as many as supply all my Conversations and that small Portion of Fame I have got, will give me as much Distinction in my Life-time and as much Reputation with Posterity, as I desire. For this Reason I was never an Enemy to any Man's growing into the good Opinion of the World. I could with all the Indifference of an *Idle Spectator* sit still, and see my own old Wits every Day put to new Uses by other People. One dumb Man retails my judicial Astrology in *Drury-lane*; and another of the same Sort, who owns he lives somewhere or other, new vamps my cast Lucubrations, and cries my old Morals about the Street every Day in the Week. This is what some People may think a pretty fair Way of turning the Penny; let it be so, I allow it them. But when honest *Dumb* forgets his Name and his Nature so far as to set up for a Dictator, when he assumes the Magistrate, and prescribes Laws for Manners; in short, when he arrogates to himself the Authority of Censor of *Great Britain*, I think it Time to assert my self, and put a Stop to Encroachments of such a Nature. For this Reason I think fit to admonish that Person, whoever he may be, not to interfere with my Jurisdiction; unless he can prove himself to be me, an Enterprize of so vain and ridiculous a Nature, that I hope I need not go about to convince my Readers of the

the Folly it would be to attempt it. From my first Considerations upon Envy, I am naturally led to reflect upon some little ill Offices which have been lately done me. My Maid, who takes the Privilege of an old Servant to talk to me in an Evening while she is warming my Cap, setting my Slippers, and turning down my Bed; as she was in her usual Employment last Night, I believe, Sir, (said she) I should make your Worship laugh if I should tell you a comical Thing that happened to me t'other Day. As our Neighbour's Maid and I were standing at the Door together last Sunday in the Afternoon, there comes by a young Woman; I thought to my self I should know her — So she comes up to me — Laud! says I, Mrs. *Ann*! I profess I did not know you — And who should this be but the Widow Gentlewoman's Daughter that lived at the next Door to where we lived before — How do you do Mrs. *Mary*? says she. Very well, says I, Mrs. *Ann*, How do you? And how does your Master do, says she — Very well, says I — Laud! says she, we heard at our End of the Town how an as if he should have given over his Business — Laud! says I to her again, Who should tell you so? Nay, says she, 'twas one told me so; whereupon thought I to my self, says she, if it be so, and if Mr. *Bickerstaff* should leave off his Business, and go into the Country, why, perhaps, Mrs. *Mary* may be to seek for a Place; and so truly I was resolved to come and see whether 'twere so or no — Thank you for your Love, said I, Mrs. *Ann*, my Master is a good Master to me, and I don't think of parting with him yet — Well, says she, as brisk as could be up again to me, if your Master be a good Master, a better will

will do you no Harm: You'd find another  
 guess Sort of a Man if you were to live with  
 our Gentleman— Pray, says I, and who is  
 your Gentleman? Laud! says she, how strange  
 you make it! As if you did not know our  
 Gentleman that lodges at my Mother's —  
 Well but, says I, has your Gentleman no Name?  
 No matter for that, says she, that argues nei-  
 ther here nor there; but if you have a Mind to  
 have your Wages raised, I can tell you some-  
 thing more of the Matter — Ay, thought  
 I to my self, is that your Business! so, Sir, I  
 was resolv'd to take no Notice — So (says  
 she to me) but Mrs. Mary, What makes you  
 like to live so with an old Man? I am sure, if  
 your Place had been so good a Place as you talk  
 of, Mr. Lillie would have hardly come away  
 from your Master — Mr. Lillie, said I!  
 Laud help your Head, as if my Master could  
 not do without Mr. Lillie; Mr. Lillie is no  
 Rule for me, my Master was but too kind to  
 him; and if I had a Mind to have served  
 Mr. Lillie a dirty Trick — My Master  
 knows him well enough, and if he had not  
 gone away as he did, my Master had turned  
 him away the Thursday after — Nay  
 Mrs. Mary, says she, if you are in a Passion,  
 (and indeed I was as red as the Fire) good  
 Night to you. Good Night to you, says I,  
 and clap'd the Door after me.

Tho' I was tired with the Wench's Story, I  
 could not help being pleas'd with this uncom-  
 mon Mark of her Fidelity: And at the same  
 Time it was with some Indignation that I re-  
 flected upon the little mean Arts that were  
 made Use of to entice away my Servant. I  
 could hardly have believ'd another Instance of  
 the same Nature, if I had not been assur'd by  
 the



the whole Neighbourhood, that they had observed Two famous known Dogstealers watching about my Door for several Days together. From all these Things put together, I can't but imagine, that the Person who has a Mind to come into my Place before I am willing to go out of it, thinks he cannot absolutely qualify himself for it unless he robs me of my Domesticks. To endeavour at being witty and moral is a laudable Design, and the better Part of the World will always approve and encourage it: But if a Man can't be witty without Mr. Lillie, nor moral without stealing my Dog, I believe he had better be contented with a common Portion of Fame, and submit to be thought neither wiser nor better than his Neighbours.

The

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 31.]

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— *Secernite Sacra Profanis.* Hor.

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From *Thursd. Mar. 29. to Saturd. Mar. 31. 1711.*

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*From my own Apartment, March 30.*

IT is in my Opinion no small Reflection on the Theatrical Entertainments of this Town, that the intermission of them should be looked upon as a Kind of negative Preparation to Duties of the last Importance. This amounts to a tacit Acknowledgment that they are, in general, calculated for our Diversion, without Regard to our Improvement; that they amuse only and unbend the Minds of an Audience, instead of filling them with great and noble Ideas; and serve rather to sink the Dignity of humane Nature, than to raise in us any just Sentiments about it. Were it otherwise, the Stage would have good Reason to remonstrate against so peculiar a Mark of Infamy, as that of being denied to the World at the Approach of any Religious Solemnity, and forced by that Means to confess an irreconcilable Enmity between the Pleasures of the one, and the Obligations of the other. Notwithstanding all this, I confess, for my own Part, that I receive many Advantages from going to the Play-house sometimes. There is, besides the Play it self, something

31.  
something in the Circumstances of such an Assembly, that gives me a new Turn of Thinking, and furnishes me with Observations out of the common Road. I have a Pleasure more than I ever observed in any one else on that Occasion, in seeing so great a Variety of Faces, as well beautiful as others, and in tracing their several Tempers, Humours and Opinions in their Looks, Air and Behaviour. To sit Three Hours in a Crowd, is in my Opinion a severe Trial of a Man's Understanding, and from his Deportment there I can generally form a Judgment on his whole Life and Conversation. Amongst others, I have ever avoided making an Acquaintance with any Person of either Sex who talked loud, or laboured by any Means to be distinguished from the rest of the Audience. My Friend *Sam Trusty* exceeds me in Penetration. He and I commonly sit together, and between the Acts entertain our selves with reading over as many People as lie within our Kems. He enters not only into their Dispositions, but the minutest Circumstances of their Fortunes, can cast up their Monthly Accounts, knows how their Rooms are furnished, what they eat and drink; and in short, is at first Sight of their Persons let into the Secrets of their respective Families. In taking a Survey of the Front Boxes, we are from thence furnished with many serious Speculations, whilst the more youthful Part of the Company are entertaining themselves on the same Subject after a very different Manner. We examine coolly and without Danger the Symmetry and Proportion of a fine Face; and from the Bloom of a Complexion, are led perhaps into Reflections upon Light and Colours. We were engaged in a Conversation of this Sort some Evenings ago at the Opera, when *Sam Trusty* breaking abruptly,

abruptly, "Well, *Isaac*, (said he) I could find in my Heart to weep, as *Xerxes* did, over this Multitude of Mortals: You and I remember when the House in *Dorset-Garden* was throng'd with Women as beautiful as those we now behold here. I remember when *Clarissa* lean'd upon her Hand, and looked with the same Indifference on her Train of Admirers as *Bellaria* does at this Instant. Where, *Isaac*, where is now that desirable Person, those Eyes, that Neck? Carry but your Imagination to the Vault where she lies, and from thence instruct those lovely Creatures before you, how much of their Beauty will be transmitted to the next Generation.

The following Letter, which is just come to Hand, diverts me at present from further pursuing the Intention of this Paper. The Writer of it may, perhaps, please himself with his Raillery. I do assure him, it has given me no other Uneasiness than what I have from a Sense and Commiseration of his Folly; and to shew I am in perfect Charity with him, shall make immediate Use of his Present.

To *Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;*

I Am, pious *Isaac*, in Spight of your carrying Lucubrations, a Free-Thinker; and shall continue to be so to the End of the Chapter. However, since 'tis expected from you this good Time to entertain your Friends with some Holiday Cheer, I have sent you the enclosed Verses, which I have transcribed from *Milton*. If you don't like 'em, I will make Rhymes to 'em, slice 'em into Parcels,

and present 'em against *Christmas* to the Bell  
man of our Ward. I am neither

*Your Friend,*

*Admirer,*

*Not humble Servant.*

Thce Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King; Thce Author of all Being,  
Fountain of Light, Thy self invisible (fitst  
Amidst the glorious Brightness where Thou  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when Thou shad'st  
The full Blaze of Thy Beams, and thro' a Cloud  
Drawn round about Thee like a radiant Shrine,  
Dark with excessive Bright Thy Skirts appear,  
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim

(Eyes.

Approach nor, but with both Wings veil their  
Thce next they sang of all Creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude, (Cloud  
In whose conspicuous Count'nance, without  
Made visible, th'Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no Creature can behold; on Thee  
Impress'd the Effulgence of his Glory abides,  
Transfus'd on Thee his ample Spirit rests.

(therein

He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs  
By Thee created, and by Thee thrown down  
Th'aspiring Dominations: Thou that Day  
Thy Father's dreadful Thunder didst not spare,  
(shook  
Nor stop Thy flaming Chariot Wheels, that  
(Necks  
Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o'er the  
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.

Back

- (claim  
 • Back from Pursuit Thy Pow'rs with loud Ac-  
 • Thee only extol'd, Son of Thy Father's Might,  
 • To execute fierce Vengeance on His Foes,  
 • Not so on Man: Him thro' their Malice fall'n,  
 (doom  
 • Father of Mercy and Grace, Thou didst not  
 • So strictly, but much more to Pity incline.  
 • No sooner did Thy dear and only Son  
 • Perceive Thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
 • So strictly, but much more to Pity inclin'd,  
 • He, to appease Thy Wrath, and end the Strife  
 • Of Mercy and Justice in Thy Face discern'd,  
 • Regardless of the Bliss wherein he fate  
 • Second to Thee, offer'd himself to die  
 • For Man's Offence. O unexampled Love,  
 • Love no where to be found less than Divine!  
 • Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name  
 • Shall be the copious Matter of my Song  
 (Praise  
 • Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy  
 • Forget, not from thy Father's Praise disjoin.
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The

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# The TATLER. [N° 32.]

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*Ubi Temperies, & Cæli mobilis Humor  
Mutavere Vias ———  
Vertuntur Species Animorum. Virg.*

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From *Saturd. Mar. 31. to Tuesday April 3. 1711.*

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*From my own Apartment, April 2.*

I Cannot better shew the Concern I have for the *Belles Lettres*, than in making such a Provision for those who are turned that Way as may best conduce to their Proficiency in it. The different Seasons of the Year are proper for different Sorts of Performances, which I don't remember any of my Fellow-Labourers in Astrology to have observed in their Yearly Almanacks. This indeed is a very gross Omision; and I question not, if Mr. *Partridge* were alive, but he would readily embrace the Hint, and hereafter improve upon it. Suppose, for Instance, in a Work of this Kind one were to write *Observations on April.*

*This Month sow Hemp and Flax, pole Hops, set and sow all Kind of Garden Herbs; restore the Liberty of the laborious Bee by opening her Hive, bark Trees for Tanners, and let good Housewives mind their Gardens, and begin to think of their Dairies.*

*In*



*In Gard'ning ne'er this Rule forget,  
For to sow dry, and to set wet.*

Subjoining afterwards:

*This Month also lay the Plots of Plays, and design the Models of Heroick Poems. Set and sow the Seeds of all Kind of Poetry, restore the Liberty of the laborious Muse by opening her Common-Place Book. Cut out Work for the Booksellers. Let extravagant Poets look before them, and begin to think of Bargaining for their Copies.*

*Their Interest they does rightly measure,  
That writes for Profit more than Pleasure.*

What follows from my Brother Rider is very good.

*The Use of Physick becomes now seasonable, and also Purging and Phlebotomy. Abstain from Vn-nery; many Diseases will be taken thereby, to the undoing of many. In Cases of Extremity, pray to God for a Remedy.*

*Hec mihi quod nullis Amor est medicabilis Herbis!*

And I think the Regimen would have been perfectly adapted to Writers of Poetry, if he had added that ancient Aphorism,

*In Poetry never this Rule forget,  
To rise dry and set wet.*

I shall not pursue this Thought through all the Months in this Paper, but reserve that to my next Almanack. At present it will not be amiss to range the several Species of po-  
lite

Writers under their proper Quarters of the Year.

Those concerned in Pastorals I have elsewhere consider'd. To proceed therefore: As soon as the glorious Planet *Sol* peeps through the Horns of the Celestial *Ram*, Matrimony then coming in Season, I would advise the lesser Sort of Poets to get their *Epithalamiums* ready. The Divertions of *New-market* likewise approaching, let those who can write neither Verse nor Rhyme scrub up their *Rindaricks*. The Haberdashers of Songs and Sonnets will do well to frequent *Lambeth*, *Islington*, and *Richmond-Wells*, and be prepared to celebrate any *Phyllis* that should have the good or ill Fortune to be over-turned in the Park on a *Sunday Night*. Being informed that the Town is disappointed of an excellent Comedy by an ingenious Trader's employing his Stock another Way, I believe I may put the Success of the rest of the Comick Writers into *Easter Term* without crowding them.

For the Summer Quarter, any one who has unfashionable Wares lying dead upon his Hands, as tawdry Panegyrics, or faded Satyrs, which neither please the present, nor hurt the past Ministry, is advised to seek out some Plantation or Colony of civil *Indians*, where perhaps they may barter them for Ale, Rum, and Tobacco; and if they should fail there, to proceed on a trading Voyage to the *Bath*, where, by altering the Names, without changing the Substance, their Goods will become Lampoons, and undergo a Fate reverse to that of *Asa Fwida*, which sets out a Perfume from *Surat*, and arrives a Stink at *London*. In one Place it is eat for Sawce, and in the other cures Hysterick Fits. For my self, and others who

who study in a great Measure for the Amusement of Mankind,

*Hanc Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim,*

to be a little negligent at this Time; for it would be Impudence to pretend to put those in good Humour that are left in Town, and we must be down-right stupid to put those out of Humour who are rioting in Peaches, Figs, and Melons in the Country, and who, prognosticate, will every Day be revived with some good News or other from Abroad.

In September the Streets ring with Oysters and Elegies. Some old Men will certainly die, and some young Men may perhaps cease to live. In either Case the Heir will succeed to the Estate at Quarter-Day, which is worth the Poet's Consideration. Since by the Inclemency of our Climate, the *British* Vintage usually succeeds this Month, the Dithyrambick Poets may not improperly celebrate the Manufacture of that Juice, *which*, as Mr. Dryden has it, *makes the Britons bold*, and congratulate the Return of Patriots to their Cares and Watchings for the good of their Country.

As I was meditating in this Way, I fell into a Sort of Enthusiasm: I seemed to behold a Chariot, that had painted upon the Doors of it a Snake with the Tail in its Mouth, which being the Hieroglyphick of the Year, as well as the Ensign of the Divinity of Physick, I was at a Loss what to make of it. Till observing it was *corteged* by broken Printers and Apothecaries, I enquired who the Person was I saw sitting in the Chariot, and what he could be writing. I was answered, That it was the Genius of Heroick Poetry, a  
Star

Star of the First Magnitude in that Science, which generally rose towards the Winter Solstice. I went up to him, methoughts, and said, O thou Antimonarchical Praiser of Princes and Heroes! Shall their Glories never be suffered to pass uncommended by thee? When wilt thou learn how unequal to this Task even the best are in the most abstracted Retirement? The Jolts and Rumbings of thy Chariot must needs affect any Verles, and make them unfit to express the Smoothness and Steadiness of this Hero's Conduct and Successes.

I recovered this Delirium as the Bell-man went about with an annual Sort of Poetry, which I had like to have forgot, though I have for many Years with Joy observed it to be a Fore-runner of Mince-Pies and Plum-Porridge.

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The

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 33.]

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*Tam venerabile erat Præcedere.* — Juv.

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From Tuesday April 3. to Thursday April 5. 1711.

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*From my own Apartment, April 4.*

**T**HE Desire of Superiority is very natural, or at least, through the Weakness of humane Nature, has universally obtained in the World. This Disposition, in Persons of a publick Capacity, produces it self in an Affectation of Tyranny and arbitrary Power. In private Conversation the Effects of it are equally disagreeable, tho' less extensive, and serve to give one a Taste of Slavery in Cases of a higher Concern. A Man who has taken this Ambition in his Head, sets up for a Kind of Dictator amongst his nearest Acquaintance, and will suffer them to give into no other Sentiments or Inclinations than what are entirely consonant with his own.

It is worth observing, that every Set of Company does naturally, and without designing it, fall into a Form of Monarchical Government, and pay such a Deference to one amongst them as serves to keep the rest in good Order. The Abuse of this Power is indeed very frequent, but without some such Regulation many great Inconveniencies would follow. The Diversions of

the Evening would be often at a Stand for want of a proper Leader: Weighty Disputes would have no End, or perhaps a very bad one, there were no decisive Judge to determine them. In a Word, a President would be missing on the most important Occasions: And in some Years the laudable Practice of Toasting would be forgotten, or very awkwardly carried on. The Business of Precedency is of so great Consequence, that the Ladies themselves have not thought it unworthy of their Consideration. Many of them, I dare say, have kept themselves waking for the Peace of Society on this subject. At Balls, Assemblies, and in Visits, what Confusion would unavoidably arise if this Point were not maturely and properly adjusted? Every Body knows the famous Case of Lady Formal, how she whirl'd out of the Room in a Passion, went Home and burned a new laced Head, not to say any Thing of the Correction she bestowed on her Domesticks, as her Husband, her Woman, and her Lap-dog, for no other Reason, but because Lady Betty Fort was placed in a Chair above her.

It is with great Satisfaction I consider the Chains that are taken to settle the same Point in all Orders of Men amongst us, from those who wear Shoulder-Knots, to the Masters who impose that Distinction of Servitude and Dependence. I am credibly informed, that the Footmen about this Town are very exact in Matters of Punctilio, that the Generality of them have for this Purpose made a good Proficiency in Heraldry, and can perfectly blazon the several Coats of Arms they belong to. Tippling Jack was never known to commit an Indecorum in a Cellar, or at the Door of a Chocolate-house. In the former of which he always drinks first to the Person next himself in Dignity, and at

the other, never offered, in the most rainy Night, to take a Coach or Chair from his Betters. Idle Tom was not without great Difficulty prevailed on to appear for Speaker in the last *Mock Parliament* against roaring George, Candidate for the same, and having lost it by a small Majority, behaved himself with the utmost Decency under that Misfortune. In the *Painted Chamber* Things are carried yet higher. The common Disorders of Gaming are effectually provided against, and no Quarrel suffers to come to any Height without the Approbation of the first Lacquey of Quality that presides at the long Table. The Use of Swearing is indeed promiscuously allowed there, which I know not how to account for. I am myself an Eye and Ear Witness of the proper Distinction which is observed amongst such as carry their several Sorts of Merchandize about the Streets of this City. The ancient Woman who repeats *Brickdust* Nine and twenty Times in Breath, constantly gives the Wall to another that in a Musical Voice recommends *Jerusalem Artichokes*. The Fellow that sings Perfumes and Washballs, keeps a due Distance from the Traders in Oranges and Lemons; and the Hawkers of Daily *Courants* and *Spectators* pull off their Hats, or drop a Courtesy, to those concerned in the *Tatlers*.

I remember two facetious Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, who had employed their Talents in different Kinds of Writing, were engaged to be of a Party: The one, as a Writer of Comedy, declin'd the upper End of the Table; and the other, having been very successful in Tragedy, was adjudged to have a Right to it. This Determination was thought highly equitable, and has ever since been carefully complied with. Whether it be taken from this Humour



For some other, the Players themselves, I understand, have thought it advisable to proceed after much the same Manner. A Hero, by the Rules of the House, goes out of a Room before a fine Gentleman; as *Alexander the Great* might reasonably be supposed to take Place of *Harry Wildair*, or *Julius Caesar* of *Dorimant*. Those who have acted in a double Capacity, drink two Glasses in a Hand, or help themselves twice to whatever Dish they like best. A Yeoman of the Guard is in all Points considered before a *Valet de Chambre*, and an Elbow-Chair takes Place of a Joint-Stool. Amongst the Females of the Stage there is no less Order preserved; *Ophelia*, in Consideration of her various Abilities, has a proportionable Allowance of Ceremony, or whatever else she likes best. *Miss Prue* takes the Liberty of giving her self away to all that approach her; and when she comes to be an Empress, may expect to have her Privileges encreased.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas it is commonly reported, That Advertisements for this Paper are taken in by Charles Lillie, This is to certify, that no Advertisement will be received but what is directed to John Morshew near Stationers-Hall; the aforesaid Mr. Lillie being at present indisposed, and incapable of executing his Office.

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 34

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*Hæ Tibi erunt Artes. Virg.*

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From *Thursd. April 5.* to *Saturd. April 7.* 1711.

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*From my own Apartment, April 6.*

THE Letter which immediately follows, I make publick for my own Sake; that which concludes this Paper, for the Entertainment of others.

*To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;*

‘ HAVING a great Honour for your Performances, I think it my Duty to acquaint you with the unworthy Treatment many of your Papers have lately met with. It is my Custom in an Afternoon to saunter from one Coffee-house to another; and as I was the other Day thus rambling about, a Couple of odd Fellows enter’d the Room where I was; one of them in his own short black Hair, with an uncommon Smartness in his Face; the other a thin meagre Person, having much Hunger and Discontent in his Countenance. Whilst the former of these engaged the Man of the House in a brisk Conversation, the latter, I observed, slip’d the *Tatler* into his Pocket,

' Pocket, and drop'd two *Spectators* in the Place  
 ' of it, in order, as I suppose, to stifle the one,  
 ' and introduce the other. They immediately  
 ' afterwards went out, and upon following  
 ' them in a careless Manner to three or four o-  
 ' ther Houses, I found them putting the same  
 ' Stratagem in Practice. At last I laid hold of  
 ' one of them, and resolved to bring him be-  
 ' fore you, when giving a sudden Spring, he  
 ' broke loose from me, and with his Accom-  
 ' plice made the best of his Way up the next  
 ' Alley. I leave it to your Wisdom to take  
 ' some effectual Measures for the Defeat of  
 ' these and all other your Enemies, who am,  
 ' for my own Part,

*Your most faithful humble Servant,*

F. Y.

*To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;*

——— *Longa est Injuria longæ*  
*Ambages, sed summa sequar Fastigia Rerum. Virg.*

S I R,

April 4. 1711.

' THE Extent of your Lucubrations being  
 ' such, as to take in whatever may be  
 ' seriously instructive, or innocently diverting,  
 ' I presume the following Relation may come  
 ' within the Compass of them, and therefore  
 ' venture to lay it before you as it accidentally  
 ' occurred.

' Happening to visit last Night an old Ac-  
 ' quaintance, whose Hours of Retirement have  
 ' been spent in uncommon Contemplations and  
 ' Experiments, he shewed me under a large  
 ' Glass, Hermetically sealed up, a spreading  
 ' Plant, in its full Verdure, strong and lively to  
 ' the

the Eye, which he assured me he had raised  
 from its own Ashes in a few Moments. This  
 naturally led him to a Rational Discourse on  
 the Resurrection, which, though succinct,  
 was managed with that Perspicuity, as to an-  
 swer to Demonstration all the Objections  
 brought against it by its most formidable Op-  
 ponents, those perfect Masters of Reason's and  
 of Nature's Laws, though very imperfect  
 Christians, Moralists, or Men. But to return  
 to the Plant: It bore the Figure of that *In-  
 dian* Weed (if it be lawful to call it one) that  
 more than half the World hold in so great  
 Esteem; and my Friend growing less serious,  
 desired, that (while I smoked my Pipe) he  
 might take *Æsop's* Liberty, and let the admi-  
 red Vegetable give its own History in the fol-  
 lowing Words:

Our Extract is of ancients Date than that  
 of Mankind, flourishing in the World before  
 the Days of *Adam*. Our Parents, tho' wide-  
 ly distant from each other as Heaven and  
 Earth, yet always kindly concurred in our  
 Generation and Production, raising us higher  
 in their Favour than any of our Sister Plants.  
 As our Birth was for many Ages spontaneous,  
 so was our Life uncontrouled; and while  
 we saw our Neighbours devoured all by Rep-  
 tiles, Brutes, or Men, our selves securely  
 ranged the *American* Woods unexposed to  
 their voracious Appetites; for as we were  
 Objects of their Love, so neither were they  
 of our Fears. How did the Sun each Morn-  
 smile on us with Paternal Rays, and deck us  
 with its clearest Gems, while the Gigantick  
 Trees around (as our Life-Guards) protected  
 us from the Fury of insulting Winds, and  
 only suffered the Fans of gentle *Zephyrs* to  
 refresh

refresh us. Thus for long Tracts of Time  
 did each reviving Spring cherish our Infant  
 Days, and Summer's Heat mature us, dis-  
 closing all their various Beauties to us, and  
 e'er ill-boding Winter, that mortal Foe of an-  
 nual Plants, frowned on us, we in a good old  
 Age retired to endless Rest within our Mo-  
 ther's Bosom.

But alas! those happy Times are now no  
 more! For a malicious *Indian* (for what  
 Cause we know not) committed (some Ages  
 since) a grave Ancestor of ours to the de-  
 vouring Flames, the Odors of whose Death  
 procured us all the Injuries we have since  
 received; for we no longer lived or died  
 in Peace, but fell an easy and defenceless  
 Prey to numberless Tortures, invented by  
 the barbarous Nations round, to ravish from  
 us all our new discovered Sweets and Vir-  
 tues.

This was not long our Case before the In-  
 habitants of an unknown World came, and  
 inflicted on them as many Deaths as they on  
 us; a just Return for their inhumane Treat-  
 ment of us poor Innocents! But these too  
 proved, alas! as merciless as those, and have  
 ever since forced us into Life by their mali-  
 cious Art and cruel Care, to be untimely  
 torn from our Mother's Breast, then left to  
 scorch with Thirst and pine away, and in-  
 stead of a kind Burial in our Native Soil,  
 transported us to far distant Regions, where  
 our withered Flesh stripped from our shrivel'd  
 Bones, was cut in a Thousand Pieces by En-  
 gines of a dire Invention.

Nor are these last Complaints unjust,  
 for though when plucked from Earth our  
 Vegetation ceases, yet do we still retain our  
 Spirits in full Strength, and so are never

released from Pain till totally consumed in Flames.

To enumerate the Qualities I have been famed for, the Usage I have met with, and the various, and sometimes contrary Effects ascribed to my powerful Operations, would be an endless Task; I shall instance therefore only in some few.

At first I was the Prisoner of the meanest Sort, confined in greazy Pouches, and visited with them my native Fields and Hedges; But I soon got the Esteem of those who kept me in a neater, though a stronger Prison, and so was introduced to Shops and Taverns. Then the learned Faculty began their curious Searches into my hidden Virtues, and could not long conceal their good Opinion of me, which quickly exalted me to the sublimest Heads, so that the Statesman, Lawyer, and Divine, admitted me to their Closets and their Studies; and I have often since been the obstetrical Assistant of many a teeming Brain. How often have I created a keen Appetite to him that before had none; and, which is stranger, as often filled a hungry Belly? Many a Time have I received the Thanks of the Scholar at his Books, the Trader at his Accounts, and the Soldier in the Camp, for the Thoughts I have inspired, the Composedness I have occasioned, and the Refreshment I have administered. The Sick have praised my Cures, the Healthy my Preventions, the Solitary my Amusements; and thus have I gratified the greatest Part of the Male World, but generally been the Aversion of the Fair.

I was once indeed the private Favourite of a Maiden Lady, but unfortunately discovered by her Admirer, by being forgotten to be thrust

' thrust behind the Hangings; and he, not able to brook so disgustful a Rival, immediately dismiss'd his Suit, which produced a Shyness between the whole Sex and me in my ancient Form ever since.

' But since I have been refined by the new Mode of crushing me to smallest Atoms, instead of being kept Prisoner as before to expire in Flames, I have had all the Riches of the *East* bestowed in fitting up Apartments for me, and am become the constant and beloved Companion of the most celebrated Wits and Beauties. I freely visit now the Church, the Court, the Mansions of the Great, the Tea-Table, and the Closet, and every Resort of highest Quality.

' Nay, I'm not refused the Virgin Bed, but often dwell at Midnight on the sweetest Lips, and wake the chastest Fair with Longings to embrace me. By this new Art I gain a free Admission to the Brain too, and am as it were immortalized by being almost mixed with Thought it self. But what I value more than all is, that I am the richest Jewel in the *British* Diadem.

' So concluded my Friend and Pipe, and so concludes,

*Your most Obedient,*

*Most Humble Servant,*

**Pixidicula.**

*This is to certify whom it may concern, That Mr. Dighton, Perfumer, in Fleetstreet, upon the Misfortune of Mr. Lillie, having, amongst many other Candidates, made humble Application to the Censor to succeed him in his Employment; the*  
 I 5 *said*



said Mr. Dighton is appointed First Secretary to Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; and is now preparing and drawing up a Proclamation for the apprehending and taking of those Persons mentioned in the former of the foregoing Letters, together with such as shall hereafter be found making Use of the same indirect and clandestine Practices, as likewise for removing all Persons disaffected to the Power and Authority of the Censor Ten Miles distant from the Cities of London and Westminster.

## The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 35.]

*Dulcis inexpertis Cultura potens Amici  
Expertus metuet* ——— H<sup>or</sup>.

From Saturday April 7. to Tuesd. April 10. 1711.

*From my own Apartment, April 9.*

**H**AVING, as I formerly observed, passed through an infinite Variety of Scenes in humane Life, I cannot better employ the Reflections I have made upon them, than by instructing those in the Paths they ought to pursue whose Youth and Unexperience would otherwise betray them into a Thousand Mistakes. Of all others I have a tender Regard for such as apply themselves to those Arts and Sciences which gave me some Reputation in the Days of the Emperor Trajan. I was esteem'd the greatest Wit of that Age; but, by a

Misap-

Misapplication of my Parts and Learning, came to an ignoble End. This is a reigning Misfortune amongst the Genius's of the present Age, but has indeed prevailed much more in some foregoing Reigns. It is with the utmost Indignation that I see many great Capacities prostituted to the most unworthy Purposes, and the World in a Manner corrupted and debauched by Persons whose Talents seem intended for the Ornament and Reformation of it. Next to the Want of Morality, I bewail the Narrowness of Fortune which too often presses Men of a liberal Education, and which perhaps is one Step towards leading them into the former. A young Fellow who is uneasy in his Circumstances, is naturally betrayed into those Follies which recommend him to Company, and give him Hopes of making an Acquaintance that may one Time or other turn to his Advantage. With this View he gives into many Fooleries that he secretly despises, and at last is harden'd into Vices which he formerly abhorred. The Students of both Universities are on this Account in a peculiar Manner the Objects of my Care and Concern. As often as I see a new Face about Town, that promises much good Understanding, and a lively Imagination, I conclude it came up by the last Coach from Oxford or Cambridge. I am immediately upon the Rack to consider the many Difficulties such a one must encounter, the Attendance he must pay to insolent Greatness, the frequent Shocks he will receive from the Promotion of inferior Merit, from the Dissimulation of some, and the Envy of others; and at last, from the mean Reward he is likely to meet with for a long Course of Slavery and Dependance.

The following Letter has partly suggested to me this Way of Thinking, which seems to be written rather in Confidence than with a Design to have it published, but that the Post-script does more fully explain the Intention of it.

*To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;*

*S I R,*

*Sheer-Lane, April 9.*

**I**F the Distresses of Mankind do really sit so near you as we are given to understand by your Paper of the 27th of the last Month, I have but too just a Right to your Compassion, and the most tender Advice you can bestow upon me.

It was not long since my good Fortune to be a Member of ——— College in Oxford, where I spent Four Years in a Manner perfectly innocent and agreeable to my Temper. Good Part of my Time was spent in Reading, the rest in such Amusements as the Place afforded. I was generally well esteemed by the few I was known to, and being not much turned to Gallantry, made a Shift to be easy without the Company of Ladies, which, every Body knows, are scarce in those Parts. During this Retirement, I happened to write a Copy of Verses which alarmed Two or Three of the Top Booksellers in this Town, and gave them Hopes of me for a future Author of some more considerable Work. Whether they employed my Acquaintance to flatter me on that Occasion I know not, but, to my utter Ruin, I received incredible Applause for my Performance. Soon after, I took it in my Head that the University was too narrow a Sphere for me to act in. I  
formed

formed to my self great Notions of my Reputation at *London*, and thought it would be taken amiss, if I did not go and visit my Friends and Admirers there. I made a Journey accordingly, and had the Honour to be introduced to some Persons of a considerable Figure. Now, thought I, my Fortune is made; I have seen the greatest General, and the best Poet in *Europe*. My old Friends in the mean Time whom I had left behind me, sent frequent Letters of Congratulation upon the Prospect I had of coming into the Ministry, which I received, and answered with the Air and Style of one that was already in Employment. I affected, for Instance, a new Way of writing my Name, of making up my Paper, and of subscribing my self according to the Forms received in the Offices about *Whitehall*. The great Civility and good Manners of many whom I was presented to, had like to have led me into some Mistake: Through my great Ignorance, and Want of Breeding, I believed every Word they said to me; and when they assured me, *they would do me any Service that lay in their Power, that they had a great Opinion of my Merit, and only wanted an Opportunity to shew it*; I had no more Complaisance than to take them at their Words, and look out for Occasions of trying their Friendship. In the mean while my slender Fortune run out apace; the Spleen succeeded, and I am now, in every Essential, as errant a Wit as any about Town. Words cannot express the Shame, Scorn, and Regret I have for my past Indiscretion, which I can no otherwise atone for than by laying it open in this Way for the Good of others, and applying at the same Time for Advice to Mr. Bickerstaff.

'Staff' with Regard to my future Conduct. I  
'am,

S I R,

(With great Respect)

Your most Obedient,

Most humble Servant,

W. H.

'P. S. I shall hope to see this in your next  
'Paper.

This Case shall be taken into Consideration,  
and the Censor's Opinion delivered upon the  
same.

*The Verses subscribed H. G. are received, and  
many Thanks returned for them; as likewise for  
the Letter from Philanthropos.*

Mr. Twining, at Tom's Coffee-house in Deve-  
reux-Court, a Man eminent for his great Probity  
and indefatigable Industry, is appointed Under-  
Secretary to Mr. Dighton, and will wait at the  
Bar of his own House this present Tuesday in the  
Evening to receive the Compliments of his Friends  
upon the same.

The

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# The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 36.]

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*Nescio quod, certe est, quod me tibi temperat  
Astrum. Perf.*

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*From Tuesd. April 10. to Thursd. April 12. 1711.*

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*From my own Apartment, April 11.*

IN taking a Survey of Mankind, one cannot but observe an universal Pursuit of what they call Pleasure, and at the same Time the grossest Mistakes about the Notion of it. Not to enter into more Particulars, let it suffice, that in the Catalogue of Things conducing to this End, Friendship is generally omitted, and either not at all considered, or else exploded and laughed out of Countenance. The Truth is, our Vanity seems to have got the better of our Reason, and we choose rather to appear happy than be-so. Hence it is, that instead of cultivating an Intimacy with a few, we make a superficial Acquaintance with all that offer, and are more desirous of being seen by a Multitude, than rightly known and understood by any. The Want of Virtue is at the Bottom of all this: Having no true Principles of Honour, Generosity, or good Nature, we naturally avoid being too strictly enquired into, and therefore are cautious that those about us should not take any Freedom beyond what a mixed Kind

Kind of Conversation will allow. It is sufficient that a Set of unthinking young Fellows can meet over a Bottle, and make a Shift to pass the Time with trifling and indifferent Topics, without ever entertaining the least mutual Regard, or examining into the Merits of one another. It will be difficult to persuade such Men that they have not yet tasted one of the most exquisite Enjoyments that the Soul is capable of, or that they have it in their Power to open to themselves a more delightful Way of Living than they have hitherto been acquainted with. Talking the other Day with a very young Gentleman on this Subject, I could not help asking him, "Whether, amongst the many Affairs he had made with the Ladies, he had never yet happened to have one of an honourable Nature upon his Hands?" He frankly confessed he had; and upon being further pressed, "That he found more Satisfaction in the Pursuit of That, than from all the Successes he ever met with in those of another Kind." "Believe me then (said I) there is no less Difference between the idle Amusement of a common Acquaintance, and the refined Endearments of an intimate Friendship." I insisted the more on this Point with a Person who was as yet in a great Measure a Stranger to the World, because it is very certain, that the sooner this Notion is received, the more advantageous it proves, and is a Means of preventing many Miscarriages in our Behaviour. For my own Part, amongst a Thousand other Obligations which I owe to my Parents, I must particularly acknowledge that of instilling an early Benevolence to Mankind in general, and a Desire of fixing my self in the Affections of one or more who should appear best qualified for so near an Alliance.



*Sam Trusty*, whom I have often mentioned in these Papers, was almost my first Choice, and has preserved me from many Errors which Youth and Indiscretion would otherwise have led me into. I am infinitely obliged to my Cousin *Humphry Wagstaff* on the same Account, as well as for the great Assistance he has given me in the Prosecution of this Work. My Conversation with each of these Gentlemen is a Kind of elegant Retirement from the World, as it furnishes me with the justest Remarks upon the several Occurrences in it. Our Sentiments are communicated without Reserve, insomuch that our ordinary Discourse is by the latter stiled Thinking aloud. In this happy Situation of Life we stand less exposed than others commonly are, either to the Strokes of Fortune, the Ill-nature of our Enemies, or any Calamity that can befall us. In the mean Time all our Enjoyments, by being shared amongst us, are heightened and improved in Proportion to the Pleasure that every Individual receives from them.

In order to make Mankind happy in the Relish of so refined a Commerce with each other, I could wish our present Writers of Plays, instead of filling their Works of that Sort with the Business of Love, would sometimes diversify them with the Distress of Friends, their Heroick Behaviour under it, with all the beautiful Incidents that History can furnish, or a warm and noble Imagination suggest upon that Model. I am sensible how great a Genius is required to this Task; but whenever the Prudence of our Superiors shall think fit to deliver the Stage from the State of Slavery and Mismanagement it now labours under, I shall not despair of seeing this

this and many other excellent Designs happily put in Execution.

An humble Retainer to the Theatre having made the following Application to me, I take this Occasion of making it publick, and of assuring the Person concerned, as well as others who may hereafter fall into the same Misfortune, that neither the corrupt Dealing of *Charles Lillie*, tho' a Lunatick, nor the Influence of those who support him in it, shall pass unnoticed, or unpunished, by the Rightful, Lawful, and Undoubted Censor of the United Kingdom of *Great Britain*.

S I R,

I Am the Poor Woman that has had the Misfortune to be always in the Way when *Don John*, in the Play call'd *The Libertine*, sends his Footman out for a Whore; by which Means, I believe I may venture to say, I have, modestly speaking, been ravished upwards of Five hundred Times. By this Employment, and that of Lightner to the Opera's, I have made a Shift to get a comfortable Livelihood: But since there is a worthy Gentleman who has taken upon him to regulate our Stage, and that, if I should be turned out, I am too old to turn my Hands to any other Business, I must humbly implore your Honour's Protection, and that you would be pleased to do therein as to your great Wisdom shall seem fit.

*And your Petitioner shall ever pray.*

E. G.

S I R,

S I R,

' All the Women of our Stage have made a  
' Party against me upon the Account of this  
' Accident in the *Libertine*, and say, that ano-  
' ther such Instance of Chastity might ruin  
' them; for which Reason, and because I  
' have no Money to make an Interest with  
' Mr. Lillie, t<sup>o</sup>ther Gentleman's Agent; I shall  
' be undone, unless your Honour will pity my  
' Case.

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 37.]

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*Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent Præmia Palmæ.*  
Virg.

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From *Thursd. April 12.* to *Saturd. April 14.* 1711.

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*From my own Apartment, April 13.*

I Know not how it happens, whether through  
a Misrepresentation from my Enemies, or a  
Misunderstanding in some of my Readers, an  
Opinion has lately obtained; that I allow no  
Body to have any Share of Wit or Humour  
but my self; that I industriously suppress the  
Attempts of others in that Way, and will not  
so much as suffer a young Writer to thrive un-  
der my Shade. These and a Thousand Calum-  
nies of the same Nature have by some Means  
or other, though with the utmost Injustice,  
been

been spread amongst Persons well affected to my Interests, who have thought themselves obliged, by Letters and other Ways, to give me repeated Notice of such unhandsome Proceedings. If I can promise any Thing for myself, it is, that I have no greater Ambition than to improve, cultivate and encourage a promising Genius wherever I meet with it, and not only to refine the Morals of Mankind, but to make even their Studies and Productions more entertaining and agreeable to one another. I must confess indeed, that ever since my first entering upon the Censorship, I have been very tender of suffering any Incroachments to be made upon the Dignity of that Office. I have now and then shewn the Error of those who offered to invade a Province so peculiarly my own, and by a seasonable Rebuke put a Stop to many growing Inconveniencies. At a Time when we are engaged in a just and necessary War Abroad, of what fatal Consequence might it have proved to make a new Division at Home? Which must unavoidably have risen, had I suffered any further Competition for so great an Employment. A Man must have little Regard for the Interest of *Europe*, who can be tempted by any Consideration to embroil his Country in Quarrels and Disputes at so critical a Juncture. What I have said therefore in any of my Papers upon this Occasion, will by all Persons of Candor and Discernment be considered rather as an Instance of my Care for the Publick, than of any View to my own Authority and Advantage. If others have been unhappily provoked by it to make rash and indiscreet Reflections upon me, I am heartily sorry for their Misfortune, and wish that their Passion had not made them incapable of receiving Advice from their truest Friend, upon

that Subject. I shall only say at present, that as it is evident they have embarked in a strong Bottom, they will do well to give off as soon as possible; for, next to the Honour of a successful Engagement, is that of a handsome retreat.

To vindicate my self yet further from the Imputation I before mentioned, as I have lately assigned the proper Seasons of the Year for different Kinds of Writers, I shall hereafter do something more material for the Encouragement of their Labours. In an Age where the Generosity of Great Men extends even to Opera's and Puppet-Shows, I cannot but believe they will be easily perswaded to encourage such Entertainments as tend to the regulation of Manners, and the Improvement of our Understandings. For this Purpose I have already formed a Scheme, wherein proper Prizes are allotted for several Sorts of Performances, those of the *Drama* being first considered, and the rest in proper Order. The particulars shall be communicated to those who are professed Patrons of polite Learning, without Regard to Party, and because their Number is but small, their Subscriptions must necessarily be the larger. I do not despair of being my self a Contributor, having determined to assign a considerable Part of the profits arising from my own Lucubrations towards so useful a Project. I must premise in general, That no Comedy will be admitted without a Moral, nor any Tragedy that turns wholly upon Love, as likewise that farces are wholly excluded. In Epick Poems, the fewer Machines the better: Heathen Gods or Goddesses will not be suffered; nor any assigned Names to introduce either the past or present Ministry. If a Peace should intervene, nothing

nothing on that Topick shall be received that was written before the Preliminaries were signed.

That the Beauties of each Performance may be clearly discerned, and their Blemishes discovered, I shall in the mean Time take Occasion to print a Treatise separate from my other Papers, formed upon the best Rules of Antiquity, and the approved Sentiments of the present Age, entituled, *Mr. Bickerstaff's Speeches*; by the Assistance of which, the Judges on this Affair shall be enabled to distinguish rightly upon *Thoughts, Diction, Turn, Ridicule, Style, Spirit, Natural, Sublime, Imagery*, and all the other Circumstances of Writing, which I have mentioned elsewhere, that shall come before them. This Manual, (for it shall not exceed that Compass) I will order to be left at *White's Chocolate-house* Gratis, together with a Spelling-Book for the Help of Learners. At *Will's* it will be taken in Course, and may from thence, perhaps, receive many proper Additions and Amendments.

I shall conclude with acquainting my Readers, that although I do not pretend to ingross to my self all the Wit, Humour, and Learning in this Kingdom, yet I shall by no Means suffer any other Person to set up for an ultimate Judge in Matters of that Nature. *Mr. Lillie* escapes very well that a Statute of *Lunacy* is not yet taken out against him; and others, his Abettors, that one of *Idiocy* has not yet been occasioned by their idle and unreasonable Proceedings.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff has received certain Advice, That one John Mackstaff, of the City of Edinburgh, in North Britain, has taken upon him the Character of Censor, and thereby deluded many of the Good People from their Duty and Allegiance to the said Mr. Bickerstaff, He doth hereby charge and require the Magistrates of the said City of Edinburgh, upon Pain of his displeasure, to seize and apprehend, or cause to be seized and apprehended the said John Mackstaff as an Impostor and Enemy to his Power and Authority, and to detain him in strict Ward and Custody till further Orders. Signed,

Robert Dighton.

And underneath,

Thomas Twining.

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The



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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 38.]

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*Sic positae — suaves miscetis Odores.* Virg.

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From *Saturd. April 14.* to *Tuesd. April 17.* 1711.

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*From my own Apartment, April 16.*

HAVING received lately several Letters from my Female Correspondents, I shall communicate some of the most important of them to the Publick in the Order I received them.

To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

S I R, *Winchester in Hants, April 7. 1711.*

I Came hither about a Week since, being forced from *London*, where I spent the Winter, by the Commands of my Mother, who took it in her Head that I grew too fond of that Place, and was in Danger of throwing my self away upon some idle young Fellow or other. It is not to be expressed how melancholy I am here: My Heart akes at this Instant as if it would break; I look upon no one Object with Pleasure. The Fellows whom I liked well enough Half a Year ago, appear silly and awkward, and even the Cathedral Church, of a *Sunday*, affords me no Entertainment.

What

What shall I do, dear Mr. *Bickerstaff*, to remove the Heaviness that sits upon my Heart? How shall I divert my self in this wild and solitary Retreat? Formerly indeed I could spend whole Days and Nights in turning over my Romances; I could with infinite Pleasure rove about the Wilderness, in our Garden, and charm the Rival Nightingales with the Mulick of my Flute. How often have I there unbound my Silver Locks, and given them to be the Sport of wanton *Zephyrs*? Young ruddy Damsels waited round me, and decking me forth with all the Pride and Beauty of the Spring, proclaimed me Goddess of the Place— Oh cursed *Damion*— That dear dissembling Youth! He, alas! has robbed me of my Innocence, and with it, of all the pleasing Errors that made Solitude delightful, and gilded over these Silvan Scenes—

‘He in short, Sir, has turned my Notions another Way, and given me a new Set of Desires and Inclinations. If you will bestow some Advice upon me, I will endeavour to follow it, and give you a constant Account of the Success it has with me. If I at all understand my own Case, I am by my present Circumstances very well qualified for a Rural Censor, and can see no Reason why Women should be excluded that Office. I promise you to have a very strict Eye upon my own Sex, and may perhaps let you into some Secrets relating to them that have hitherto escaped your Censure. The faithful Execution of this Employment will be a Means to divert my own Spleen, and may perhaps conduce to the Gratification of yours, and that of many Thousands more. I will in all Things act as becomes the Substitute of

[Vol. 5.]

K.

‘so

‘ so great a Person, and one who has a Desire  
 ‘ to approve her self,

*Your most humble Servant,*

Belinda.

The Case of *Belinda* is in my Opinion very deplorable, and would, if fully considered, give Occasion to many useful Reflections. At present I shall only observe upon it, that the Blemish she has received in her own Character is by no Means a Step towards a Power and Jurisdiction over the Conduct of others. I am not unwilling to admit some of the Fair Sex into the Employment she solicits for, having in general a great Opinion of their Capacities, as well as of their earnest Desire to reform the Manners of those about them. It may not however be amiss to give the Electors in this Point a short Abstract of the Qualifications requisite to a Female Censor, lest any Mistake should happen upon so weighty an Affair: As first, That she is indued with an habitual Silence; Secondly, That she has a known Hatred to Scandal and Detraction; Thirdly, That she neither pays nor receives any impertinent Visits; Fourthly, That she is a constant Reader of the *Tatler*; And Fifthly and Lastly, That she has, besides other Books, a huge Folio of Receipts.

The following Billet is of no less Consequence than the former.

—S I R,

‘ I Have a great Quarrel to Mr. *Fervoise*, and  
 ‘ I at your Hands demand immediate Justice  
 ‘ upon him. He has lately done a Picture of  
 ‘ me,

me, which is allowed to be extremely like,  
 and no less beautiful, though at the same  
 Time my Face is but very indifferent. By  
 this Means he has raised the Expectation of all  
 who have seen the Piece, to my great Disad-  
 vantage in the Disposal of my Person. Every  
 Body allows that he has shewn himself an  
 admirable Painter, and secretly wish, that  
 Nature had been as kind as Art has been in-  
 dulent to me. For my own Sake therefore,  
 and that of many others in the same Cir-  
 cumstances, I humbly move the Court for  
 speedy Sentence on so notorious an Offen-  
 der.

*And your Petitioner shall ever pray.*

*Ordered,* That Mr. Jervoise be fined a Half-  
 Length of the Censor, done after the same  
 Manner as is mentioned in the above-written  
 Complaint, and that he be in Readiness to re-  
 ceive him on *Wednesday* next, between the  
 Hours of Nine and Ten in the Morning.

To Haac Bickerstaff Esq;

*Honoured Sir,*

I Have examined your Lucubrations with  
 the utmost Care and Diligence, but can  
 find nothing relating to my present Case.  
 Whether your Thoughts have been employed  
 on more useful Subjects, or whether Circum-  
 stances so entirely alter the Nature of Things  
 that it is impossible to define them; but if so  
 it happens, that the Importunity which a  
 Man should use in the Recovery of his Own  
 has wholly escaped you, I could read a Dis-  
 sertation of yours upon Dunning with more  
 Pleasure than I ever looked at a new-fashio-  
 ned

' ned Toy. You only can direct us how far a  
' Gentleman may be decently pressed, and  
' whether Personally or by Billet is the more  
' proper Method.

' If you knew how much I was interested in  
' this Affair, I perswade my self, your Concern  
' for the Sex would hasten your Resolution. I  
' cannot look at poor *Charles's* Face without  
' bathing it with a Flood of Tears. Had he  
' sold Cast-Work for Hammer'd, or Horn for  
' Tortoise-Shell, I could moderate my Resent-  
' ments; but to be kick'd, disabled, and caned  
' like a Stockfish for only demanding his Due,  
' is an Indignity not to be suffered in a free  
' Country.

' Good Mr. *Bickerstaff*, take a distressed Wo-  
' man into your Protection, and give me such  
' Redress as you in your great Wisdom shall  
' judge suitable to the Offence, and believe  
' my Application to the Censor of *Great Bri-*  
' *tain* to proceed only from the Equity I have  
' observed in all your Determinations. I am

*Your most Devoted,*

*Humble Servant,*

Sarah Bubbleboy.

Ordered, That Mr. *Dighton* and Mr. *Twining*  
do enquire, whether the Kicks and Blows given  
were by *Neats* or *Calves* Leather, *Jambees* or  
*Dragons*; after which Mr. *Bickerstaff* will pro-  
ceed accordingly.

The

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The T A T L E R. [N° 39.

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(I am,

*Torva Leena Lupum sequitur, Lupus ipse Capel-*  
*Florentem Cytisam sequitur lasciva Capella,*  
*Te Corydon, O Alexi, trahit sua quemque Voluptas.*  
 Virg.

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From Tuesd. April 17. to Thursd. April 19. 1711.

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*From my own Apartment, April 18.*

ONE great Design of this Paper is to reconcile Men to their several Stations in Life, and to remove that Uneasiness which commonly arises from the supposed Advantages of those about them. Unless this be in some Measure effected, it is in vain to expect any great Success from Precepts of another Kind; a Person who is out of Humour being as incapable of receiving Advice as bestowing it on others. The Stake chiefly contended for is Power, and this, if I mistake not, is more equally divided than we commonly imagine. The executive Part of it seems indeed to be pretty much engross'd by Men of great Fortunes and large Possessions. They, 'tis true, carry about them all the Distinctions of Grandeur and Superiority, they are attended by Maces, adorned with Ribands, and crowded by a numerous Train of Dependants. In the

mean Time it must be no small Satisfaction for a Man who is inclined to envy them such pompous Appearances, to make a strict Enquiry into some other Circumstances which are not altogether so much exposed to the publick View. He will by this Means discover that these great Machines are informed, turned and directed by the most minute Springs and Movements; that in many Instances, a menial Servant has the Management of their highest Concerns, and disposes of their Actions as he in his great Wisdom shall judge most convenient for them.

As my Cousin *Humphrey* and my self were taking a Walk in the *Park* the other Day, a Person of Note passed by us with an Air of Insolence and Contempt, attended by a very magnificent Equipage. He, with his usual Freedom, taking me aside, desired me to observe that fine Thing, and to give my Opinion of him. Observing me a little reserved upon the Matter, "*Isaac* (says he) with some Indignation, You are the greatest Coward in the World: Had I put the same Question to you upon Fifty others of Five hundred Times the Worth of inferior Rank, you would have made no Scruple of speaking your Sentiments. I will tell you then; That Gentleman you see there, is one Way or other in Subjection to every one of those Fellows that dangle after him. I happen (continued he) to be well acquainted in his Family, in which there is a Chain of Interests carried on after the following Manner: The Steward, who is an old Servant, and has cheated his Master Time out of Mind, has the entire Government of him. The Housekeeper has a Hank, as they call it, over the Steward, and makes singular Use of him in all impertinent Affairs. The



' The Page has no less Interest in the House-keeper, at the same Time that he is himself in Love with the Chambermaid. *Rose*, for that is her Name, professes a Passion for *Tom* the Footman, who is deeply smitten with dirty *Moll* the Kitchen Wench. The latter of these has in Conclusion a great Sway in whatever Cases she thinks fit to exert her Interest, which, if she were made sensible of it, would undoubtedly afford her no small Comfort under the constant Hurry and Fatigue of her painful Occupation.

Having but little Knowledge of great Families, I was not before aware that this Scheme of Government was received amongst them; but in the Compass of my own Acquaintance I have seldom seen it otherwise. Old Major *Matchlock*, I remember, was a very blustering Fellow over a Bottle, and withal made a good terrible Figure at the Head of a Company; but within his own Doors he behaved himself with great Pusillanimity, and paid the utmost Subjection to an ancient Maid, whom in less than Forty Years he had raised from raking in a Heap of Cinders, to the Superintendancy over all his domestick Affairs. I am not in my own Nature much addicted to Fear, yet I cannot but confess that I stand in Awe of my old Servant *Mary*. She happens to be of a mild Disposition, which makes her Authority sit the more easy upon me; but if it were otherwise, I do not presume that I should have Courage enough to make Head against her. As she has few other Favourites or Companions than my Dog and tabby Cat, there is no Danger of her leading me into any Absurdities on their Behalf.

I am very much obliged to the Person who sends me the following Letter, and shall comply with the Instances made therein to the utmost of my Power.

S I R,

*From the West, April 13.*

AT this Distance from other Entertainments, I am not a little beholden to that which your Paper affords me; insomuch that I drink your Health in a Bumper of Manufacture every Day of my Life, and next in Order to those of very great Consequence to the Nation. Two or Three of my Children who are learning to read have their Lessons set in your *Tatler*, though I had some Difficulty to carry that Point from their Governante, who stickled hard for the *Primmer*. I have had Two or Three Quarrels with my Wife's Woman for putting Thread in your Paper, and had like to have turned away my Butler for setting up Candles in it. In a Word, Sir, I pay all imaginable Respect to your Works, and would be glad to have Opportunity of shewing it to your Person. I flatter my self therefore, that you will give me Leave, after these Professions of my Esteem and Veneration for you, to make a Request in Behalf of my self and many other your Admirers in these Parts. We find our selves every Post-Night involved in such a Multiplicity of News-Papers, that we know not which to consult first, nor at last which of them to give any Credit to. The *Tatler* was formerly wont to determine our Choice in this Matter, by giving us a Summary of the most material Occurrences in a clear and intelligible Style, which, except in the *Gazette*, is now not to be had for Love nor Money.

It.

' It is therefore our humble Petition, that you  
' would renew this so laudable a Practice,  
' which, if you please to comply with, I ven-  
' ture to assure you in the Name of the whole  
' Neighbourhood, that we will at our next  
' Meeting hold a Day of Thanksgiving on that  
' Account, and conclude the Evening with a  
' Bonfire of *Dawks's*, *Dyer's*, and *Post-Boys*. I  
' am,

S I R,

(With the truest Respect)

Your most Obligated,

And most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

J. E.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 18.

Last Night Captain *Powel* came Express from the Lord *Raby*, with an Account, That the Emperor died on the 17th, N.S. of the Small-Pox. On the 16th he was in so fair a Way of Recovery, that they judg'd him to be out of Danger; whereupon Prince *Eugene* set out for the *Hague*, and was got two Days Journey on this Side of *Vienna*, before the News, which was dispatched the next Day, could overtake him.

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The T A T L E R. [N<sup>o</sup> 40.]

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*Nec Vox Hominum sonat.* Virg.

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From *Thursd. April 19.* to *Saturd. April 21.* 1711.

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*From my own Apartment, April 20.*

There is nothing more shocking to a generous Mind, than to see his Labours rendered vain and fruitless. I once flattered myself with the happy Effects of my Censorship, and thought the Influence of *Isaac Bickerstaff* had so generally obtain'd through the United Kingdoms of *Great Britain*, that there was nothing remaining but the Fruits and Glory of the Conquest. But such is the Misfortune of a publick Character ! I have no sooner routed and disarmed the Enemy in one Quarter of my Dominions, exposed the Vice and Folly of Mankind in one Particular, but I find my self engaged in a fresh Dispute ; as if my Authority was not so universally received as I imagin'd, as if the People of this Island thought me only *de Facto*, and not *de Jure*, Censor. By my Age and Experience I have hitherto put a Stop to the growing Evil : But there is a Race of Creatures sprung up (by their Frame and Complexion resembling Men) which are as far above my Understanding, as they are real Objects of my Concern. It grieves me to see the Bull, the

the Bear, the Lion, stalking in a humane Form. I am in Pain to find something so like my self sending forth nothing but *Brutal* Accents, as if all Joy and Grief consisted in the Quantity of Sound, and there was no Way to express the Dictates and Sentiments of Nature but by being tumultuous. These Men, if I may be allowed to call them so, seem weary of being at the Fag-End of the Rational Species, and think they shall make tolerable good Figures under another Character. I will refer the Examination of this Particular to another Paper, and insert the Letter which gave Occasion to the Reflection.

To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

S I R,

A MONG the many Benefits which Mankind has received from your Lucubrations, that of improving and polishing our Conversation has been none of the least. Your distinguishing the different Characters of Men by the Instruments of Harmony, has given most an Inclination to be musical; each preparing and hoping to appear in a better Class. This innocent Ambition has had an Effect even on the lowest Kind, and I have known some Drums, despairing of ever getting a finer Note, content to be silent; a great Negative Blessing to those unhappy Gentlemen who were sometimes condemned to be Part of their Audience! But, Sir, there is Need of a farther Reformation, there are some People who have formed to themselves a Sound that comes under no Denomination you have yet imparted to the World; indeed there are not many of this Sect, nor should I

take

' take any Notice of them, but that I have ve-  
 ' ry lately observed they begin to get Con-  
 ' verts. These noisy Men have their Fits come  
 ' upon them very constantly, and with very  
 ' little Intermision, yet they can be sometimes  
 ' articulate; but then I don't observe those  
 ' Tokens of Mirth which they show at the End  
 ' of the Paroxysm. I have seen one of them  
 ' jump out of his Chair, and suddenly getting  
 ' his Legs from the Ground five or six Times,  
 ' make such a Noise as Nature gave us not  
 ' Ears to receive, which has ended in about  
 ' Seven Minutes in a strong loud Laugh, ac-  
 ' companied with the rest of the Sect, if there  
 ' be any present, (for the Fit often takes 'em a-  
 ' mong Strangers) who join in the Chorus. I  
 ' have seen your great Masters of Noise, Fox-  
 ' hunters, Bombardiers, Gunners of all Kinds,  
 ' Sailers, who are Judges of Storms, amazed  
 ' at their prodigious Vociferation. I should  
 ' take them to be something Enthusiastical, but  
 ' there is no Shew of Religion among them.  
 ' The *Hottentots*, (a *Free People*) as the *Dutch*  
 ' Travellers tell us, come near them in Sound,  
 ' but with less Impetuosity. From their Agi-  
 ' tation they may pass for *French* Prophets, but  
 ' I think they deserve neither *Toleration* nor  
 ' *Indulgence*. There have been Arguments us'd  
 ' by Men of Wit, and God knows of Probity,  
 ' to support all the Follies that have appeared  
 ' in the World. Mr. *Herbert*, an old solemn  
 ' Bard of our own, a Defender of Joking to the  
 ' last Extent, has observed, *That every Thing is*  
 ' *big with Jest, and has Wit in it, if you can*  
 ' *find it out*. I neither doubt your Power Phy-  
 ' tically, Astrologically, or Mathematically;  
 ' yet if you can reduce these Sounds into any  
 ' Compass, if you can form any Figure to ex-  
 ' press something inarticulate, though the Dis-  
 ' quisition

'quisition may not entertain the Multitude, do  
'the fair Thing, and forgive a Friend, who  
'begs of you even to make our Monsters agree-  
'able.

Dear Isaac,

Yours, &c.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*Dr. Proteus of Wadham-College has, with the  
greatest Humanity, owned the Mistake he made  
upon Æsculapius's Roast. He was something  
perplexed and pleased to find himself a Cylinder  
after the warm Season, when he had so long been  
a Globe. He owns the Doctor's ambulatory Jack,  
Spit, Dripping-Pan, and is ready to subscribe to  
any Satisfaction that Æsculapius shall demand  
in Latin or English.*

*N. B. It is thought they will not pretend to  
commune in Greek.*

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The



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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 41.]

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*Regum æquabat Opes Animo.* Hor.

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From *Saturd. April 21.* to *Tuesd. April 24.* 1711.

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*From my own Apartment, April 23.*

I AM oblig'd to visit my old Friend *Hortensius* every *April*, when his *Auricula's* are in Blossom. He tells me, he should be as much disappointed if his Friends did not come and see him while his Garden is in its Pride, as a fine Lady would be on her Day, if no Body came to admire how well she was lighted up.

I went down on *Monday* last to his House. It was almost dark when I arrived, and I found my Friend watering his Pots with his own Hand, and covering the choicest of them with Glasses, lest the Inclemency of one Frosty Night, in so uncertain a Climate as ours is, should shorten the Duration of a Pleasure which is but too Transitory even in its longest Continuance. He bid me welcome to his Hermitage, and conducted me with *Aude, Hospes, contemnere Opes*, to an elegant little Supper, a good Part of which was the Product of his Garden. After the Cloth was taken away, 'Mr. *Bickerstaff*, said he, I fancy you look with a good deal of Contempt upon our Country Amusements: Is it not very odd to find me doing the same Thing to Night, that

I did

' I did Forty Years ago? Not at all, replied I, I don't  
 ' think Individuals either grow better or worse  
 ' after One and Twenty; and I am no more  
 ' surprized to find you diverted with an agree-  
 ' able innocent Employment Forty Years toge-  
 ' ther, than I should be Forty Years hence (if  
 ' it were possible I could live so long) to find  
 ' those who are now young Fops to be grown  
 ' old ones, or those that are young Knaves to  
 ' be grown more experienc'd: For since People  
 ' don't grow weary of their Faults, I see no  
 ' Reason why they should grow weary of their  
 ' Pleasures, at least of such Pleasures as don't  
 ' grow weary of them. Ah! dear *Isaac*, said  
 ' my Friend, there's the Point, to find out  
 ' some Entertainment that will not find out  
 ' that we grow old, and such a one I believe  
 ' I have made Choice of. By that Means I  
 ' converse daily with the gawdiest Part of the  
 ' Creation; for since there is no Body here to  
 ' tell it again to the Toasts, I must own to you,  
 ' that I think Nature has been no where so la-  
 ' vish of her Beauties, as amongst the Birds  
 ' and Flowers. Harmonious Voices, sweet  
 ' Breaths, fine Complexions, blooming Youth,  
 ' and then for Constancy, (one of my poor  
 ' Turtles is dying of a Widowhood) Where  
 ' will you match me these in the rest of the  
 ' World? You durst not talk at that Rate, re-  
 ' ply'd I, nor I hear you, but at the Age of Se-  
 ' venty, though it is natural for every one to  
 ' give as much Dignity as he can to whatever  
 ' he is fond of. Dignity! interrupted *Hortensius*  
 ' a little warmly, we want no Dignity, or  
 ' at least we need not strain a Point for it.  
 ' Pray, Friend *Isaac*, when Man was made lit-  
 ' tle lower than the Angels, what was he? A  
 ' Prince, a General, or a Great Minister? Nei-  
 ' ther. He was a Gardiner. Pray what is it  
 ' that

' that distinguishes Man from Beasts? Why all  
 ' Philosophers say, Reason. Philosophers are  
 ' Puppies; if Man were distinguished from the  
 ' rest of the Creation by Reason, would he  
 ' not be distinguish'd by the noblest Operation  
 ' of Reason; the cultivating a virtuous Mind?  
 ' But how is that? Ask any of these Philoso-  
 ' phers for Examples of Cruelty, Lust, of  
 ' Avarice, of Disobedience to Parents, of Ra-  
 ' pine, of Ambition, of Treachery, of Cow-  
 ' ardice, of any Vice, they shall bring you  
 ' Instances of all these from Kings, Queens,  
 ' Generals, Popes, and even Philosophers them-  
 ' selves: But talk to them of Fidelity, they  
 ' quote you the Dog; of Piety to Parents, the  
 ' Stork; of Industry, the Ant and the Bee;  
 ' of Meekness, the Lamb; of Courage, the  
 ' Lion; and of Constancy, there my poor  
 ' Turtle comes in again. Oh! Reason is a  
 ' dainty Thing; I love that noble Distinction  
 ' mightily: 'Tis almost as good as Ridibility.  
 ' Hold, dear *Hortensius*, said I, pray let us be  
 ' distinguished some Way or other, or let us  
 ' go naked as they do, and save Taylors Bills;  
 ' or rather let us get Hair and Feathers on our  
 ' Skins, for I doubt I should not like to walk  
 ' about pull'd neither." He smiled upon me,  
 and went on, "I design to distinguish for you  
 ' too: The true Distinction between Man and  
 ' Beast, and which *soli Homini convenit* is Gar-  
 ' dening. *Homo est Animal Horticolum*: Upon  
 ' that Condition you may differ from Beasts as  
 ' much as you please, and be as distinct a Spe-  
 ' cies as you can. But if you design to take  
 ' the Advantage of this Proposal, you must be-  
 ' gin by going to Bed early, that we may be  
 ' up to Morrow to enjoy the Sweets of the Mor-  
 ' ning, and therefore I'll wait on you to your  
 ' Chamber." The next Morning was so like  
 one

one in a Romance, that if it would not make this Paper too long, I could be content to describe it: About Seven a Clock my Friend came into my Chamber, and told me I was going to be very Happy as soon as I had drank my Chocolate, for every Thing conspired to make our Walk so pleasant, that, what with the Perfume of the Flowers, and the Harmony of the Birds, he questioned whether I would regret either the Smoak or the Noises of *London*. There were Two Parterres on either Side of the House, which were separated by a neat Espalier from the rest of the Garden. These were destined for the Reception of the Flowers of Quality, such as *Auricula's*, *Tulips*, *Anemonies*, *Ranunculus's*, and *Carnations*, who lived here removed from the Commerce of the People of Flowers which inhabit the Remainder of this vegetable Kingdom. My Friend was pleased to see me surprized with the Beauties of his Benches of *Auricula's*. He made me take particular Notice of Number I. which he told me was honoured with the Name of a Great Princess, and the rest of the Confederacy stood in their proper Places after her. The next Series my Friend enlarged more upon, finding I begun to tast the Entertainment, and made me remark a Flower which was a little overblown; but he told me it had been wonderfully fine in its Time, and whispered me in the Ear the Lady's Name it went by: "And what I value it for exceedingly, said he, is, That I have raised those Four Seedlings which stand next her from this Flower. There was a Fifth, but I could not preserve it: If we had not such Losses, we should be too happy." In short, he went on with above Fifty fine Ladies one after another, and I believe would never have given off if I had not interrupted him,

by

by asking him how his Flowers came to be all of a Party, and saying that I did not think to have seen that Matter carried so far. "Why, said he, I don't know how that comes about, but we endeavour to fit our Flowers to our Faces and Characters, and this is done in a Manner by Election: But no Body need be without their Flower, for the *Daffodil* and *Piony* Kind stand empty for any Ladies that please to take them; and as any new ones come out amongst our better Flowers, if they will stand Candidates for them, I shall be very impartial. But we can't do so well by the Generals; they must have a Campaign in their Bellies, and can't be provided for till next Spring, and then they'll stand as fair as others." We took our Walk on through the rest of the Garden, at the lower End of which there was a little Trout Stream, with Benches by the Side of it. Here we sat down, and *Hortensius* asked me if I was not tired with such a sauntering Country Life. I assured him no, and wished I had it in my Power to invite him to such another Place. "Why really my Friend, said he, I passed a good Part of my Time in what the World calls Pursuit of Pleasure and Honour, and have found at last, that all those Things are nothing more than what I have in this little Brook, Noise and Motion.

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# The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 42.]

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*Tua Res agitur Paries cum proximus ardet.*

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From *Tuesd. April 24.* to *Thursd. April 26.* 1711.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
April 25.*

I WENT Two or Three Nights ago to *Brown's* Coffee-house to smook a Pipe, and talk of the Affairs of *Germany*, with my old Friend *Mr. Solomon Million*. As we were discoursing of Funds and Politicks, I observed a tall genteel Man come in, who made a very respectful Bow to *Million*, and stood at a Distance, but looked as if he had something to say to him. I made him take Notice of it. He twee'd at him a little, and said, "Friend, 'would you speak with me? Pray what's your 'Business?" He approached and whispered him, and then *Million* cry'd, "Why ay, and 'so I did; but we could not carry it for you: 'And so look'ee you must be contented. You 'lost it in good Company, that I must needs 'say; but it is not always — Here he coughed, and I, who had not recollected the Gentleman till then, perceived it was *Don Diego*. He had a Paper in his Hand, which he delivered *Million*, who looking upon it, shook his Head, and said, "This is not in our Way; 'but

‘ but my worthy Friend Muster *Bickerstaff* (I  
 ‘ may be allowed to name him on this Occa-  
 ‘ sion) may do you a Kindness, if so be he’ll  
 ‘ recommend it to the World, which I hope he  
 ‘ will for my Sake.” The Paper was as  
 follows.

*To all Lovers and others within the Cities of  
 London and Westminster, and the Liberties  
 thereof.*

‘ **W** Hereas there have been great Com-  
 ‘ plaints at all Times of the Inconstan-  
 ‘ cies, Indiscretions, Inabilities, and Exorbi-  
 ‘ tances of the several Lovers within the Bills  
 ‘ of Mortality, and whereas the same do still  
 ‘ continue, notwithstanding the several Statutes  
 ‘ in those Cases had, made and provided, so  
 ‘ that often those who have gone to Bed in a  
 ‘ substantial, happy and reputable Condition,  
 ‘ have perhaps the next Morning, by some sud-  
 ‘ den unforeseen Accident, found themselves  
 ‘ stripped of all that was near and dear to  
 ‘ them, their Pleasure and Reputation: For  
 ‘ the preventing of which fatal Misfortunes for  
 ‘ the future, it is humbly proposed, That an  
 ‘ Office of Insurance for Lovers be erected, after  
 ‘ the Manner of the *Amicable Society*; where  
 ‘ all Persons subscribing the Policies, (which  
 ‘ will be ready by the First of *May* next, at  
 ‘ which Time the Books will likewise be open-  
 ‘ ed at the Sign of the *United Hearts* in  
 ‘ *St. Martin’s-Lane*) may be entitled to the  
 ‘ following Advantages:

‘ I. Any



' I. Any Lover may be insured *ad Valorem* for any Term of Years, or for Life, if required, for a reasonable *Premium*, to be settled by the Majority of the Subscribers at their First General Court, which is to be held as soon as One hundred thousand of either Sex have entered themselves of this Society, which, it is humbly presumed, may be in less than Twenty four Hours after the Books are opened.

' II. After such Subscription, and the Name entered in the Company's Books, the Persons who take a Policy, will be insured by the Sum of That their Lover shall neither deceive, forsake, nor betray them; and in case of Decay in Affection, which 'tis hoped will seldom happen, such Losses shall be made good by all the Members of this Society, who, upon due Notice, are to pay in their Quota to any such Claim within Eight Days at farthest.

' III. The Society will stand to all Repairs of the Persons subscribing, they having in Pay the best Artists of all Kinds for that Purpose, some of whom have been bred up at the Court of *France*, and procured the most valuable Cosmeticks there at a vast Expence; by which Means they will be able at a Minute's Warning, and in Two Hours Time, to scaffold up and new Point any Lady that apprehends falling to sudden Decay, and make her tenurable without Loss of Time, or Hindrance of Business.

' IV. Young

‘ IV. Young Men of Quality, and Officers of the Army, must be insured at pretty high Rates, they being liable to Bragging and Inconstancy; but Citizens, Seamen, and Country Gentlemen, will come at little or nothing.

‘ V. The Pleasures and Profits of this Society to be equally divided betwixt the Adventurers.

‘ VI. Any married Woman shall in this Office be deemed and taken as a Femme Sole, and may subscribe and enjoy to her own Use and Behoof such Policy or Policies, notwithstanding her Coverture; and in case of any Trouble from her Husband, or if any Divorce should be attempted, the whole Society are obliged to use their Interest against it, either in the Commons, or otherwise.

‘ VII. Any Adventurers in this Society, may by mutual Agreement, with the Consent of the Governor and Governess, and the Majority of the Four and twenty Directors, transfer their Right and Title in any Policy to any other Member of this Society.

‘ VIII. All Persons, at their Admission, to take an Oath to stand by and mutually assist each other against all malicious and censorious Tongues, who are always raising ill Reports, and misconstruing the most innocent Looks, to the great Disquiet of civil Families.

‘ IX. There

IX. There are to be Sworn-Appraisers of both Sexes, who are to take a Survey, and certify upon Oath, the true Values of the Persons subscribing.

Though I am far from taking this for a perfect Scheme, yet I think it does not deserve to be rejected at the first Reading; for perhaps something may be added in a Committee to make it of great Use.

I do therefore refer it to a Committee of the whole Town, who are to examine the Allegations, and report their Opinion; for I cannot but think that if something of this Kind could be done, it would be of universal Advantage, and might go a great Way towards extinguishing those Heats and Animosities which are amongst us, and put an effectual Stop to those wicked Emissaries that are continually busied in stirring up Jealousies and evil Reports among Her Majesty's loving Subjects.

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The

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 43.]

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— *Prisca redit Venus.* Hor.

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From *Thursd. April 26. to Saturd. April 28.* 1711.

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*From my own Apartment in Chammel-Row,  
April 27.*

ONE great Inducement to me in removing to this End of the Town, was for the Benefit of the Air in *St. James's Park*, where I usually take one Turn in the Morning, and if it be any Thing like Weather, another as soon as my Pipe is done after Dinner. In my Walk the other Day I met with so odd an Adventure, that I can't help being particular in the Relation of it; especially since, in Regard to Posterity, it may serve to clear up one of the most important Passages of my Life. Just by the *Cock-Pit*, at the *Privy-Garden* Door, there step'd up gently to me an ancientish Woman, in a little black Hood, a Whisk Band, and a Crape Gown, and in a soft low Voice calls to me, "Sir, I could never think it Charity to relieve your Street-Beggars: What little I do in that Kind, is chiefly to Charity-Schools, and decayed House-keepers. So on I walk'd, and she after me. 'But, Sir, says she again with a respectful 'Whisper, I am a Gentlewoman. Gentle or 'Simple, said I, that's nothing to me; Prithee, Woman,

Woman, be gone about thy Business: This is not a Place for you." When she had got me to answer her, she proceeds, "Sir, you look like a Gentleman; and my Case is really such, that if you knew but Half ——— I don't desire to know a Quarter," said I. But the Woman was so very civil, and withal so very importunate, that I could not help turning about to her; and with that she pulls Two or Three dirty torn Papers out of her Stays, and offers them me to read. "Pray Mistress, said I, what is it you would have of me? This is not a Place to read Papers in: But my Name is so, I live in such a Place, and if you think it worth your while to come to me when I have more Leisure, I'll hear what you have to say. I observed she changed Colour upon hearing my Name, and coming up closer to me, told me, "Nothing but the greatest Necessity could have brought her to this: Her Education, it was well known, had been above any such Thing, till the Frowns of Fortune had reduced her to this Condition. Why it is a strange Thing, said I, Mistress, that you won't take an Answer. "I tell you again that I have not for you, and let that suffice. Ah! dear Sir, said she, there was a Time when one of your Name would have given me a kinder Answer." This brought a Thousand confused Imaginations into my Head, and I felt something awakening within me that I could not account for. I stole a Look over my Shoulder, and saw her wiping a Pair of Eyes, that I thought I should not be a Stranger to, with a greasy Glove, and the Lappet of her Hood. I have no small Money about me, said I, but I'm just at Home, and made what Haste I could to my House." As I was going into my Parkour, I heard my Maid disputing the Door

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with her. “*Mary*, said I, let the Gentlewoman come in.” As soon as we were alone, I fix’d my Eye upon her, and ask’d her, “Pray what may your Name be? Ah! Mr. *Bickerstaff*, she replied, Is it possible you should have forgot me? But indeed the Troubles I have gone thro’ since you and I danced together at the Mayor’s Feast at *Litchfield*, would have altered a better Face than I could ever pretend to. Whatever Changes Time and Trouble may have made in you, said I, I’m sure it has not made so much in me, but that I am mightily concerned to know what has happened to you, since I am now assured you can be no other than Mrs. *Olivia Darkin*, for whom once I pass’d so many uneasy Minutes. Well, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, I must own— But pray sit down, said I—— And *Mary*, D’ye hear? Bring me a Pint of that Sack in the Corner, and bake a Toast. Well, pray go on. Why truly, Sir, as I was saying, I did perceive you had a Kindness for me; but alas! What could you expect of a giddy-headed young Thing as I was in those Days? For you must know, Sir, that Mr. *Mac-Carrot*, that you saw at our House, had engaged my Affections before I came from the Boarding-School; but I am sure I have lived to repent it every Vein of my Heart that ever I cross’d the Seas with him. In short, Sir, we were no sooner married, but he carried me over with him to the County of *Kerry*, where he had Relations who were well enough to pass, and what with their Assistance, and that little we had of our own, we made a pretty good Shift for some Years, ’till the War breaking out in *Ireland*, my Husband was too zealous for the Popish Interest, and entered into the Service of the late K--- J---. I told him

‘own

over and over what would come of it. He gave me no Answer, but that it was his Opinion, and he would stand and fall by it; and Child, said he, you are a Fool if you don't turn Catholick. Never talk on it, said I, I'll die a Thousand Deaths before I'll change my Religion, and so he never press'd me any more about it. But as I had foretold, so it happened, he was killed at the Siege of *Limerick*, and our House plundered; I may safely say they did not leave me the Value of this Rag to wind about my Finger." And then she burst out a Crying. "Ha! said I, this is a melancholy Story indeed; come, here's to you, I'll promise you 'tis a Glass of good Sack: But pray did his Relations do nothing for you? Relations! Ah Lord! said she, they were his Relations, not mine; and when he went, all went with him: You must think, Sir, I went to 'em, but they looked as coldly upon me as if I came to take the Bread out of their Mouths. At last, they agreed among 'em to take one of my Girls off my Hands, and gave me Five Pounds to carry me over to *England*. But when I came there, I was never the near, for I had anger'd all my Friends in Marrying; and I dare say some of 'em were glad to see me in such Necessity. At last an Aunt of mine sent me Word I should be welcome to her in *Staffordshire*, where, being a Widow, and old and infirm, I was serviceable to her in the Nature of her House-keeper. It pleased God she died in about Two Years after, and left me in Money and Goods to the Value of Four hundred Pounds. Upon this I pluck'd up a good Heart again, and had several Offers made me from substantial Farmers of good Repute in the Neighbourhood; but it



‘ was a Sort of Life I did not care for, and  
‘ having no Thoughts of altering my Condi-  
‘ tion, nothing would serve me but I must  
‘ come up to Town here ; and having a Stock  
‘ of Linen, and other good Things that my  
‘ Aunt left me, I hired a handsome House, and  
‘ took Lodgers. Well, why this put you in a  
‘ good Way again, said I, interrupting her.  
‘ Yes indeed, Sir, said she, I had several Par-  
‘ liament-Men and other very good Gentlemen  
‘ in my House, and lived as creditably as any  
‘ Body in my Employ ; so that in a few Years  
‘ I thought I should be able to do very well  
‘ for my Children. Pray what Children might  
‘ you have, said I, besides the Girl you were  
‘ mentioning in *Ireland*. I had a Son and  
‘ Daughter, said she, and as hopeful they  
‘ were, though I say it, as any Woman would  
‘ wish to be Mother of. But there was a Gen-  
‘ tleman in my House who belonged to the  
‘ Army, a civil Man to my thinking, as ever  
‘ came under any Body’s Roof. I never heard  
‘ an Oath come out of his Mouth, he paid me  
‘ punctually every *Monday* Morning, and was  
‘ so easy and contented, that I thought I could  
‘ never do enough for him. It seems, as I  
‘ found afterwards, he took a Liking to my  
‘ *Betty* ; and I believe there was no Love lost,  
‘ for I observed the Girl would go moping  
‘ about the House, and I would often say  
‘ to her, What’s come to you, Child ? Methinks  
‘ you take no Pleasure in any Thing you do.  
‘ She would make me no Answer ; but one  
‘ Day, as we were alone, I put it Home to  
‘ her, and then she up and told me the  
‘ whole Story, that she had been over-per-  
‘ suaded by the Captain, and was so far gone  
‘ that it was in vain to conceal it any longer.  
‘ Soon after she was delivered of a fine Boy,

and as soon as she was up, Well, Mother, says she, I will not live here to be a Disgrace to you, I'll try my Fortune in the *Indies*. So I agreed with a *West-India* Captain of my Acquaintance, since the Girl had such a Mind to travel into foreign Parts; but the first News I had by the Return of the Ships was, that she died of the Distemper of the Country. Still I was in Hopes my Son *Joseph* would do well; but he was got in with an idle Gang, who would send for him at all Hours in the Night. I was fond of him, and sed him with Money till I was almost reduced again, in Hopes to reclaim him by fair Means: At other Times I would talk to him seriously, and tell him he had had another Sort of an Education: But nothing would do; I found I was but a Woman; he would give me the Hearing, and then away to his Comrades. But one Day above the rest, there was a great Noise of a Robbery and Murder that had been committed upon *Bagshot-Heath*, and my Son, among others, was taken up and carried to *Newgate*. Upon his Tryal, he confessed he was among them, and was found guilty; but he declared with his last Breath, he was not concerned in the Murder. I was with him every Day after his Condemnation. He told me all along he was willing to die; but I did what I could with Money and Friends, till I had nothing left, to get his Pardon; and a Gentleman who belonged to the Court, and had formerly been my Lodger, gave me Hopes to the last, and bid me fear nothing, for that my Son should not suffer. To keep him in Heart, I told him we should get a Reprieve: But when he found he must go into the Cart, he fixed his Eyes stedfastly upon me, and only said, Mo-

‘ther, is it come to this? I repented afterwards  
‘that I had deluded my poor Child with vain  
‘Promises; for he relied so much upon them,  
‘that I am afraid he did not make so good an  
‘End as he should have done. It was a bad  
‘End indeed, said I, for an only Son; but  
‘Children, you know, are certain Troubles,  
‘and uncertain Comforts: However, what’s  
‘past can’t be recalled. I am sorry for your  
‘Misfortunes; but pray tell me, Do you want  
‘any little Assistance that I can give you? Sir,  
‘said she, I’ll conceal nothing from you; I  
‘want for nothing: I have between Six and  
‘Seven Hundred Pounds by me, which I have  
‘pick’d up in this Way, and hope that will put  
‘me above Dependence for the rest of my  
‘Life.” I drank again to her to renew our old  
Acquaintance, and so we parted. She left me  
so full of Reflections upon the Escape I had  
had when I would have married her, that I  
could not sleep a Wink that Night.

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The T A T L E R. [N<sup>o</sup> 44.]

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*Sunt quos curriculo Pulverem Olympicum  
Collegisse juvat ; Metaque fervidis  
Evitata Rotis, Palmaque nobilis  
Terrarum Dominos evehit ad Deos. Hor.*

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From *Saturd. April 28.* to *Tuesd. May 1. 1711.*

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
April 30.*

EVER since I have taken upon me the Office of Censor of *Great Britain*, it has been my principal Care to guard my self against all Manner of just Reproaches, which might deprettiate those wholesome Maxims which I every Day distribute to the Publick, and to fence against all those Vices which render old Age contemptible. And 'tis wholly owing to this that I have never fallen into that common Weakness of finding Fault with the present only for an Excuse to cry up the last Age. I must own I have had a great Itch to do it, but as I weigh every Thing before I attempt doing it, I find upon mature Deliberation, that ge-

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nerally speaking the Age is virtuously inclined, and that what Faults it has proceed chiefly from excellent Principles, and might be made Virtues with a very little Trouble. For, in the first Place, I observe that Part of Mankind, where one would least expect it, to be wonderfully inclined to Oeconomy ; I mean the Young and the Fair of Quality. No Frost, Snow, nor East Wind, can hinder a large Set of People from going to the Park in *February*, no Dust nor Heat in *June*. And this is come to such an intrepid Regularity, that those agreeable Creatures that would shriek at an hind Wheel in a deep Gutter, are not afraid, in their proper Sphere, of the Disorder and Danger of Seven Rings. But as the City does generally value it self upon out-doing t<sup>o</sup>ther End of the Town in these Matters, so I have long observed, with infinite Satisfaction, a certain Coach, which I esteem particularly. It belongs to a worthy Trader in or near *Well-Close*, and no Disparagement to *Charles's-Wain*, it keeps its Course as regularly as any Fix'd Star of 'em all. The Family to which this wondrous Automaton belongs, goes to Dinner as soon as Morning Service is over, they set out in the Cool of the Noon, about Half an Hour after Twelve, and, according to the Rule of discreet Travellers, make the Coachman drive slowly at first, by which they have Two Advantages ; one, that they see all the Company go to Church in the City, and the other, that their Horses have Time to empty themselves. At *Charing-Cross* they stop and give the Cattel a Mouthful of Hay, have a cool Tankard, or the like, and any of the Gentlewomen that have Occasion step out of the Coach. By the End of *Suffolk-street* they mend their Pace, and get

get into a tolerable Trot, which brings them so happily to the farthest Part of their Journey, and in such good Time, that they are there as soon as the best of 'em. I remember last Year I was over-against *Northumberland House* when this Caravan repos'd there; they were Five of the Fair Sex, Three pretty fat ones, one very fat, and a lean one. They were all sure of the Thousand Pounds a Year in the Lottery, and almost fell out about their several Ways of Disposing of it. The fattest of them said, "If it should please God to take away her Master, she would not change her Condition tho' she should get the Thousand Pounds a Year, but would lay it up to make her Children love her; but if they should prove undutiful, she could not tell how far she might be prevailed upon; but an't please God she'd never marry a Seaman again, she'd have no more Frights and Twitters at every puff of Wind." The next in Size to her Ladiship said, "Laud Mother, Why to be sure, Forsooth, you won't have it; you'll have enough without it. Child, said her Mother, Will you never leave off that ugly Trick?" Can't you call a Body, Madam? I wou'd to God I had sent you to *Chelfsey* instead of *Stepney*, but 'twas such a great Way off. Prithee, Sister, don't fright your self, says another, I shall have it mun; for I was adreamed, and so methought there came a fine Gentleman to me, in a Cinnamon-colour'd Coat and Gold Buttons, and a long Wig, and a Gold Chain about his Neck, and so he ax'd me to go with him to his Country-House at *Grinitch*, and methought he had my Lord Mayor's Bage and Tisdale, and the City Musick, and he said as how 'twas because I had a great Fortin.

• The Third said, she was sure she should have  
• it, because she had a Mind to it ; and if she  
• got it, she'd come away immediately to that  
• very Coffee-house yonder, and send for one  
• of those young Officers out, and marry him  
• immediately ; and then, Madam, I'll come  
• and wait upon you in my Glass Chariot, and  
• pass my Time like a little Queen. Ah, *Maid* !  
• said the old one, thou art a mad Girl ; thou'dst  
• think on't twice ——— Ay so I shall Forty  
• Times, said she ; till the Lottery is drawn, I  
• shall do nothing but think on't : But Sister  
• *Rachel* says nothing. Why, says the lean  
• one, I'm satisfied none of you will have it,  
• for 'tis come into my Head just now that I  
• shall have it my self ; and I'll take a House  
• in *Devonshire-Square*, and get a Set to play  
• all Day long at *Lue*, and never marry, but  
• despise Mankind ; though now I think on't,  
• if any of you have a Girl to my Mind, per-  
• haps I may breed her up, and when I die,  
• leave her all I have, and then she may be  
• married to a Lord : Look'ee there now." It  
grieved me mightily to see the Coach drive a-  
way at this Period, and I could not but make  
this Reflection : How Five People could be  
fanguine enough to expect the great Lot,  
which was One hundred and fifty thousand  
to One whether either of them had it, and of  
the many Thousand Owners of Coaches in and  
about this great City, not one of them was  
afraid of having their Necks broke at the *Park*,  
where the Odds are not above Two hundred  
at most ; nay, Folks are glad to borrow a  
Chance for being crippled. I concluded with  
my self, that those who come from the wary  
Part of the Town, had perhaps had the Precau-  
tion to insure in *Exchange-Alley*, without which  
I thought



I thought it impossible Ladies should venture to travel so far to run such Dangers ; for we may perceive by the Number of Offices now in Town, that it is no longer in Fashion to ride Post to Sieges : But the Mystery was soon explained as to these *Well-Close* Pilgrims ; for that very Evening my honest Friend *Faber* would needs take me from *St. James's Park* with him to eat a cold Chicken and Sallad, and drink a Flask of *Flurricane*, as he calls it ; and as we were looking out at Window in the *Pall-Mall*, and seeing the Coaches going to the *Park*, I saw my Lady and her Daughters return. I had an Inclination to smile at first ; but upon Reflection, I could not but admire the Sagacity of those People, who (having a great Way to go) come out of the *Park* when others are going in. for by that Means they see all the Company, and avoid all the Danger.

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# The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 45.]

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*Potanda ferens Infantibus Ubera magnis. Juv.*

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From *Tuesd. May 1.* to *Thursd. May 3.* 1711.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
May 2.*

I Cannot without Admiration behold the forward Pretensions of the Youth of this Age, wherein we daily find Boys exerting the very first Operations of their Minds in the most abstruse Parts of Learning; so that one would think the Souls of their Great Grandfathers had transmigrated into them. This præcocious Wit, as it is very unbecoming in the Presence of a Man of my Years, so is it likewise very ominous to the Persons who are possessed with it; for they are generally short-liv'd, and give Occasion to their Mothers to say, The poor Child had too much Sense to live long. It is therefore my Opinion, That this great Vice takes its Beginning entirely from taking Children too soon from the Breast, and admitting them so early to the Use of a luxurious Variety in their Food, which forces an Understanding before its due Time. I have therefore, from a  
long

long Observation amongst young Fellows, as I find them in their Conversation, and according to the Subjects which they handle, been able to tell the very Day when the Nurse applied the bitter Drug to the Nipple, to give them an Aversion to Sucking. There was a Law among that wise People the *Romans*, That no Man should kill above Thirty Asles at a Time for a Banquet ; and the Reason was, that they being a Creature then esteemed a great Dainty, and a vast Consumption of them, there was found at length a great Defect of their Milk for the Education of the Offspring of the Commonwealth, to the unspeakable Pain and Labour of the good Women, who were otherwise obliged to suckle their Children till they should be fit to carry Arms in Defence of their Country. I have therefore, out of a due Respect to such an excellent Example, and to prevent the Inconveniencies of these too early Essays in Things of sublime Science, ordered the ingenious Mr. *Charles Bubbleboy* to get made for the Use of the Publick, from Time to Time, a sufficient Number of Sucking-Bottles, which all young Fellows under the Age of Twenty are to hang with a Chain about their Necks. And I likewise ordain, That when any Person under the Age above written shall presume to launch out of his Depth in Theoretical Learning, it shall be in the Power of any By-stander, to apply the Bottle to his Mouth, and make him suck.

I hope by this Simplicity of Diet in some reasonable Time so far to reform the Manners of Youth in Conversation, that no one under the Age aforementioned shall presume to exceed the Limits of Grammatical Learning in Discourse ; and likewise to augment the  
Strength

Strength and Stature of my Countrymen, as well as their Understandings.

It has ever been the Custom of our Family to bring up their Children without endeavouring to improve their Minds till their Bodies were grown to a full Maturity, and we were suffered as it were to lie fallow without any Cultivation, till the Soil was rich enough to give a full Vigour and Extension to the Seed that should be sown in it. For this Reason I was looked upon as a meer Idiot all the Time of my Childhood, and lived in a State of Admiration to an Age wherein others are wont to exert egregious Signs of Wisdom. I remember very well, that I sucked my Mother till I was able to carry my Cradle on my Back, and could not speak a Word till I was Ten Years old, being a perfect *Pythagorean* by Nature, and always more inclinable to hear than talk, till I grew so full of Conceptions, that at last I was obliged to give Vent by Writing, as my Thoughts oppress'd me, the Delivery of which hath had that wonderful Effect as to make me arrive at the Dignity of being Censor of *Great Britain*.

#### A D V E R T I S E M E N T S.

*In Consideration that my Sucking-Bottles are to be of General Use, and adapted to the various Fancy of Youth; as to the ornamental Part, I have given my Friend Charles full Liberty to indulge every one in their Humour as to the Materials which they shall be made of, provided they hold full Quarts each; and he has promis'd me on his Word and Honour, that he will be contented with a living Profit, out of an entire Respect to the Publick Good.*

Arthur

Arthur Rattle and Jack Feather, (Two young Heroes just entered into a Course of Town-Gallantry) will attend as usual, Three Times a Week, at Sadlers-Wells, to perform the Parts of compleat Rakes, just after the Cobbler is acted. They also shew the best Method to make quick Dispatch of the Fortunes both of an elder Brother deceased, and of an Infant under Guardianship; the one soon after, the other before, he be in Possession; and that without the tedious Way of doing it reputably.

N. B. They hope speedily to be qualified for Master Actors in the said Comical Society, having already learned, and performed (in publick) the Cobbler's Song, with great Applause.

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 46.]

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(Terram,

*Dii Majorum Umbris tenuem, & sine Pondere  
Spirantesque Crocos, & in Urna perpetuum Ver,  
Qui Præceptorem Sancti voluere Parentis  
Esse Loco. — — — — — Juvenal.*

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From Thursday May 3. to Saturday May 5. 1711.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
May 4.*

MY Curiosity led me the other Day to be present at the Election at *Westminster School*, where I met with an Entertainment of Juvenile Exercises suitable to my Expectation, and observed with great Satisfaction those pretty Velitations of Wit, which may be called the politer Parts of Grammatical Learning, and are the promising Preludes of future Perfections in the sublime Sciences. Those little Epigrammatical Flowers, in which you behold Poetry in her Spring, very various in her Array of Colours, but not daring yet to shoot high from the Earth, which were then offered up as First Fruits to the Great *Harleus*, as they shew their own Inability of soaring high enough, yet they do in some Measure point at that immense Height of Praise, which should be equal to

the Subject commended, and which ought to be the particular Province of an Epick Poet.

When I first entered the School, I was struck with a becoming Awe and Veneration to so sacred a Place, and the Dignity of the Person presiding in it, not without a due Regard to the *Fasces*, which are the Symbol of his Authority. I could not then forbear taking the Person and Office of a Schoolmaster into a nearer Consideration, and to propose him to my Mind in the Abstract, with a View of what he teaches.

A Schoolmaster is a compleat Treasury of chosen Words from Classick Authors, the very Composition of whose Body does not seem to owe it self so much to the Four Physicall Elements, as to the Four and twenty Letters of the Alphabet; and yet with so little Confusion in his Contexture, that he shall be able, as it were, to unravel his whole Substance into Idioms, Proper Diction, Golden Sentences, Verses, Themes, and Declamations. You would think the Oeconomy of his House was directed entirely according to the Three Special Rules, and that the Book of Tenses served for a Clock to it. His proper Business is to teach Grammar, which he distributes as sound Aliment to his Scholars, giving every one such a Portion for a Meal, and with that Impartiality, that no one complains of having too little.

Whilst I was amusing my self with these Thoughts, which to some may seem too ludicrous on so grave a Subject, (though I profess it is far from my Intention to lessen the Idea of so excellent a Function) I was diverted from further prosecuting the Character, by being obliged



ged to take Notice of Three or Four spruce young Fellows, that walked about the School and seemed to affect an Air of Thoughtlessness. They twirled round their Gloves with great Indifference, looked serene, wore Bob-Wigs, clean Sleeves, and their Coats were generally about six Inches too short, and seemed not at all to give Attention to the excellent Things that were spoke. These I found to be young Students lately returned from *Oxford*, who would not condescend to be pleased with such Trifles, exerting at the same Time several Lines in their Faces to signify a superior Excellence in versifying, and looking down with a Sort of Pity on those that admired the present Performances.

Interpersed here and there in several Corners of the School, you might have seen some Fellows of the same Stamp, but something ancients Date, with a very profound Look, biting their Thumbs, and scratching their Heads. Others with their Faces lifted up horizontally to the Ceiling; and here and there a Man that required only, for the Assistance of his Invention, a Bit of Packthread, or a Pin to play with between his Fingers.

These Fellows, I found, were endeavouring to revive their Muse long since extinct, and desirous of being catch'd in a Posture of intending something for the Use of the young Candidates. These Rogues I could not bear with, for that I feared they might defraud the young Gentlemen of their due Praise, by a false Opinion that might be conceived of their Service; whereas it is very natural to think, that Exercises of this Nature are proper only to Youth, who by a peculiar Heat and Vivacity are rendered

der'd capable of that Quickness of Apprehension which is necessary to produce those extemporaneous and amazing Flights of Fancy.

I left the School with some Indignation, and came down into the Cloysters, where I surprized the Great (tho' unfriendly to the Muses) *Johannes Kelleus*, just descended from the Room where the Company had dined, stuffing into his Pockets the Leg of a Lobster, the Carcass of a Green Goose, and a great Lump of Pudding.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Ordered, That the abovesaid *Johannes Kelleus*, as a Punishment to be inflicted on him for his said Contempt of the Muses, be forthwith required to suck again for a Twelvemonth, and that *Charles Bubbleboy* do with all Speed provide him a Sucking-Bottle that shall hold Two Quarts, void of all Ornaments.

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The TATTLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 47.]

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*Sic Canibus Catulos similes.* ——— Virg.

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From Saturday May 5. to Tuesday May 8. 1711.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
May 7.*

W H E N I was last at Oxford about Seven or Eight and twenty Years ago, I had struck up a great Friendship with Two very brisk Sportsmen, Fellows of All-Souls College, *Charles Oppian* and *Gratius Faliscus*. They each of them kept their Brace of Geldings. We used to hunt Three Times a Week with Dr. *Hammond's* Hounds, and generally passed the Evenings together. We kept a Correspondence very regularly for some Months after I left the University, but by little and little it dwindled away, and I thought they had been both dead, till upon publishing my Papers our Acquaintance revived again, and they often send me a Hare or a Pike to put me in Mind of

of the happy Moments we formerly enjoyed at  
*sol. Harding's*. This which follows came with  
 a Present, and may serve as a Specimen to  
 shew the World what an odd Way of Think-  
 ing a Man of very good Sense may contract,  
 who has no Commerce with any Thing but  
 his Books, and his own Imagination.

To Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

*Oxford, April 30. from the  
 University Library.*

S I R,

Y O U were pleas'd some Time since to  
 make several Parts of Mankind the  
 Instruments of much Mirth to the Town,  
 and to debase humane Nature so low, as to  
 inclose several Persons in Viols and Harpsi-  
 cords, for no other End but to play upon  
 them. I would be glad one Part of the  
 World could be diverted without the other's  
 paying the Expence of it, and I have such a  
 general Good-Will to every Thing that has  
 Life, that I cannot see any of my Fellow  
 Creatures abused without a very sensible  
 Concern. The ill Usage of Dogs (notwith-  
 standing their Fidelity, which ought to have  
 gain'd them the Esteem of all honest Men)  
 is so notorious, that 'tis become a Proverb;  
 and I have long had a Design of vindicating  
 these Animals in a regular Treatise, in which  
 I would oppose them to several Ranks of  
 Men, and impartially examine the Merits on  
 both Sides, and decide according to Justice:  
 But as my Business at present will not permit  
 me to enter into so large a Field as that Disqui-  
 sition, I have sent you up some Heads,  
 which

‘ which I would be obliged to you if you  
‘ would be pleased to recommend them to  
‘ the learned World, in order to stir up some  
‘ abler Pen to prosecute and finish this desirable Work.

‘ I observe first, That *Bear-Dogs* are a stay’d  
‘ Sort of grave dull Animals, and I fancy not  
‘ much inferior to some Country Justices.

‘ *Bull-Dogs*, though they have neither Fear  
‘ nor Wit, yet being apt to fall upon any  
‘ Thing that’s tied to a Stake, and to  
‘ make their Teeth meet when they have  
‘ any, might be usefully employed as Executioners of Justice against publick Mismanagers.

‘ *French Spaniels*, who generally profess  
‘ the Doctrine of Passive Obedience, would  
‘ make as good Courtiers as Setters; for they  
‘ will lie still while a Net is drawn over them,  
‘ though they are caught themselves in it, and  
‘ will not stir, in Hopes of having a dead  
‘ Bird flung to them to mumble.

‘ There are many Curs of all Denominations,  
‘ that allow Resistance in the extreamest  
‘ Necessity: These are called Mad Dogs by  
‘ the other Whelps, in hopes to get ’em  
‘ knocked on the Head; but People don’t  
‘ rise upon them, notwithstanding the Outcry,  
‘ because they do not take ’em to be Driv’lers.

‘ *Turnspits*. An industrious short-legged Race  
‘ of Puppies, that run round in a Ring to  
‘ get an honest Livelihood, are the Mechanical  
‘ nicks;

nicks ; and by their Spinning support the Roastmeat-Manufacture.

' *Greyhounds*, that are good for nothing but to tumble Beds, lie by the Fire, or divert themselves, I take to be Dogs of Quality.

' *Fep-Dogs* are *Italian Greyhounds*, *Dutch Mastives*, and *Shocks*. These are the Beaux, Smarts, and Dappers.

' *Fox-Hounds* and *Beagles* are the Militia, who pursue their Enemies very eagerly, provided they run away from 'em.

' *Peasants*. *Vide* Four Dogs in *Drury-Lane* that ploughed an Acre of Ground, quoted by Dr. King.

' There are a proggings, dexterous, insinuating Sort of Dogs, that are very prone to come over a Stick, and to do whatever they are bid, called *Danish Dogs*: These excel all the rest in Understanding, and if it were not for one Fault, would make admirable Ministers of State ; but unfortunately, they are honest.

' N. B. As there is neither Immorality nor Money amongst these Animals, there are no Dogs of the Long Robe.

' I would not have any of the several Professions I have spoke of take it ill that I have rank'd these Creatures with them, nor think it any Disparagement if I declare it to be my Opinion that I have done them a very great Honour ; for there is a Dignity of Nature  
' among

“ among Dogs which Men must not pretend to  
“ And I appeal to you, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, and to  
“ every Body else, whether they have not  
“ known some of all Professions that have pass’d  
“ for very Great Men, who in Reality were but  
“ very *Sad Dogs*. I am,

*Your most humble Servant,*

Gratius Faliscus

“ Your old Friend, honest *Oppian*, is still  
“ alive, and desires you to send him the Game-  
“ Act as soon as ’tis printed. You should not  
“ have called Sharpers, Dogs.

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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 48.

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—— *Facies non omnibus una est,*  
*Nec diversa tamen.* —— Ovid.

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From Tuesday May 8. to Thursday May 10. 1711.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,*  
*May 9.*

WHEN I was formerly an Oxford Scholar, I had the Honour of being Mace-bearer to the Club of Ugly Faces for several Years together; and I remember it was of very great Use to me in those Times, for as I had never any Money in my Pocket to spend, so neither had I any Occasion for it, it being a standing Rule in the Club, always to run away without paying the Reckoning; as it was also, that we should never come to the same House twice. I remember several excellent Discourses had in that Society in Praise of Deformity: It was generally defin'd to be a sportive Deviation of Nature, when she exercised her Plastick Faculty in the Formation of Man, to distinguish her Favourites from those of a common Concern. The Two general Divisions ran upon Redundancies and Defects, as they related to the particular Parts of a humane Body. Redundancies comprehended Carbuncles, Hair-Lips, Wattles on the Nose, Coalition of Eyebrows,

[Vol. 5.] M Eleva-

Elevations of Back and Breast, &c. Defects were, Pigs Eyes, Tup Noses, short Necks, cavernous Cheeks; flat and sharp Scalps, &c. The several Members of our Society were each of them dignified with some one or more of these respective Qualifications; insomuch that, when we sat down together over our Eleemosynary Cups, we made a very good Symmetry in our Appearance, by an artful Disposition of our Bodies in a proper Place and Light, whereby we seemed to transfer from one to another what might be defective or superfluous, and by mutual Applications obumbrate our common Failures and Excesses. It was the customary Business of the Night to make Panegyrical Orations on our natural Features, which were indeed of that wonderful Structure, that neither the Tongue of *Demosthenes* could describe, the Chisel of *Polycletus* carve, nor the Pencil of *Apelles* paint, with all those proper Graces that ought to be express'd in such elegant Subjects. I remember *Anthracius*, then Steward of the Club, had a Carbuncle on his Nose of the first Magnitude, not unworthy the Crown of an Oriental Monarch, which did not use to shine in its full Lustre till Midnight. Then it was that the divine *Phoxus*, with his acuminate Crest high towering in the Air, conceived his Oration in Words to this Effect: "Most noble *Anthracius*, I am not ignorant how far it is above the Power of my Eloquence sufficiently to commend the indulgent Benignity of Nature, who has placed that effulgent Fungus of massy Light, on the utmost Promontory of thy lovely Visage: See how his diffusive Rays dazzle his languid Peepers, and spread a lambent Fire over the whole Surface of his Jowls and Chuckles. Thrice happy Insects! Who, now in Egg, are lodged

in the benign putrid Cells of so fecund an Ovary, expecting to be called forth to the perpetual Day which always surrounds it: How will you then flirt your flitting Wings, and buz within the Verge of that glowing Vortex." The Oration was received with universal Applause, and *Anthraxius* about to answer; but the Proctors coming in, we were obliged to defer the Hearing till next Night.

I am resolved, in Imitation of this wise and excellent Constitution, to establish another Club here in *London*, where I shall not despair of a Number sufficient to make our Complement, and have already sent me from *Oxford* the true and genuine Impression of the Mace, taken in Clay at a general Meeting of that excellent Sociery, and have sent it to my Carver, intending to open with the first Meeting at *Fern's*, at the *Rose* in *Catherine-street* next Monday Night, where any Person may be admitted that is duly qualified, after having passed an Examination by my faithful and watchful Secretary Mr. *Henry Dighton*, in *Fleetstreet*, whom, for his great Sagacity and Judgment in the Mathematical Proportion of Faces, I do depute thereunto.

P. S. Since my finishing this Paper, the following Letter came to my Hands from the Club at *Oxford*, which I thought fit to insert here.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

WE are all here very much pleased that you are upon so useful a Work as establishing a Club of Ugly Faces at *London*, being well assured that you cannot want

Company enough, but are much surpris'd to find a Person, going by the Name of *The Spectator*, so audacious as to stile himself a Member of our Society here, and printing Letters as from us to prove his Admittance, and thereby gain him a Reputation in the World. We therefore, whose Names are under-written, do assure you, that those Letters are meerly fictitious, and that we do disown him for a Member of the said Society accordingly.

*Witness our Hands,*

Will. Wainfcore, *Steward.*

Tom. Ronchus, *Secretary.*

*Ordered*, That the *Spectator* make his personal Appearance between this and *Monday* next before Secretary *Dighton*, in order to be examined.

*Ordered also*, That none presume to come to the Club with Faces distorted on Purpose to gain Admission, or with Vizard-Masques to dissemble an Accomplishment.

N.B. In case of Non-Attendance, I shall summon from Time to Time all those who shall out of Contempt absent themselves, or whose Modesty will not suffer them to lay Claim to their being received in the Society.

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# The T A T L E R. [N<sup>o</sup> 49.]

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From *Thursd. May 10.* to *Saturd. May 12.* 1711.

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
May 11.*

**L**ong have I laboured, and much have I travelled, for the Improvement of my Fellow-Subjects. I have not been wanting by my Speculations to show the easy and pleasant Ways to Virtue; nor have I been less severe in censuring Vice wherever I met it, which I find every where increase, and come on apace, while Virtue slowly creeps up, meets with continual Opposition, and seldom, very seldom comes to that Perfection as to dare to look Vice in the Face; but then it easily looks such false Courage out of Countenance. It was most amazing to me, when I was Yesterday at St. James's Coffee-house, to see a forward Youth, well dressed and powdered, whom I knew not only to be of very mean Extract, but of more despicable Parts, lay his extraordinary Chin over a Duke's Shoulder, and as familiarly ask him impertinent Questions, as if his Equality or Intimacy entitled him to disturb that noble Peer, who, when he was delivered from the Weight of his Chin, enquired who he was. How easy had it been for me to have told the Company, that that Place was

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indeed

indeed very fit for him, but in another Capacity? However I only privately informed the Master, who, in Respect to his Brother Coffee-Man, desired the Count to know himself, and not be so familiar with those that he did not know. From that Place I came to *Tom's* at *De-vercux-Court*. I have a singular Respect for that courteous Man, and find, that if he permits Doctor *Sal-vo*—— to lay aside the Man in that violent Man, and with an Indignation (greater than can be admitted to any Orator) retire into the Third Sphere, and talk Things indeed not fit to be heard, I assure my Under-Secretary, that as Curiosity at present doubles his Customers at the Doctor's Eloquence, in a short Time, as no Body else now can be heard, there will be no Body to hear.

Ordered therefore, That unless the said Doctor will condescend to be on the Level with Common Sense, his Tea be always Two Degrees under Proof; That he be allowed no Tobacco, nor the Use of his own *S. V. O.* both too conducive to Agitation; but after having paid his Penny, you show him the Situation of your Door.

What made me in some Measure excuse the Doctor's Vociferation was, that I did not see as usual the News-Papers, of which none could give Account, till in about Half an Hour's Time I saw a Man come out of the Yard with a Handful, yet enquiring most thirstily for the *Post-Boy*; till he had that, he would not deliver the rest. Upon Enquiry, I found him to be my old Friend the Upholsterer revived in a *North-British* Barber, who is so great a Patriot, so good a Politician, so solicitous for the Grand Alliance in General, and so tender of the

the Interest of every particular Court, that for them he neglects the more trifling Cares of domestick Concerns, and appears early and late in a tatter'd Gown. "Sir, (says he to me) 'by your Leave, there is one Paragraph of very great Importance which has escaped me.' And having directed me to it, (for I would not again part with it out of my Hand) desired I would read it, which I did in a direct Line through the whole Paper, without Regard to the Distinction of Columns, and was as follows :

Yesterday the Empress Regent appeared		for to be changed, and arrived at the Place appointed.
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Her Majesty is Daily in Council in order to		resume the Function of the Auditor of the Rota.
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And for the Security of the Empire and Fi- nances		Has been arrived some Days ago at Marli.
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' Ay Sir, said he, How can that be? Surely  
' Sir—— Nay, look'ee Sir, said I, If you  
' don't like my Reading, if you'll stay so long  
' for it as you have made others, you may have  
' it again; but he retired.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Upon the Reprimand which Count Coffee received Yesterday, he begins to abate his Pride, and being apprehensive of being excluded from all Society, has petitioned to be admitted into my Ugly Face Club. I do therefore order my Secretary Henry Dighton to enroll him without Examination, being truly qualified, for Affectation is all over Ugliness.



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The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 50.]

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*Dii tibi formam,  
Dii tibi Divitias dederant, Artemque fruendi.*  
Hor.

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From *Saturd. May 12. to Tuesday May 15. 1711.*

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*From my own Apartment in Channel-Row,  
May 14.*

DISCOURAGED and wearied by the ill Success of my Endeavours to reclaim this obstinate Age from its Vices and Follies, I have often had it in my Thoughts to quit my Office. My Friends all importune me to it, and one of them, whom in *January* last I had desired to continue this Paper during a necessary Avocation of mine, actually tried to lay it down handsomely for me. Nothing has hindered me from complying with their Requests, but a strong Benevolence I have always had towards Mankind, and an ardent Desire of doing some Good in my Generation. These alone have supported me under my Disappointment, and now prompt me to put in Execution a new Scheme, which is to abate something from the Grandeur of my Enterprize; and, since I cannot attain a greater Good, to attempt a less, no longer endeavouring to ease Men of their Follies, but in their Follies, nor striving to make Men

Men supportable to each other, but each one to himself. This Thought arose in me the other Night at the Play, upon observing several Difficulties that many of our Nobility and Gentry laboured under. A pretty young Gentleman tore his Breeches, and broke his Sword, by getting over the Box into the Pit, that he might have that Opportunity of exposing to Sight his Pearl-coloured Stockings and red-top'd Shoes. Another, who had a very fine Wig, and a Feather in his Hat, was forced to sit covered all the Time, and spoil the Wig to shew the Feather. A Third, lest his fring'd Gloves should not be seen, underwent the Pain of leaning forwards for a whole Play together upon the fore Part of the Box, setting his Arms upright upon his Elbows. A Fourth, who was in low Circumstances of Stature, every now and then with great Labour heaved into Sight a rich Sword-Knot: And many others were variously hamper'd and perplex'd in displaying their several Fineries. To remedy which Inconveniences, I at first thought it might be proper to advise the Owners of the Play-house to appropriate each Division of the Side-Boxes to a several Dress, and to distinguish them by Inscriptions over them in large Letters in these and the like Words:

*Red-top'd Shoes.*

*Sword-Knots.*

*Feathers.*

*Fring'd Gloves.*

*Gold Snuff-Boxes.*

*Dress'd at all Points.*

By which Means the whole Audience would at one Glance be appriz'd of the particular Ornament of every Person in that Division.

But reflecting since that this Invention would be of too narrow an Use, (it being likely to extend only to the Play-house, and perhaps a Cathedral or two) I have applied my self to find out something that may be of general Ease to the Beau Monde; proceeding in this Manner: I considered what might be the Rise or Cause of all that vast Variety of Fashions which we Yearly see. This I found to be solely the Ostentation of Riches; for upon this Account it is, that People have no sooner one Suit brought Home from the Taylor's, but (to shew that their Purse is not exhausted) they bespeak another, which (that it may appear to the most careless Eye to be a late Purchase) must differ from the former, not only in Matter, but in Form. This in the present Course of Things will be an eternal Occasion of the Mutability of Fashions, and as a Man has but one Way of being in the Right, and Ten thousand of being in the Wrong, so there can be but one Dress commodious, and as soon as we deviate from that, we shall find all the rest troublesome. I therefore thought, that if a Medium could be invented by me, whereby both the Fair and the Foul Sex might at once be rid of the Incumbrances of the Mode, and be continued in the Reputation of Profuseness, I should do an acceptable Piece of Service to my Country, and procure to my self Peace of Mind in a Consciousness that I had not lived in vain. This I hope I have at last happily effected by the following Project:

- An Office shall be erected by the Name of
- *The Equivalent Office.* In this Office, any
- Person shall be admitted to pay down such
- Sum or Sums of Money as he or she shall be
- desirous to expend in any particular Ornament

ment or Ornaments. Upon the Payment of such Sum or Sums, and Intimation given what Piece of Finery it is designed for, there shall be made out a neat Ticket or Credential (in the Language of the Office) to be worn in the most conspicuous Part of the Body, certifying to all Men, that the Wearer thereof has actually laid out so much Money as would have purchased such an Ornament therein described, and requiring them to deem, esteem and repute the said Wearer as *ipso facto* wearing the said Ornament, any Thing in ourward Appearance to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Advantages that will arise from this Office are innumerable. I shall only hint at a few, which will put the Reader into a Way of discovering many more.

By Vertue of proper Credentials, Gentlemen may wear Wigs of such Size and Colour as shall best suit with their Features and Complexions, and yet have the Credit of Light Full-Bottoms. Thick Legs may be diminished by black Stockings, and Spindle-Shanks enlarged by white, yet both be reputed as Scarlet Silk. Corns may be avoided by keeping the Feet in easy old Shoes, and yet the Owner maintain the Reputation of having a new Pair every Day. Ladies, by these Credentials, may yet farther enlarge their Petticoats, which in their present Method is impossible to be done. They may make their Head-Dresses proportionable to their Petticoats, and they may patch their Faces with Diamonds without Disparagement to their Eyes.

I am not insensible how highly beneficial this Scheme might be in raising Money for the  
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Publick; but a former Project of mine having been rejected with Scorn when I offered it, and Two Years after made Use of with good Success, but without any Acknowledgment of or to the Inventor, I am disgusted from making any more Proposals of that Nature. I had once a Mind to apply the Profits to Charitable Uses; but then I thought again, that doing Good with the Money would be so prodigious an Alteration in the Application of it, that it would create an insuperable Objection against the whole Undertaking in those who were likely to be my Contributors; so that I have at last resolved to apply it wholly to my own Benefit.

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# The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 51.]

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*Ha Nugæ Seria ducunt  
In Mala, derisum simul exceptumque sinistri.*  
Hor.

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From Tuesday May 15. to Thursd. May 17. 1711.

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*From my own Apartment in Channell-Row;  
May 16.*

**I**T is impossible to describe Wit by Generals : We must descend to Particulars, and trace it Part by Part. For Wit is like Beauty : We may admire the Air, the Symmetry, the whole Collection of Charms ; but we cannot express it without running over the Lip, the Neck, the Eye, the Breasts, and every individual Feature. At present I shall examine that Sort of Wit we call *Turns*. These appear to Advantage in some Parts of Poetry, which make their proper Province, but lose their Lustre when misplaced, and have nothing to excuse them ; but an unbounded irregular Fancy. The Ornaments of Poetry, like those of Dress, owe their *Ecclat* in a great Measure to their Situation. A Turn, that would have given Life to an *Epigram*, will make an Image in *Heroicks* particoloured and ridiculous ; as the same Jewel which adorned the Ear or the Neck, would in the Nose look monstrous and rueful. This  
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Misapplication then is a Species of False Wit, and has a large Share in the Degeneracy of our modern Writers. I should be apt to distinguish the *Muse* that inspired this Sort of Wit from the Divine *Calliope*, as I would a *Cognat* from a *Fine Woman*: One is all Air and Affectation; the other refines upon good Sense, yet converses in proper Words and Sentiments. A Turn is the Creature of Fancy, that after it is born, is put under the Tuition of the Judgment, which is to assign it a proper Station, and to stint its Extravagancies. When it depends upon the Words or Style, great Care is to be used that it may not dwindle into *Pun* and *Jingle*; and when it consists chiefly in the Thought, the same Diligence is required that it may not sink into any of those *Flowers* of the School, or *Common-Places* of Youth, by which they gradually ascend to this Attainment. Both the *Real* and *Verbal Turn* owe their Beauty to Novelty; for there is no greater Perfection in these Witticisms, than what arises from that sudden Surprise they make upon the Imagination. They seem to take their Name from their Nature; for they consist mostly in advancing a Thought or Expression, and then making what follows, play upon it in an agreeable Way, either by retracting what went before, or wittily perverting it, or comparing it with something that hits the same Fact or Idea to any Degree of Exactness, or giving some surprizing Reason for it when it seemed a Paradox. Indeed, the Variety of Turns is so great, and their Beauty so entirely owing to this Variety, that it is almost impossible to fix them to any stated Rules. A *Turn* being the Product of Fancy, it is unnatural to use it but in those gayer and more airy Parts of Poetry, where the Fancy is at Liberty to wanton and gambol.



gambol. In the *Epick*, in *Tragedy*, or in that Sort of *Elegy* which has Distress for its Subject, it would be ridiculous and trifling; for here the chief Business belongs to the Judgment, and the Fancy is only concerned in ranging for Images and Ideas equal to the Grandeur of the Subject. A Hero in a Passion, might as well express the high Sentiments of his Soul by laughing at one of the Plumes out of his Helmet, as by playing with a Turn or a Double Entendre. A Lover, lamenting the Rigour of his Mistress, or a Poet the Loss of his Friend, in this sportive Way, would make as awkward a Figure as the resigned *Ardelia*, when she laughs at the Mischiefs committed by her Monkey, though the Loss of her *China* wrings her very Soul; or an *Irishman*, in his Country Way, singing at a Funeral. The Ancients had Abundance of this Sort of Wit, and used it more discreetly than the Moderns. The *Greeks* indeed appear perfect Strangers to it: They had other Ways to improve that Mirth which was so natural to them. *Anacreon* and *Aristophanes* write in a Way where Turns are a Beauty, and yet it is very difficult to find so much as one Expression of that Sort in their Works. *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Theocritus*, and *Musæus*, have nothing like it in their Poems. It seems to have begun at *Rome*, when *Epigrams* became the common Entertainment of their best People. After Supper, or over a Bottle in a cool Retreat, it was their Custom to divert one another with reciting or composing three or four *Disticks*, that were usually pointed with one of these Turns, in which they were smart upon some of the reigning Coxcombs, Coquets, or Humours of that Age. Modern Lampoons were introduced as a *Third Course* at the Tables of great Men in Imitation of this Custom.

A good Part of *Martial's* Epigrams seem to have been made at some of those Conversations; whence we may account for the great Inequality in his Works, which himself acknowledges —

*Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura.*

For we may imagine, that the *Grave* Pieces were made just upon the Whet, the *Bright* after the first Bottle, and the *Smutty* after a full Dose. The Applause that followed upon these smart Things, tempted the Fraternity to mingle them with their most Serious and Patherick Works. *Ovid*, whose great Fault was *Redundance*, ran early into a palpable Extravagance this Way. In his Exile, amidst Cold, Hunger, Solitude, and Distress, he indulges this awkward *Bodinery* very feelingly. Imagine a generous Fellow, touched with the Loss of a Fine Woman, and could he find Leisure for so egregious a Turn as —

*Tu non Inventa, Reperta es?*

*Narcissus* is turned into a Flower, and well deserved it for playing with his own Misery, and making *Flowers* of his Misfortunes. When he bursts forth in the most wanton Merriment, with —

*Inopem me Copia fecit.*

*Vellem, quod amamus, abesset.*

Roger: Anne Rogem? *Quid deinde rogabo?*

You would think he were *varying* at *Wentminster*, and not preparing himself for a real Transformation.

*Virgil,*

*Virgil*, the most judicious and correct Writer in the World, has studiously avoided every Temptation to this Error. His ———

*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si agnoscere Manes.*

Is the only Thing that looks like a Turn. How carefully does he avoid it in that fine Complaint of *Gallus* ———

*Tu procul a Patria, nec sit mihi credere, tantum  
Alpinas, Ab Dura! Nives?*

There is all the Beauty of the Analogy in two Words, which *Ovid* would have wire-drawn into two Lines at least: For a Professor of Turns can never forbear exerting himself when he happens to bring a Scornful Mistress into the Company of Cold and Frost, till he has made the Lady a perfect Winter-piece; and 'tis all one if Fire had made a Third Person in the Conversation. I remember a very celebrated Epigram, which begins thus:

—— *Me Nive candenti petiit modo Julia* ——

Where the Author submits to be pelted with Snow-balls by his Mistress for Eight Lines together, on Purpose to take the Benefit of this Melting Allegory. It would set up an ordinary Critick to take the Moderns to Task upon this single Article, the *Misapplication* of Turns. The Time may perhaps come, when I may in Person summon our great *Alexander, Theodosius, Brutus, Anthony, Caesar, Tamerlane, Appius,* and *Osmyr*, to answer their Extravagancies this Way, and out of their own Mouths shall condemn them. I do not mean for little harmless Turns made in their Resveries, their cool  
Soli-

Soliloquies, or in snip-snap Dialogue with a Priest or a Gentleman-Usher; but for *Turns* in Fits of Love and of Madness; for *Turns* spoken in the very Face of Death, and of the Gods themselves; nay, in the very Face of their Mistresses: And I am not mistaken, if they have not sometimes raised the inordinate Appetite of Wit to the horrid Outrage of a downright *Quibble*.

## The TATLER. [N<sup>o</sup> 52.]

From Thursday May 17. to Saturday May 19. 1711.

### *A Lover's Meditation on his Mistress.*

MADAM,

THE Hours to me are Ages of Misery; they must be insupportable to a Wretch who can never know what Joy is but in her Presence: Love may well be defined a restless Impatience to be with those we adore. What a miserable Constraint then must I live under, who make it my Business to avoid the Mistress of my Soul? Where my Heart, my Wishes, my Thoughts are eternally, there I must never be. Did she but know what I suffer, and how much a Discretion as exact as mine makes one miserable; but alas! they must love like me that are to guess at my Torments. I hardly know I live, but by what I endure for her. O! Nothing can touch my Soul; there is no Harmony

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N<sup>o</sup> 52.

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mony in Words, unless she speaks them; there is no Bliss, but in her Smile; no Terror, but in her Frown; nothing worth living for, but her Esteem. There is this Comfort in an Affliction like mine, no other Thing can give me a Moment's Uneasiness. She prevents all other Grief, she prevents all other Pleasure. If the whole World should change its Place, and she not concerned, I should hardly perceive it. Whether Peace or War, what Party prevails, whose Ruin is near, all these Things are now indifferent, they employ not my Thoughts. My only Impatience is to increase her good Opinion, my only Care not to forfeit her Esteem. This Thought brings me into one of those terrible Fits of Fear which often seize them that adore her. I know I am not in positive Disobedience; and a little Equivocation, if so much practised in Religion, may be indulged in Love. I neither write nor send to her; I dare not disobey. Sure if there be any Thing like a Fault in this, I am safe. Who is it is to accuse? Who is guilty? And I hope I may say, What is the Crime? This Letter is sent to you, meant to her, and it came from him; but, Who are these? In this Dress, it is to every Body, it is to no Body. How will you draw up my Indictment? However let me not be condemn'd unaccus'd, unheard; save me from being criminal, if you can think me so. Burn this, and there can be but a single Evidence against me, your self; and there never shall be another. This is the plotting Way of your Servant, who with less Fear would engage in Treason than in what might offend her too scrupulous Niceness. I confess I tremble, tho' I can say (if this be one) it is a new Kind of Sin, against which there is no Law.

Her Eyes were not more fatal to me the first Time that I saw them, than my own have been false.

false to my Heart ever since, if they have not told her a Thousand Times that I die for her. Alas! How many Tears will that Happiness cost them? They have gaz'd upon her, they have confess'd a Passion; and should not my Hand declare, my Tongue endeavour to describe it, that she might know my Love such as it ought to be? The Adoration that I pay her is such, and no other but what we should all pay the Gods were their charming Attributes so visible. I was prepared for their fatal Influence before I saw her Eyes, I was bewitch'd by her Syren Tongue before I heard it. I lov'd the Spring from whence she came, and my Soul follows the enticing Stream with Pleasure. I knew there must be Wit and Fire before I heard so, and I found more than was spoken of. Thus I was struck by Prepossession, and the Poison first instilled into my Heart before I saw or knew her, can never be removed from thence by all that I shall ever see or know. I would not profane a Confession as sincere as ever was a dying Man's with the least Augmentation of Truth. I will not pretend that I have not endeavoured to remove, by any other Object, a Stroke of Fate (as I may call it) that has given and will give me such Uneasiness. Were I to make a Wish for a Friend, he should have many Half-Passions, but none such as I have felt for her.

O! This would content me alone, that she might know how long I have struggled against her Charms in vain.

As the Beginning of my Fate was extraordinary, I think all the Steps of it have been and will be out of the common Road. The Foundation of a common Passion is a Desire to please ones self, but the Aim of mine is only to please her I adore.



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Could it be more Satisfaction to her to have me wretched than happy, I should chuse the first, and find some Satisfaction in Misery : But what I cannot endure is to be indifferent to her; to be eternally thinking of her, and never thought of by her. Heavens preserve me from this, and I willingly in every Thing else submit to Fate.

O how I fear her Wit, her Judgment, that Distinction that lets no Folly escape ! I fear her but upon this Score, for sure I am, all her Penetration can never discover the least Contradiction, the least Deceit in any Word, the least Want of Respect in any Action. Sure I am, no Time can ever discover the least Diminution in my Zeal, and must I nevertheless fear this most adored Lady should employ that Over-Stock of Wit she hath to ridicule the Sufferings of a breaking Heart, so faithful, so submissive, so sincere ? O ! How shall I express my self ? What shall I say ? Or is it possible to be silent ? There is a distracted Language she does not understand ; the Dialect is particular to them that love ; and the cruel Lady will find no Sense in it, because she is insensible. She must not then play the Critick too severely, if she should chance to hear my Complaints. She must excuse my accusing her of Ignorance. What is it she does not understand but Love ? Vows, Curses, Melancholy, Madness, Hopes, Despair, Shunning, Pursuing, Passion, Discretion, Impatience, Resignation ; all these in one Letter, she would call a romantick Heap of Contradictions shuffled together ; yet they do all agree in me, and work at once in my distracted Mind. If the greatest Wit had put them together with the utmost Art and Passion, they would express less than I feel : The Thoughts would be below my Love, and not above the Truth.



Who can teach me to write to this terrible Lady, that ignorant of the Fatality of her Charms, might suspect the Effects of them, and when they are but faintly painted, would think the Colours fierce? What can I have Recourse to but Plainness and Sincerity? Sure then without Offence I may tell this Truth. What can the Admiration of her Wit, the Evidence of her Generosity, and Truth added to these, that charming Agreeableness in every Word, in every Look, in every Action? What can all these produce, but Love with the utmost Passion? O there the Criminal Word is out! and yet she cannot be displeased, though one without Virtue, without Wit, with little Reputation, might pretend to be angry.

Were it too much for a Man she hath brought to the Brink of Despair, for a Man that would die a Thousand Deaths to serve her, to whom Life is a Burthen unless she make it easier to him? O were it too much to beg Leave, when he scarce ever sees her, when he dare never speak, that he might sometimes ease his Soul in a respectful Line! Has not every Body eternal Opportunities of speaking to her? And must I, that suffer more than ever Man did, not dare almost to come near her? I cannot doubt but you will judge impartially upon this Occasion. Is it possible, after having gazed upon those searching Eyes, to escape their Power? Is it possible to hear her Words, and cease adoring her? Is it possible to love to the Distraction that they do who know her, and not languish eternally after the Sight of her? Is it possible, when there is no Hopes of seeing her, to support the cruel Absence without writing to her? I know what you would say for your self. Think then what is the miserable Condition of him who struggles with all these seeming Impossibilities; but to live near her, and be

be as far from her as the *Antipodes*! And if I never see her only for some hasty Moments in an Age, and in these Separations not permitted to give the least Ease to my distracted Soul, O were not Dying preferable to this restless Life! For I fright my self if I write what I never intend to send, and I awake in Terrors if I but dream of her. My hard Fate condemns me to adore her in all the opposite and most tormenting Circumstances of Love, with a Distraction leading to Madness, yet with a Reservedness that would shame Philosophy, and with a Respect might suffice a Deity; with an Impatience that gives an eternal Rack to my Soul, yet could I wait Hours, Days, and Weeks, for one Moment's Sight of her. O the false Fires with which the persecuting Fops afflict your Sex! Every Way false! They are not such as warm my Breast. Though I could leap through Flames to come to her, and not feel more Heat; though I could swim through Seas, and not quench the Flame; yet I love with that Coolness and Temper, with that Command over my Passion, that, rather than bring her to the least Inconveniency, I would renounce the utmost Happiness if it were in my Reach. One would think this were enough to be allowed the most passionate, the most miserable of Men. Misery beyond this is hardly to be conceived. This seems Torment enough in Love to drag an afflicted Heart through so many distracted Fears for such an Eternity: But to have lived accused of having deserved her Anger, to think I was accounted Criminal, that knew the tender faithful Passion of my Soul; to live thus for Ages, for many Months without obtaining one happy to be justified, without doing any Thing rash or indiscreet to show my Innocence: This you will sure allow to have been Torment and Discretion beyond any Example.

But

But I eternally find Fault with the faint Descriptions I make of what I suffer, and should have an eternal Task indeed, were I to begin again till I could satisfy my self in what I say of her I love. This, and this alone, justifies her forbidding the Attempt, since she only forbids what Impossibility prevents; for were my Passion to be described, it would not be unfit for her to hear. Not to complain, and endure so much, is impossible; but to hope for Cure without being able to describe the Disease, seems Madness; therefore, alas! I ask, I seek, I hope for none. Let her but give me Opium to allay my Grief, and only help me languish out Life in less painful Love. What Words, what Language can express my passionate Respect, or give the least Idea of the Distraction of my Soul? She methinks, and she alone that is capable of creating it, might conceive it. O were it but conceived, I should not wholly be left unpitied in the wretched Impossibility of one Moment's Happiness or Quiet! She would think with some Conscience, that from the first Moment I saw, I heard her speak, I have languished out my Life in never-ceasing Uneasiness. Racks are forbidden for our Bodies by our Laws, and is it lawful for her to torment and crucify my Soul? Against the happy Moment that I see her next, may some generous Friend advise her to consult that Heart of hers, which would shew more Compassion where it were less necessary: Let her consider, whether there is nothing due to that faithful Slave, who at all Times, in all Places lives, but dying for her.

*The End of the Fifth Volume.*



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